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BEAUTY OF TREES.

THE word "beauty" is generally used to denote any quality in an object that produces agreeable sensations through the medium of sight; and, if we carefully analyze our ideas of this quality, we shall find them very obscure and indefinite. The beauty of a tree, for example, is of a very complex character, and almost entirely subjective. Trees, for the most part, are wanting in that kind of beauty which we admire in a flower,—their attractiveness being derived chiefly from their influence on the imagination, like that of the ruder works of architecture. A tree with wide-spreading branches and a dense mass of foliage, elevated but moderately above the ground, however crooked, knotted, and gnarled its branches, and however wanting in general comeliness of form, must always awaken those complex emotions that produce a sensation of beauty. Our mental pleasure, in this case, springs chiefly from its evident adaptedness to the purposes of cool shade in summer. It is moral beauty derived from the suggestion of physical comfort. A wood, indeed, is haunted with all imaginable ideas of comfort, re-

freshment, recreation, and seclusion at all seasons. We think of the delightful scenes and objects encompassed within it, of the flowers it has borne or protected in the spring, of the fruits it has showered into our paths in harvest-time, and of all the pleasant advantages it affords. There is also an endless variety in the forms and foliage of trees, and these differences have been at all times a favorite study for the painter and the naturalist.

There are trees possessing little or none of this fitness for purposes of comfort, that become agreeable objects by awaking pleasant emotions of an intellectual sort. Such are many of the slender Willows, Poplars, and Birches, that suggest the qualities of grace and refinement, and are typical of some virtue or affection of the mind. These trees have a sort of poetic beauty in our sight, being the material image of some agreeable metaphor. Thus Coleridge personifies the White Birch in one of his poems, pronouncing it the

"Most beautiful
Of forest-trees,—the Lady of the woods."
Thus the Weeping Willow is emble-

matical of sorrow, the Yew and Cypress of melancholy, the Oak of fortitude, the Plane of grandeur; while the Cedar of Lebanon, rendered sacred by the peculiar mention of it in Holy Writ, is invested with a romantic interest which adds effect to the nobleness of its dimensions and stature. All this is moral beauty derived from the suggestion of poetic images.

It is with certain pleasing scenes in the romance of travel that we associate the Palms of the tropics; and they have acquired singular attractions by appearing frequently in paintings and engravings that represent the life and manners of the simple inhabitants of warm climates. We see them, in pictures, bending their fan-like heads majestically over the humble hut of the negro, supplying him at once with milk, bread, and fruit, and affording him the luxury of their shade. They are typical of the beneficence of Nature, in whose hands they are the instruments by which she supplies the wants of man before he has learned from reason and experience the arts of civilized life.

The beauty of a tree, therefore, is chiefly independent of anything in its form and colors which we should call intrinsically beautiful. Though it sometimes partakes largely of this character when it is symmetrical in its form, or when it is covered with flowers, in other cases its beauty is of a moral or relative sort. The Oak, one of the most attractive of all trees, is, in an important sense, almost ugly,—being full of irregularities and contortions, and without symmetry or grace. It is allied in our ideas with strength and fortitude, and it is associated with a thousand images of rural life and pastoral scenery. Indeed, if we could always reason correctly from our experience, we should discover that a very small part of that complex quality which we denominate beauty yields any organic pleasure to the sight. It affects the mind as a sort of talisman, that calls up hosts of delightful fantasies and associations, and agreeably exercises our intellectual and moral faculties.

Ruskin has ingeniously explained these effects. "Suppose," he remarks, "that three or four persons come in sight of a group of Pine-trees, not having seen Pines for some time. One, perhaps an engineer, is struck by the manner in which their roots hold the ground, and sets himself to examine their fibres, in a few minutes retaining little more consciousness of the beauty of trees than if he were a rope-maker untwisting the strands of a cable; to another, the sight of the trees calls up some happy association, and presently he forgets them, and pursues the memories they summoned; a third is struck by certain groupings of their colors, useful to him as an artist, which he proceeds immediately to note for future use with as little feeling as a cook setting down the constituents of a newly discovered dish; and a fourth, impressed by the wild coiling of boughs and roots, will begin to change them in fancy into dragons and monsters, and lose his grasp of the scene in fantastic metamorphosis; while, in the mind of the man who has the most power of contemplating the thing itself, all these perceptions and trains of idea are partially present, not distinctly, but in a mingled and perfect harmony. He will not see the colors of the tree as well as the artist, nor its fibres as well as the engineer; he will not altogether share the emotion of the sentimentalist, nor the trance of the idealist; but fancy and feeling and perception and imagination will all obscurely meet and balance themselves in him."

The one last mentioned represents the greater number of persons of sensitive minds; for these emotions and fancies are not confined to those who are usually denominated "men of genius." This supposed element of genius, which causes one to see a thousand charms in many a homely object of nature, is far from being the exclusive gift of a few; I hardly ever knew a cultivated female mind that was not possessed of it.

Nature, who is a wise economist in the midst of all her profusion, is never lavish of the ingredients that excite

physical pleasure. She has distributed the beauty of colors and forms very sparingly among her works, but still in sufficient proportions to render them agreeable. In like manner she has mingled the ingredients of sweetness and acidity in the fruits of her fields, to tempt and satisfy, without cloying, the appetite. A larger proportion of sweetness in the fruits, or a larger proportion of beauty in the general scenery of the earth, would cloy the palate in the one case and pall the sight in the other. The greater part of what we call the beauty of the material world is charming only to the mind or the imagination. Hence the remarkable fact, that uncultivated persons, except those few who are endowed with a poetic temperament, are almost blind to it.

Yet, while contending that the beauty of trees is chiefly of a relative character, serving, like a talisman, to call up before the mind delightful themes or images, in some cases picturesque, in other cases historical or romantic, or interesting the affections by awakening the remembrances of other years, — it will still be admitted that trees, besides all this, possess a due proportion of visual beauty. Some species are remarkable for the regularity and elegance of the forms and arrangement of their branches ; some are luminous, at certain seasons, with a gorgeous drapery of flowers ; some are invested with perennial verdure ; others change it in the autumn for a wreath of all imaginable hues, or become jewelled with fruits of purple, crimson, and gold, and illustrate, in their living charms, the poetic fable of the Hesperides.

Though it is not my intention to speak of trees as subjects of scientific research, they cannot be treated perspicuously without some reference to systematic classification. We must observe them in groups, and study these as represented by individuals. As a group, the deciduous trees are the most beautiful and the most valuable ; and, in the northern forest, all the hard-wooded trees and all the trees of the orchard are of this description. The northern

evergreens are chiefly “conifers,” which, as we advance southward, become less conspicuous ; giving place to the Holly, the Magnolia, and the Evergreen Oak.

In the shape of the coniferous evergreens in general, as distinguished from the deciduous trees, there is one remarkable difference. The former invariably send up a perpendicular shaft, and, except the Cypress family, produce their branches somewhat horizontally and in whorls, rising by regular stagings one above another. It is the gradually decreasing lengths of the branches in this series of whorls that causes the pyramidal shape of the tree, — the branches becoming shorter and less horizontal as they approach the summit. The formality and firmness in the shape of this class of trees causes them to be irreparably disfigured by the loss of any of their important branches.

The deciduous trees, on the other hand, produce their branches, which are in some cases mere subdivisions of the trunk, not in whorls, but irregularly, and at different distances above the roots. This is observable in the Oak ; for, though it sends up a single shaft to its summit, its lateral branches are inserted at all points, so that its central trunk can hardly be distinguished. This manner of growth is the cause of that want of formality in the outlines and shapes of the deciduous trees which is the crowning excellence of their forms. If they lose one of their important branches when in full vigor, they fill up the vacancy with a new growth, either by the extension of the adjoining branches, or by putting forth a new one, — having the power, to a certain extent, of healing their wounds and supplying their losses. Besides all this, as a compensation for their general want of symmetrical beauty, they admit of many imperfections of shape without losing their attractions.

Writers on landscape-gardening — whose imaginations seldom stray beyond the dressed grounds of a nobleman’s estate, and whose “Nature” is a sort of queen-like personage, arrayed

in Eastern splendor and magnificence — declare that trees of a certain form only will harmonize with certain styles of architecture; that round-headed trees, for example, are more proper for Gothic forms of architecture, and pyramidal trees for Grecian forms. I shall not enumerate the reasons given for this opinion, nor attempt to controvert it. Suffice it to say, that Accident — who is the best artist in real landscape, and who can exhibit among her works more beautiful pictures than Art ever yet executed or imagined — pays no regard to any such rules. With the untutored rustic for her foreman, who hews and slashes without reference to any principle but convenience, — who preserves those trees that afford the best shelter to his flocks and cattle, that skirt his fences and rude cart-paths, give firmness to a slope on a river-bank, and consistence to the soil in wet places, — she has gradually created those delightful pictures which are the charm of a great part of New England scenery.

Nature has provided against the unpleasing effects that would result from the dismemberment of trees, by giving to those which are the most common a great variety of outline, admitting of irregularity and disproportion without deformity. Symmetry in the forms of natural objects becomes in a great measure painful by making too great a demand upon the attention required for observing the order and relations of the different parts. All this is unfavorable to repose. If the objects in the landscape be irregular, both in their forms and their distribution, we make no effort to attend to the relations of parts to the whole, because no such harmony is intimated by their character. Hence the scene has the charm of repose. The opposite effect is observed in the works of architecture. Irregularity, by puzzling the mind to discover the mutual relations of parts, is unfavorable to repose, disturbing the thoughts and disappointing the curiosity. The charm of art is variety with uniformity; the charm of nature is variety without uni-

formity. Nature speaks to us in prose, art in verse.

Though we commonly admire a perfectly symmetrical Oak or Elm, because such perfection is rare, it will be admitted that the irregular forms of trees are more favorable to the production of agreeable impressions on the mind than unfailling symmetry or perfection would be. It is the non-fulfilment of some expectation, or the apparently imperfect supply of some important want, that offends the sight, — as when a disagreeable gap occurs in a finely proportioned tree. The fantastic shapes assumed by the Elm, the Swamp Oak, the Tupelo, and less frequently by the Beech and the Hickory, constitute one of the principal charms of a half-wooded landscape, and never affect the mind with those disagreeable sensations which are produced by a disfigured Fir-tree; because, in the former case, the irregularities coincide with our ideas of the character of the tree, while in the latter case, by destroying its characteristic symmetry, they suggest the disagreeable idea of deformity.

Trees may be observed from still another important point of view. Some, denominated amentaceous by botanists, bear their flowers in catkins, or tassels, which are imperfect flowers, without a corolla, and comparatively wanting in beauty. Others, like the trees of our orchards, produce perfect flowers. This difference constitutes an important distinction when they are regarded as picturesque objects, since the attractions of many species depend chiefly on their flowers. Conspicuous among the latter is the Horse-Chestnut, one of the most attractive of our exotic shade-trees, distinguished by the complete subdivision of its trunk into equal branches, by its umbrageous shade, its singular palmate leaves, and, above all, by its upright racemes of beautiful flowers. The Horse-Chestnut has been very aptly compared to a chandelier containing a multitude of girandoles, — the flowers representing the different clusters of compound lights. There are but few trees which have a more artificial look

when in flower, — yet there is no disagreeable primness in its shape or outlines.

Though Nature infinitely exceeds art in beauty and variety, she sometimes derives a fanciful charm from a similitude of her productions to those of art, — as art, on the other hand, derives incomparable attractions from an apparently true representation of nature. Many of the flowering trees and shrubs have this fancied resemblance to art in their inflorescence.

There are other trees that bear their flowers in pendulous racemes, hanging like jewels from their boughs. Such are the Acacias of the West Indies and the Locust-tree of North America. Few trees exceed the last in that sort of beauty which arises from the combination of two opposite qualities, — in this instance, of rudeness and elegance. Its soft pinnate leaves, harmonizing with the character of its flowers, that droop in pendent clusters from the branches, oppose their graceful beauty to the rough irregularity of the limbs and general uncouth form of the tree, diffusing throughout the atmosphere a fragrance that breathes only of health and enjoyment. I am not acquainted with any tree that surpasses the Locust in that visual quality which produces a charming sensation of nature combined with art in its simplicity. This is partly due to the plain hues of its flowers, and more still, perhaps, to the imperfect shape of the tree, which is never formal or symmetrical. Some trees, by constant association with highly dressed grounds, have lost their power to yield that peculiar delight which we derive from the fresh beauty of nature. In dressed grounds we look for precision and formality: nature is always treated with irreverence, and wealth only with respect. But Pride never yet placed her footprints upon the earth without spoiling the whole landscape upon which they were visible. The trees in highly decorated grounds are commonly perfect in their shape, and the manner in which they are irregularly distributed does not save them from the

curse of formality. The prudery of taste cannot be concealed by any such artifice, and trees which are rude and inelegant in their forms offend the humor of such a landscape. The Locust, therefore, is always rejected by the gardener for those very qualities which render it a delightful object to the votary of nature.

In trees with rosaceous flowers, nature exhibits some of the fairest ornaments of northern climes; and these are the only northern trees that produce a pulpy fruit. Such are all the trees of our orchards, — the Cherry, the Peach, the Apple, and the Pear, also the Mountain Ash and its allied species, down to the Mespilus and the Hawthorn. These trees are suggestive rather of the farm and its pleasant appurtenances than of rude nature; but so closely allied to nature is the farm, when under the direction of its unsophisticated owner, and unbedizened by taste, that its accompaniments seem to be a rightful part of Nature's domain. The simplicity of the rustic farm coincides with the fresh-glowing charms of nature; and a row of Apple-trees, overshadowing the way-side, forms an arbor in which the rural deities might revel as in their own sylvan solitudes; and Nature herself wears a more charming appearance when to her own rude costume she adds a wreath twined by the rosy fingers of Pomona.

The blossoms of the rosaceous trees are invariably white, or crimson, or the different shades of these two colors combined. Those of the Cherry and the Plum are constantly white; those of the Peach and the Almond, crimson; those of the Pear and the Mountain Ash are also white; and those of the Apple, when half expanded, are crimson, changing to white or blush-color as they expand. The colors of the Hawthorns vary with their species, which are numerous. As I have already intimated, Nature is not lavish of those forms and hues which are the ingredients of pure visual or objective beauty. She displays them very sparingly

under ordinary circumstances, that we may not be wearied by their stimulating influence, and thereby lose our susceptibility to the impressions of homely objects. But at certain times, and during very short periods, she seems to exert all her powers to fascinate the senses. It is in these moods that she wreathes the trees with flowers for a short time in the spring, and, just before the dusky shades of autumn have settled upon the earth, illuminates the forests with colors as beautiful as they are evanescent.

Another group of flowering trees — found rarely in northern climes — is represented by the Magnolia and the Tulip-tree. These trees have obtained a great deal of celebrity, on account of their blossoms, which are chiefly remarkable for their extraordinary size and their powerful fragrance. The Magnolia, with its dark evergreen foliage, is a valuable gift of nature to the inhabitants of the arid plains and valleys of the South; and its flowers make a magnificent appearance at certain seasons. The Tulip-tree has many of the same characteristics; it attains in favorable situations an extraordinary size, and is an admirable ornament for dressed grounds, where its lofty stature, its symmetrical form, its smooth branches, and its polished foliage, are in "excellent keeping" with the graded lawn, the fanciful flower-beds, the serpentine walks, and other pseudo-natural affectations.

The most noble trees in existence are of the amentaceous group, — bearing imperfect flowers in the form of aments, or catkins. To this class belong the Oak, the Plane, the Chestnut, the Hickory, the Beech, the Pines, and, indeed, the greater part of the northern forest-trees. It includes almost all the nut-bearers, from the Walnut down to the diminutive Hazel. These trees are not remarkable for the beauty of their flowers, which are without a corolla; but in many of them the aments constitute a flowing drapery that rivals the grace and elegance of the more splendid flowering trees. The aments of the

Chestnut resemble silken tassels, glistening like golden fringe amidst the darker masses of foliage; those of the Oak exhibit a greater variety of hues, and their drooping character forms a beautiful contrast with the sturdy bearing of the tree, while their brown and purple tints harmonize with the less decided hues of the half-expanded foliage. The Willows and Poplars derive a considerable share of their vernal attractions from this silken drapery, — adorned in some of the species with a great variety of colors.

Besides the many different forms which we observe in trees, nature causes the most of them to change their appearance many times during the year; and in this mutability we note one of the superior advantages of the deciduous trees. The evergreens, if they were universal, would be apt to weary the sight by presenting at all seasons the same monotonous vestiture of dark, sombre green; for the changes that happen to them are hardly sufficient to be readily observed. Yet it is to the evergreens we owe some of the most important features of winter scenery. They present, in their perennial verdure, a lively opposition to the whiteness of the snow and the general brown of vegetation, and fill the mind with pleasant images of the protection they afford from the severity of the climate. Besides the cheerful feature they add to winter scenery, by relieving its expression of harshness, they serve in the autumn to publish the beauty of the tinted groups, to which their sombre groundwork of verdure gives a more prominent relief.

The deciduous trees, though of less value to us in winter, possess more various attractions, — fading and brightening, dying, as it were, and then reviving, and passing with every successive season through a series of transformations which are ever new and striking. The Cherry-tree of our gardens, being a familiar object, may be instanced to exemplify these changes. In the winter we perceive only the network formed by its branches; we see their whorls,

one above another, in stages somewhat similar to those of a Fir-tree. In May it puts forth its light-green plaited leaves; and, before these are entirely unfolded, its white flowers, like miniature roses, appear in a sudden glow of splendor. The flowers are succeeded by drupes of berries, distinguished among the leaves by their lighter shades of green, passing through a gradation of tints, from a light yellow and blush-color to orange, crimson, and purple. Finally, just before the fall of the leaf, appear those indescribable tints which are emblematic of autumn, and which are as conspicuous in the Cherry-tree as in the trees of our indigenous forest.

While Nature, in the forms and colors of the foliage of trees, and the arrangement of their branches, causing a great variety of outline, has provided a constant entertainment for the sight, and a pleasing exercise for the mind and imagination, she has also increased their attractions by endowing them with a different susceptibility to motion from the action of the winds. Some species, like the Balsam Fir, having stiff branches and foliage, are merely rocked backwards and forwards by the wind, without any separate motion of their leaves. This inflexibility renders the Firs and some of their allied species less expressive than many other trees of those agreeable qualities that suggest the ideas of grace and liveliness. Others have stiff branches with flexible leaves, so that, while they do not bend to a moderate breeze, they exhibit animation by the movements of their foliage. This quality is observed in the Oak, the Ash, and the Locust, and in all those deciduous trees that have a somewhat pendulous foliage, and are wanting in a flexible spray.

This trembling habit of the foliage is most remarkable in the Poplar tribe, and is proverbial in the Aspen. It is also conspicuous in the common Pear-tree, and in the little White Birch. All tremulous leaves are somewhat heart-shaped, having a long footstalk more or less flattened; and on this flatness

their flexibility chiefly depends. This tremulousness, under certain conditions of the weather, is very affecting, and has given rise to many poetical images and fables in the literature of all civilized nations.

Other trees, like the American Elm, when swayed by the wind exhibit a graceful waving of their branches, with but little apparent motion of their leaves. We observe the same motions in the Weeping Willow, and in other trees with a drooping spray, in which the flexibility of the branches is more apparent than that of the foliage. Here it may be remarked that the lines described by the motions of trees with upright branches differ essentially from those of the drooping trees. The motions of hanging branches are particularly pleasing, because they are associated with ideas of facility and repose. They please still more, perhaps, by their resemblance to certain living forms, which are allied with the feminine graces. I believe there is not a single motion of a tree, or of any other plant, that does not in part derive its power to please from its suggestion of some agreeable image of our own life.

An exceedingly beautiful waving of the branches is noticeable in a grove of Hemlocks, when they are densely assembled without being crowded; and it is remarkable that one of the most graceful of trees should belong to a family which is distinguished by its stiffness, formality, and want of grace. The Hemlock, unlike other Firs and Spruces, has a very flexible spray; and its foliage is constantly showing its under silvery surface when moved by the wind. If we look from an opposite point upon the outside of a grove of Hemlocks, when they are exposed to a brisk but moderate current of wind, we may observe a peculiar undulating movement of their foliage and branches, made more apparent by the glitter of the leaves, that resemble a collection of minute spangles, with one dark and one glittering surface. Nature presents to us, in all the infinitely various motions of her vegetable forms, nothing so

beautiful as these undulations in a grove of Hemlocks.

While the Hemlocks, by their motions, represent the undulations of the sea, when it is considerably agitated without any broken lines on its surface, other species of Fir exhibit in their motions harsher angles. If we look upon a grove of Balsam Firs or Pitch Pines, we shall see that the tops of these trees, and the extremities of their branches, swaying backward and forward, form a surface like that of the ocean, when it is broken by tumultuous waves of a moderate height. The undulations of the Hemlocks present an appearance of curve-lines, flashing with the silvery lustre of their foliage; those of the Firs are more angular, with broken lines. Hence the one suggests the ideas of tumult, contention, and the dangers of the waves; the other, that of life and motion, combined with serenity and peace.

In a strong current of wind, individual trees, when they are tall and slender, awaken our interest by bending over uniformly, like a plume. This habit is particularly noticeable in the small White Birch, and in the young trees of some other species. All objects that bend to the breeze, in consequence of their apparent flexibility, are interesting, inasmuch as they are typical of resignation and humility, qualities which always excite our sympathy. Hence the drooping forms of vegetation are highly poetical, as we observe of lilies, which, with less positive beauty, are more interesting than tulips. But we will pass from this consideration of the motions of trees to treat of another quality no less intimately associated with their beauty.

When the branches of trees are swayed by the wind, and their leaves are glancing in the light of the sun, their motions are accompanied by various sounds which are an important part of the music of nature. Indeed, the motions of terrestrial objects seem never to be attended with silence. The poetic notion of the music of the spheres may be an erroneous conceit of the imagina-

tion, or but the metaphorical expression of the harmony of their movements. But whether the heavenly bodies pass through their sublime evolutions without producing sounds consequent on their march, or whether the different stages of their progress may be accompanied by sounds which are the source of ineffable delight to those immortal beings capable of perceiving them, it must be allowed that analogy is in favor of this poetical affirmation. For over all this earth motion is accompanied by sound; and the more rapid motions of the planetary bodies through the more attenuate celestial atmosphere may produce similar effects, transcending all melodies which can be perceived by mortal ears. Imagination often suggests a truth that lies beyond the ken of our understanding, which was given us for judgment, not for discovery; and the music of the spheres may be something more than a metaphor.

But the sounds from terrestrial objects alone are sufficient to inspire the mind with exalted thoughts. How often have I sat delighted under the branches of a Pine grove, and listened to the fancied roaring of the distant waves of the sea, as the wind passed through the foliage! As the breeze commences, we seem to hear the first soft rippling of the waves; when it increases, succeeding waves of fuller swell flow tremulously in a delightful *crescendo* upon the strand, and, after the wind is lulled, sink into silence as they recede from the shore. In a grove of Birches, the sounds are suggestive of more lively images. It seems as if a host of Zephyrs, with their invisible wings, were holding a revel among the branches,—rising now, and then alighting, as in the movement of some elfin dance, and pursuing one another through all the intricate mazes of the foliage,—sped by æolian melodies that convey the sweetest delight to the ears of mortals.

And we need not marvel, when we listen to these sounds, that an imaginative and superstitious race should have lent ear to them as to voices from heaven,—that they should have peopled the

groves with deities possessing the most lovely attributes, who gave tongues to the winds, and tuned the leaves of trees so that every motion should make them vibrate with music.

Whether we ourselves are adjusted to Nature, or Nature has accommodated her gifts to our wants and sensibilities, her beneficence is in nothing more apparent than in her adaptation of the sounds of the inanimate world to the chords within our own hearts. If we are afflicted with grief, or weary of society, we flee to the groves, to be soothed by the quiet of their solitudes, and by the harmonies from their branches, which are tuned to every mood of the mind. Among the thousand strings that are swept by the winds, there is always a chord in unison with our own feelings; and while, at lulling intervals, each strain comes to the ear with its accordant vibration, the mind is healed of its disquietude, and soothed by the melodious symphonies that seem like direct messages of peace from the guardian deities of the wood.

The tremulous habit of the Aspen has always been proverbial, and it is a quality of all the Poplars. When a strong wind prevails, the leaves of other trees are put into motion, and their tumult is universal. But when one is sitting at a window, on a still summer day, or sauntering in the wood, or musing in the shade of a quiet nook, — when the wind is so calm that the hum of the invisible insect swarms hovering in the atmosphere is plainly audible, — then is the trembling motion of the Aspen-leaves peculiarly significant of the serenity of the elements. It is, therefore, a highly tranquillizing sound, associated with rest in the languor of noon, or with watching in the still hours of a warm night.

When the quiet of the atmosphere is beginning to yield to the movement of a rising tempest, the Aspen, by its excessive agitation, gives us a prophetic warning of its approach. Often on a summer afternoon, the first notice I have received of a rising thunder-storm came from the increased trepidation of

the leaves of a Poplar that grew before my study window. Thus, while the rustling of the Aspen-leaf speaks of the delightful tranquillity of summer weather, there is likewise a tender expression of melancholy in its tones, that bodes a general stirring of the winds as they come up from the gathering-place of the storm.

The *preservation of trees* from the destruction to which they are exposed from so many requisitions — to supply the necessities of the arts and the demands of human comfort, and, above all, to satisfy the raging appetite of millions of furnaces that glow perpetually in all parts of the land — has become a subject of serious thought. The steam-engine — that giant infernal-machine, which borrows from future generations to serve the impatient demands created by the avarice of the present age — is the grand destroyer of the trees and forests. Already is it threatening to enter the pleasant domain of agriculture, — to stifle with its screams the cheerful sounds that make a rural home delightful, — to substitute for the music of the whetting of the scythe, and for the joyful voices of laborers, the hurried words of command from the driver of the steam-plough and the foreman of the rustic platoon. Already are the advocates of its despotic power losing their reverence for the noble standard trees that encumber the way of its ruthless progress, and learning to contemplate with satisfaction the fields reduced to treeless levels, over which this slave-making machine may turn its long furrows without obstacle, in mammoth plains created by the destruction of small farms.

Setting aside all the economic uses of trees, their beauty and their influence on our happiness would alone render them worthy of protection and preservation. All men appreciate the awful condition in which we should be placed if the earth were entirely disrobed of trees; but we do not fully realize the necessity of a determination on the part of every citizen to use all his personal influence to prevent the destruction of them, and to see that no valuable tree

is ever needlessly sacrificed, and that no barren eminence or declivity is ever deprived of its wood.

May the time never come when all the full-grown trees shall be banished to the roadside, the public grounds, or the gentleman's estate ; and when the youth of our villages, excluded from field and wood, — no longer the dwelling-place of sylvan beauty and the scene of healthful labor and recreation, but a hateful show of dressed lawn and aristocratic park, — shall mourn over the progress of luxury which has destroyed the wildwood, graded the diversities of surface, and converted the beautiful domain of rustic labor into one vapid confederation of landscape gardens and model farms !

It is difficult to realize how great a part of all that is cheerful and delightful in the recollections of our own life is associated with trees. They are allied with the songs of morn, with the quiet of noonday, with social gatherings under the evening sky, and with all the beauty and attractiveness of every season. Nowhere does nature look more lovely, or the sounds from birds and insects, and from inanimate things, affect us more deeply, than in their benevolent shade. Never does the blue sky appear more serene than when its dappled azure glimmers through their green trembling leaves. Their shades, which, in the early ages, were the temples of religion and philosophy, are still the favorite resort of the studious, the scene of healthful sport for the active and adventurous, and the very sanctuary of peaceful seclusion for the contemplative and sorrowful.

In our early years, we are charmed with the solitude of groves, with the flowers that dwell in their recesses, with the little creatures that sport among their branches, and with the birds that convey to us by their notes a portion of their own indefinable happiness. At a later period of life, the wood becomes a hallowed spot, where we may review the events of the past. Nature has made use of trees to wed our minds to the love of homely scenes, and to make us satisfied with life. How many visions of village merry-makings, of rural sports and pastimes, of the frolics of children, and of studious recreation, haunt us when we sit down under the protection of some old familiar tree that stands in the open field or by the wayside !

In fine, I cannot help regarding trees as the most poetical objects in nature. Every wood teems with suggestions of imaginative thought, every tree is vocal with language and music, and its fruits and flowers do not afford more luxury to the sense than delight to the mind. The trees have their roots in the earth, but they send up their branches towards the skies, and are so many supplicants to Heaven for blessings upon our homes. The slender gracefulness of the Birch and the Willow, the grandeur of the broad-spreading Plane, the venerable majesty of the Oak, the flowing dignity of the Elm, and the proud magnificence of the towering Pine, are all calculated to inspire the mind with serene, lively, tender, or sublime emotions. Their beauty leads us to the love of nature, and fills us with profound veneration for the Creator.

TWO FAMILIES.

"EMMA, go to the bureau in my bedroom, and in the second drawer, in the right-hand corner, you'll see the pile of aprons; the third one from the top is your blue-and-brown gingham. Put it on, and I will button it up for you."

"I hate that old apron!" said Emma, undutifully. "I don't *want* to wear it!"

"Emma, do as I bid you this instant," said Mrs. Gourlay, with authority. "Hate the clothes that mother makes for you! what a wicked girl!"

"It's faded, and there's a great patch where I burnt it, and Kitty will laugh at me. Auntie never makes *her* wear such odd things."

"Kitty will most likely see the day when she will be glad of a much worse one, and have to go without. Your aunt brings up her children to all sorts of extravagant notions, but I'm thankful that I know my duty better."

Spite of her frowning remonstrances, the unwilling Emma was duly invested with the despised garment, and despatched to school, where the spectacle of her cousin in a prettily shaped white apron, made with pockets, and fastened by rows of dear little pearl buttons, served greatly to intensify her wrath and disgust.

Meanwhile Mrs. Gourlay seated herself before her work-basket. Before it, — for it was no trumpery affair, decked with ribbons, and holding a gold thimble and frill, or perchance a bit of tatting. It was a large, substantial willow structure, piled with all sorts of heavy, ugly garments in the cut-out state. This basket was poor Emma's abhorrence. She had her daily part to do toward reducing its contents; and her little hands grew weary and her little heart yet wearier over long fells and clumsy seams of Canton flannel. Mrs. Gourlay had no sympathy with such weariness. Canton flannel was an or-

dering of Providence; and if any one found sewing on it to be tedious, it was clearly due to her own rebellious and impatient spirit.

I wish you could have seen the room in which this good lady presently composed herself to sewing; though indeed "composed" is hardly the word for that swift and energetic plying of the needle which straightway began. It was not a large apartment, nor a lofty, — I believe that Mrs. Gourlay, having never chanced to inhabit such rooms herself, had a notion that some sort of moral obliquity attached to their possession, — nor could it boast the ornament of rare or costly furniture; but how beautifully clean, how exactly ordered, was every portion of it! The window-panes glittered like mirrors; the Holland shades hung "plumb" from their rollers; the carpet — ingrain of the best quality and ugliest imaginable pattern — was free from shred or speck; the maple chairs, with their cane seats, shone as if just home from the cabinet-maker's; well-starched tidies protected the green moreen of the rocking-chairs from profaning contact. Every inch of paint, every bit of brass or steel, was fresh and shining as hands could make it. Even the pendulum of the clock on the high mantel looked bigger and brighter than that of other clocks, as it glanced momentarily through its little window. Yet, as there was a serpent in Eden, so there was one element of disorder even in this otherwise perfect room. The cover of the lounge, put on to preserve undimmed its green-and-crimson glories, had a trick of getting awry when Mr. Gourlay or the children sat or moved heedlessly upon it. This was one of Mrs. Gourlay's trials, — a cross borne daily with more or less of meekness, as might happen. She was not partial to the lounge herself, preferring seats of more upright and rigid tendency; but once a day or so she sat down upon it in an illustra-

tive manner, merely to prove how entirely unnecessary were the twitching and rumpling of its cover which ensued upon the presence of anybody else. But the lessons were unfruitful: the chintz still twisted, and the children still caught admiring glimpses of the splendors beneath.

This morning there was great peace in the room and in Mrs. Gourlay's mind. The children were at school, and her husband at his office. Undisturbed quiet reigned, and would reign till the noon-hour brought the return of the beloved ones and the infraction of order. For the time being she was almost as happily situated as a maiden lady or a childless widow. She set a huge patch in John's trousers with the finish and exactness of mosaic-work, turned thence to Mr. Gourlay's hose, and meditated meanwhile on the extravagance and general delinquencies of Jane Maria.

Jane Maria was her sister-in-law, the wife of Mr. Gourlay's younger brother; and between the two ladies existed all that fond affection which the relationship commonly engenders. It so happened that Jane Maria's husband was the more prosperous of the two, — a state of things not acceptable to Mrs. Gourlay, and a great pity, every way, she considered. For only see to how much more account a good property could be turned in a small family like her own than in her brother's great household! The number of Jane Maria's children seemed to her a part of the general want of management and thrift displayed in that establishment. Four boys and two girls, and all allowed pieces between meals! No wonder there was a grease-spot as large as a sixpence on the dining-room carpet the last time she was there, and that Jane Maria put up jam enough every fall to supply a regiment.

And now Emma was getting older, and noticed things, she supposed there would be an endless trouble about her clothes. Well, no matter. If Jane Maria chose to waste her husband's money in dressing up her children ev-

ery day as if they were going to a party, it was not *her* affair; she should not be led away by any such extravagance. Emma must learn to wear what was given her without gainsaying.

So pleasantly and profitably did time pass in these reveries, that the hand of the clock pointed to eleven ere she was aware. With rapid fingers she folded up her sewing, picked a stray thread from the carpet, and, proceeding to the kitchen, superintended Melinda, the help, in the preparation of an excellent meal, — thinking, meanwhile, of that other kitchen where almost everything was left to "girls," and choice cookery was unknown.

The children came flying in at the back door a little after twelve. Their father was allowed to use the front entrance on condition of assuming his slippers the moment that the portal closed after him. This was one of the by-laws of the house of Gourlay. The large, cheery man submitted to it as to other domestic edicts. If ever he wounded his wife's feelings in any of those sacred household tenets wherein they were most tender, it was unwittingly. Prime among his articles of faith was that which held Martha his wife to be the very crown and exemplar of woman's excellence. In return she strove to bear with resignation his many breaches of propriety; only said, "O Mr. Gourlay!" in a despairing tone when he threw a wet overcoat down on the hall table, and shook her head with languid disdain when he proposed to summon all the flies in the neighborhood by lighting a fire on a cool summer day.

"Is n't it a great while since we had William's people here to tea?" observed Mr. Gourlay as he discussed appreciatively his chicken-pie. "Suppose you ask 'em over."

Mrs. Gourlay's first impulse was to negative this proposition. Visits were not often exchanged between the two families, which enjoyed a sufficiency of each other's society in informal calls and running in and out. Two or three

times a year, however, there were invitations to a regular tea-drinking, and a slight effort of memory showed her that the period for her own share in these hospitalities had nearly come round; besides which she had one or two *chefs-d'œuvre* in the sweetmeat line which she by no means objected to exhibit to Jane Maria. She acquiesced amiably, therefore, in her husband's suggestion.

"Emma, you may go to your aunt William's after school, and say we shall be happy to see her and uncle and all the children to tea to-morrow afternoon."

"Bless me! is it going to be a party?" said Mr. Gourlay. "How long notice do you need to give? Why not have them to-day? You're always prepared enough. Give 'em whatever you happen to have."

"That's Jane Maria's way, I know," replied Mrs. Gourlay, with stately disapproval. "But I understand a little better, I hope, what is due to guests than to set them down to stale bread and last week's cake."

"Just as you like; only don't make the children sick with goodies."

"It is n't *my* fault, Mr. Gourlay, if they find things so much nicer than they are used to that they are tempted to overeat. Besides, their mother will be here; can't she restrain them?"

"Fault? No, of course not. Who ever heard of its being a fault to set the best table in town? Only it spoils a man for taking a meal out of his own house," said Mr. Gourlay, roused to new consciousness of the treasure he possessed.

His wife smiled; she saw through the kind hypocrisy of this remark. Long but vainly had she tried to educate him up to her own high standard; it remained a mournful fact that he could make as good a dinner from the homeliest fare as from her most carefully studied dainties. Yet he made an effort in the right direction; he appreciated her superiority *en masse*, if not in detail, and this observation showed it.

Emma delivered her message accord-

ing to instructions. "Tell your mamma we shall be happy to come," responded her aunt, graciously.

"Going to Aunt Martha's!" cried George when he heard the news, "O, bully!"

"For shame!" said his sister Cecilia, a young prude of eleven or so. "One would think you never had anything to eat at home."

"Who talked about eating?" demanded George, with injured innocence. "I didn't. Guess you must have been thinking about it yourself."

"It's the only treat you *could* look forward to there," said their mother, when she and Cecilia were alone. "I'm sure I'm always in a fever, from the time we enter the house, lest something should be injured. Not that there's anything so very choice, but your aunt is so particular."

"Yes," acquiesced Cecilia, quite old enough to understand the family hostilities. "Aunt Martha thinks her kitchen chairs are better than other people's parlor ones."

This remark was considered by Mrs. William to be a triumph of shrewdness, and repeated as such to her husband in the evening.

At the other house great preparations were going on. The sponge was set for those miraculous biscuit in which Mrs. Gourlay gloried, cake was concocted, silver rubbed up, and many a secret nook invaded in the hope, still futile, of discovering some dust therein.

"Shall we have the cover off the lounge, ma?" asked Emma.

"I don't know," said Mrs. Gourlay, doubtfully. Those vandals of children would be sprawling all over it, and digging their heels and elbows into it; so much was certain. On the other hand, she should like to show Jane Maria the advantage there was in taking a little care of your things; *her* lounge was never covered, and faded and shabby enough it looked already, though not a year old yet. This desire conquered, and the valued article shone forth unobscured. Emma was allowed to come home early from school, and to view

her mother as she cut the cake, and shaved down the smoked beef with a nicety unattainable by any other hand. She was further privileged to appropriate such precious crumbs and scraps as resulted from the work.

"Careful, child! I'm afraid you'll have your fingers off!" exclaimed Mrs. Gourlay, as the little hand dived almost under her keen knife in pursuit of a particularly choice bit of beef.

"How thin you cut it!" said Emma, admiringly. "Aunty has hers different. It's in quite thick pieces."

"I know it, Emma," returned her mother. No further comment than her tone was needful.

Between four and five the door-yard gate opened, and the expected party appeared, — Cecilia, very smart in a new muslin, leading the youngest trot, decked out in infant finery; Kitty walking with her mother, and wearing sash and shoes that smote poor Emma's heart. She looked down at her own thick boots, and sighed.

"The boys will be here presently," said Mrs. William, as she greeted her hostess. "They were not quite ready, and I thought we would n't wait for them."

"There they are now," announced Emma, a few minutes later, as the little group was about seating itself in the parlor. "O my! how they are running right through that mud in the middle of the road!"

"Don't give yourself any trouble about them," said their mother, as Mrs. Gourlay hurried to the door. "They'll hunt up John somewhere about the premises, I dare say."

"He's walking up and down the back stoop, whistling, with his hands in his pockets," said Emma.

Cecilia turned, while a very prim expression compressed her small mouth. "I think," she said, "that John might have come and spoken to his aunt and cousins."

"Perhaps he did not know we were here, my dear," observed her mother. Cecilia looked gimlet-wise at little Emma, who colored guiltily, and vouch-

safed no further information. She knew very well that John had said, "I ain't going in! I shall see aunty at tea, and you don't catch me near Cecilia Gourlay if I can help it. I ain't going to have *her* telling me what's proper!"

The lady of the house returned from overseeing the proper use of scraper and mat on the part of her nephews, who sought the recreant John in his "position in the rear," and the visit began. She observed with secret reprobation, though without surprise, that Jane Maria had no work, and bore her testimony against such lack of thrift by unusual energy in knitting.

"What are you doing?" asked Mrs. William. "Cotton stockings? Don't you find them very tedious?"

"Not as tedious as to mend the holes in woven ones."

"Yes, they *are* sometimes fearful," said Jane Maria, smiling. "I often wonder what my boys' feet are made of, they go through their stockings so fast."

"*We* always think knitted stockings are the best economy," said Mrs. Gourlay.

Now if there was a word in the world that Mrs. William hated, it was that "we." It referred to Mrs. Gourlay's mother and sisters, and thence back to her grandmother and great-aunts, each in her day a burning and shining light, and a terror to all less accomplished housekeepers. When Mrs. Gourlay said "we," it suggested, not only her own perfections, but those of her whole race; it was a sort of royal "we," and implied a superiority hopeless of attainment by any lowlier lineage.

"Sometimes I think so, — and again not," said Mrs. William. "It makes them very dear if you hire them done, and of course I can't keep such a tribe supplied myself. So, I buy sometimes, and again have some one knit for us."

Of course. Just what might be expected. Never able to make up her mind to one thing or the other. But then it would not do to say a word. These reflections imparted a severity to

Mrs. Gourlay's countenance, observed by Cecilia, and considered by her to add a quite superfluous depth to her aunt's ugliness. But Cecilia had mistaken views of personal appearance. Mrs. Gourlay was really a well-looking woman, or would have been had she brought a little taste and care to the aid of her native attractions. But her hair was always brushed straight back from her forehead and twisted in the tightest of knots; her gowns were often old-fashioned, and apt to be short and scanty in the skirt. Thought for dress, except in the matter of being clean and whole, she regarded as a weakness criminally unworthy a woman who had the solemn trust of a house committed to her charge. Not, indeed, that she was so insensible to her own claims as to possess no good or valuable clothing. There were times and seasons — Sundays, Thanksgivings, and formal visits — when certain garments, now hanging darkly in the closet of the spare bedroom, were brought forth to light and wear. On such occasions little Emma viewed her mother's unwonted magnificence with awful veneration, and never dreamed that the fineness of the merinoes, or the weight and lustre of the silks, could be matched in any other wardrobe.

Jane Maria, on the contrary, was not above such moderate personal adornment as the mother of six children might reasonably indulge in. Her hair, which was dark and abundant, was arranged with reference, if not in absolute conformity, to the reigning mode; when her apparel became old-fashioned, she had it made up anew. To-day, her large but well-moulded form was arrayed in some sort of gray material, light of texture, as became the season, and relieved by blue trimmings. The skirt was full, and flowed away in soft, silky-looking amplitude; the azure ribbons suited the wearer's fair and placid style; the chestnut locks were rolled back from the white temples, and brushed to lustrous smoothness. Altogether, Mrs. William was what you would call a fine, stylish-looking woman

of middle age, — one whom you would have felt disposed to commend, in that the care of so numerous a family had not caused her to neglect what was due to her own appearance. Not so did her sister-in-law regard this pleasing *personnel*. To her eyes, vanity and failure of duty were written all over the ample skirt and blue ribbons.

Conversation languished a little after the interchange of opinion upon cotton hose; but this was nothing alarming. The family visits were not occasions of uproarious hilarity, and no one expected this to be an exception to the general rule. Mrs. Gourlay knitted vigorously; Cecilia looked over the fashion-plates in an old volume of the *Lady's Book*; and Mrs. William kept a strict eye on little Harry, to see that no mischief was done to that high sanctuary in which they sat. She never brought any work upon her visits hither, dreading that her attention might be absorbed at a critical moment, and direful harm ensue. To the superficial observer there was no great likelihood of this. There were no knick-knacks about, no bits of glass or china; the sombre hair-cloth sofa and chairs looked capable of maintaining themselves against any infant sallies. But Mrs. William felt that danger was in ambush everywhere. She was never free from dread that Harry might, in some luckless moment, become surreptitiously possessed of a pin, and take to engraving some of the varnished surfaces around, or overturn the little stand with the big Bible on it, or crack the looking-glass or the shade of the solar lamp. Failing these, he was always likely to tumble the muslin curtains by an ill-advised rush to the window. So his mother watched him, keeping foot and hand in readiness to restrain any unwarranted movement; and, having meanwhile to carry on her share of conversation, found herself sufficiently employed. There was talk about the minister and the weather, the scarcity of fruit, and consequent appalling dearth of sweetmeats; while hope was expressed that the autumnal yield might compensate this lack.

"Don't you think Mr. Holly is falling off a great deal in his sermons?" asked Mrs. Gourlay.

"Why, no, I can't say I have observed it," replied Jane Maria. "To be sure, I am not always as much interested as I could wish, but I think that may be owing to myself, in great part. The cares of the week do pursue us over into Sunday, though I know it ought not to be so. Sometimes in the midst of a sermon I will find my mind on some matter about the house or children. Of course I check myself as soon as I observe it, but one cannot expect to listen very profitably with divided attention."

Such cause for her own lack of enjoyment in the services had never entered Mrs. Gourlay's mind, and she was not likely to harbor it now. She was about to speak more freely of the minister's deterioration, and her views with reference to it, when she caught the eye of her niece fixed attentively upon her. It would never do to speak before that girl; she was a great deal too sharp for her age.

"We have quite overlooked Cecilia," she said, benignly; "it must be very dull for her, shut up here with us. Run out, my dear, and see if you can find Kitty and Emma; I presume they are in the orchard under the early apple-tree. The apples are ripening fast, and they are very nice."

Cecilia found this unwonted graciousness perfectly transparent. "Thank you, aunt," she answered, "but I will stay here, if you please. I don't care to be with the children, and I can amuse myself very well while you and mamma are talking." The flow of Mrs. Gourlay's confidences was thus checked, and Cecilia very properly rewarded for her indocility; she was fond of apples, though she liked news better, and, in this instance, she had neither. Her aunt contented herself with remarking: "One thing is certain; Mr. Holly does n't visit enough."

"Perhaps not," said Jane Maria; "but then he has his sermons, you know, and the weekly meetings, and people

coming to him for advice, and a hundred other calls upon his time."

"But he ought to visit more," reiterated Mrs. Gourlay. "We've a right to expect it from our minister."

"I've a good deal of sympathy," said Jane Maria, smiling, "for people who don't do all that is expected of them. But I think you are right in wishing to see Mr. Holly oftener; he is so pleasant when he does come, that I feel sorry he cannot afford time to be more sociable. It's Wesley, is n't it, that says the smallest part of a pastor's duty is in the pulpit?"

"Wesley may have said so," returned Mrs. Gourlay, "though I don't see any call to go out of our own denomination for our opinions. I could have said as much as that myself, and so, I dare say, could plenty of our ministers."

A sound of the trampling of many feet was presently heard, and it became evident that the boys had wearied of out-door amusement, and sought the sitting-room. Both mothers grew uneasy, — Mrs. Gourlay in the dread of injuries inflicted, Mrs. William in the fear that her tribe was inflicting them.

"Cecy, dear," she said, "go into the other room, and try to keep some sort of order among those boys."

The young damsel departed on her mission, nothing loath; clad in delegated authority, she felt herself an important character. John's countenance fell as he saw the smart muslin and the neat gaiters in the door-way.

"Can't we have less noise here, children?" asked Cecilia. "Mamma and aunt can hardly hear themselves speak. George! let go that book. You must not snatch, sir! Now what is all this dispute about?"

"It's John's fault," said George, in loud complaint. "He won't let me look. He said he'd show me the pictures, and now he holds the book so high I can't see."

"John," spake the austere Cecilia, "you don't understand very well how you ought to treat your company. I

wonder you are n't ashamed to tease a boy so much smaller than yourself."

John succumbed. He might defy Cecilia from the back stoop, but in her presence he was vanquished. They had always been opposing forces. When they were smaller, her arm had often been black and blue from his vengeful pinches, and his locks had suffered from her angry clutch. This was all past long ago; such personal encounters were ages removed from the present dignity of the individuals. But they were still at swords' points in a more quiet way, and there was a chill of conscious virtue in the younger and weaker of the two that overawed her opponent. He sulkily surrendered the book to George; and the other boys, taking their stand on their sacred character of guests, lorded it over him without mercy.

Tea caused an agreeable diversion. Mr. Gourlay and his brother had come in, Mrs. Gourlay had paid her superintending visits to kitchen and table, Kitty and Emma had returned from the orchard with arms sentimentally intertwined about each other's waists, and six o'clock had arrived. Punctually as the last stroke died on the air, the hostess marshalled her clan, and led the way. There was a little bustle and delay in seating so large a party, and a casting down of eyes while grace was said; then the whole wonderful *coup d'œil* burst upon them,—the firm, fine cloth with its satin gloss and even folds; the glitter of china and silver; the ruby and amber translucencies of sweetmeats; the biscuits, each a snowy puff surmounted by its delicate crust of brown; the contrasts of plum and lady cake, melting white and luscious darkness, piled together in the basket. From these goodly cates what fine aromas rose! what a sense had every guest of the polish, the perfection, to which the arrangements had been brought! Mrs. William was vexed with herself that even she could not escape it. The china was no better than her own, the spoons not half as handsome. She had a silver-plated tea-tray and service,

of neat and tasteful pattern, for her own great occasions; yet somehow the britannia-metal teapot and the japanned salver impressed her with a feeling of their excellence, of the splendid festivity of any occasion which they graced, beyond what her own were ever able to convey. It must have been because they were so highly prized, so sedulously guarded. No hands but Mrs. Gourlay's own would be permitted to wash the precious china; every piece must be rinsed in the fairest of water, wiped on the softest of towels. The waiter demanded not less care: hot water must not come near it, for fear of cracking the japan; nor soap, lest the brightness of the coloring should be impaired. Tender wiping with a damp cloth, soft polishing with a dry one, then a little sweet oil, and a retirement to the loftiest shelf of the pantry,—this was the ceremony which it underwent after every occasion of use and exposure. Similar cares awaited the britannia-metal teapot. People take you very much at your own valuation, it is said; and there is no doubt that Mrs. Gourlay considered these articles, dating back to that era in the world's history when she began to "keep house," as immeasurably superior to her sister-in-law's possessions.

As to the dainties themselves, there could be no question of their unapproachable excellence. To do Jane Maria justice, she was willing enough to acknowledge Mrs. Gourlay's claims, and would have been content on most occasions to defer to her authority. But when this homage was exacted, and her own deficiencies were treated as a matter of course, her spirit rose in rebellion. Housekeeping was a department wherein Mrs. Gourlay considered that the merely "tolerable" was "not to be endured," and her demeanor accorded with this conviction.

She sat now behind her teapot dispensing the richest cream and the most fragrant Hyson; eating little herself, that the more watchful care might be given to her guests. She was a bountiful "provider"; if her beef were shad-

owy-thin the plates were heaped, nor could she be content till every niece and nephew was liberally supplied with all the niceties before them. Only one thing on the table did she begrudge them, — the cloth. She had been sorely tempted to use some of the every-day damask on this occasion, but the high sense of duty prevailed. The best things belonged, of right, to “company”; and they must go on, though, of course, they could only serve for the one time. Her brightest hope was that no holes would be cut by careless knife-blades, and no permanent stains result from the visit.

Jane Maria had not intended to gratify her hostess by any comment on the character of the entertainment, but the exquisiteness of the sweetmeats was too much for her resolution. It was before the days of canning, and the point of honor among housewives was to have preserves of a light color. Mrs. Gourlay’s were hardly darker than the uncooked fruit, the flavor was delicious, the syrup rich and crystal-clear.

“I never saw anything like it,” exclaimed Jane Maria, impulsively. “How *do* you manage to have them so nice?”

Mrs. Gourlay smiled her calm, superior smile, hopeless of imparting her method to such an aspirant. Jane Maria’s plums always broke, she knew; and, if she did her peaches whole, they were sure to dry on the pit.

“I don’t know that there is anything I could tell you about it,” she said. “They are done just as *we* always do our sweetmeats.”

“Pound for pound?” suggested the querist.

“Of course, — the best white sugar. I don’t believe in having to heat them up every month or two.”

“Strange!” said Mrs. William. “I always make them just that way, but mine never look like these.”

“*We* always clean a brass kettle every time we use it,” said Mrs. Gourlay.

Jane Maria flushed at this implication. “I don’t think the habit is pecu-

liar to you,” she answered. “I never knew any one that did n’t.”

“Cleanliness is the virtue next to godliness,” quoted her husband, not that it was particularly apposite, but just by way of saying something.

“Next in advance of it, Martha thinks,” observed Mr. Gourlay, jocosely.

“It is not *my* habit to jest about serious things,” said that lady, with severe visage.

“Well, Martha,” persisted her husband, with ill-timed levity, “I knew you thought a great deal of your brass kettle, but I did n’t suppose you regarded it in *that* light.”

Everybody smiled but Mrs. Gourlay, whose features preserved the sternest gravity. “Will you have another cup of tea?” she said to Mrs. William. “James, your brother is out of butter.”

Her tone recalled people to their senses. The husband hastened to expiate his offence by pressing every one to take a little more of everything, while Jane Maria endeavored to remove the cloud by amiable chattiness. On the other hand, Cecilia, jealous of the family honor, left her sweetmeats untouched for the remainder of the meal, — a circumstance which she was assured would not escape the keen vision of her aunt, — and partook but lightly of the other dainties.

“Have some plum-cake, child?” said Mrs. Gourlay, as the young heroine broke off the merest fragment from a white slice.

“Thank you, aunt,” she responded coolly, “I don’t care for any.”

“Not care for plum-cake! What ails you? Don’t you feel well?”

“O yes, I’m perfectly well,” said the resolute young voice; “but I don’t wish for any, thank you.” And she persisted, though the appealing richness of the seductive compound almost brought tears to her eyes. Mrs. Gourlay wondered and pondered within her own breast. *Could* that girl be so dead to merit as not to like *her* cake, *her* sweetmeats? — which was just the effect “that girl” intended to produce.

"Cecy is getting on finely with her music, I hear," said her uncle, presently.

"Yes," replied the pleased mother. "Her teacher says she is making good progress."

"Does her voice get any stronger, do you think?" asked Mrs. Gourlay.

"Stronger?" said Jane Maria, doubtfully. "I don't know — perhaps so — I haven't observed." Mr. Gourlay, having often been made the confidant of his wife's views as to the folly of "your brother's people" in wasting their money on Cecilia, who had no more voice than a wren, understood the question better. He hastened to prevent any awkwardness by saying, —

"I must come over and hear her myself, and then I can judge. You'll play for me some day, — won't you, Cecy?"

"Yes, uncle, any time you like," replied the young lady, with the gracious air of one conferring an undoubted favor.

"What a child that is!" thought Mrs. Gourlay, with inward sarcasm. "I should like to have the training of her awhile." And indeed she would have done credit to such training. She was much more like her aunt than little Emma would ever be. Her decision, sharpness, and *esprit du corps* were quite foreign to the generous and easy temperament of her mother. Had she been condemned to calico pantaloons and patched aprons, she would have looked with virtuous disdain on any other style of garment, and felt sure that there was exalted merit in the wearing of her own; whereas poor Emma was always oppressed by a sense of their ugliness and inferiority.

After tea there was an adjournment to the parlor, but only a brief tarry there. Mrs. William wished to be at home by the younger children's bedtime; she knew, besides, that her sister-in-law must be getting anxious to begin her labors upon the china and silver. There were the usual excuses for leaving, the usual civil pressing to stay longer, and then the little proces-

sion set out through the twilight. It was a rather quiet walk, and once or twice Mrs. William sighed.

"What's the matter, Jenny?" said her husband.

"Nothing that I know of," she answered, brightening; "only a visit at Martha's always makes me discouraged, somehow. Ordinarily I feel as if I did pretty well, considering the children and all my cares."

"And so you do," said her husband, heartily, — "so you do. I should like to see the woman that would manage better."

"But when I go there," she continued, "everything looks so fresh and new, there is such order and neatness everywhere, that I feel as if my housekeeping was a miserable failure. It seems as if I ought to do better, and as if I *must*, and yet I don't know where to begin." And she sighed again.

"I don't see any occasion," said her husband. "I don't know why you have n't things every whit as nice."

"O William! Why, did you observe that lounge? She had it ages before we bought ours, and yet how bright it looks, while ours is quite shabby already."

"Reason enough. She has n't five children and a baby to tumble on it."

"And then her table, — everything the very best of its kind. However, it is n't that I mean: it is n't any one matter particularly. But you feel that in *that* house all is as it should be, — no disorder, no confusion, the right time and the right place always remembered. And, if you did n't feel it, Martha would be sure to remind you."

"That she would! And as for yourself, Jenny, don't worry a bit. Your housekeeping is all right. I'm always sure of every comfort I care for in my own home, and of being allowed to enjoy it in peace. I believe houses were made for people, and not people for houses, for my part."

"Thank you, William," said Jane Maria, gratefully.

Mrs. Gourlay meanwhile cleared away with busy hands the remnants of the

feast. "This cut cake, Emma," she said, "I shall leave out for you and John. The smoked beef you may have, too,—what's left of it. One, two, three, four spots on the table-cloth; Melinda must put it in sweet milk to-night; it has got off pretty well. Do you think I can trust you to carry those saucers to the pantry?" So the work went on; in a brief space the table was cleared, and the crumb-cloth shaken; then the lounge-cover was put on, and everything stood restored to pristine neatness.

"There's one good job accomplished," thought Mrs. Gourlay. "It is a weight off my mind when these visits are over."

Eight years passed more or less pleasantly away. Little Harry, the "baby" of the visit, was now a stout and noisy lad of ten; Kitty and Emma were crowned with the roses of sixteen: the "boys" had shot up into tall youths who came in to dinner with a great shuffling of feet in the entry, who laughed loudly and delighted in practical jokes. Mrs. Gourlay declared that it would drive her crazy to live in the same house with them, and she wondered Jane Maria could survive it. But Jane Maria happily had good health; she was equally a stranger to the fiend Neuralgia and the archfiend Dyspepsia; her nerves were firm, and she looked indulgently on the stir and mirthfulness of the young life about her.

John Gourlay, having stored his brain at the Academy with such erudition as was considered needful for him, was now "clerking it" in a neighboring city, with great credit to himself and satisfaction to his employers. It was the opinion of both father and uncle that John would make a first-rate man of business, and achieve a fortune at an early age.

Our friend Cecilia had become a tall girl of nineteen; pretty, though in a light and slender way that might degenerate into angularity as she grew older. She, too, had been endowed with all the graces and accomplish-

ments that the Academy could bestow, with an additional year at a well-reputed seminary. She was considered by all the village circle a very highly educated young lady and an authority in music. Those were the dark ages of harmony among country amateurs; and her facile rendering of Quicksteps and Polkas, her singing at sight all the ballads and "set pieces" that came in her way, were quite sufficient to establish her superiority among her young compeers.

Cecilia's education, technically so called, was, however, the smallest part of her merits. On her had been bestowed, and in no stinted measure, that higher gift than genius.—"faculty." No household mystery so deep, no achievement so lofty, that she would not dare it; and her efforts were always rewarded with success. In her own home such a daughter was an invaluable boon; she took up the dropped stitches of life, repaired its waste places. Aunt Gourlay might slight her niece's music, but she could not scorn her cake and pastry; she was candid, though prejudiced, and admitted the girl's skill, only qualifying the admission with a wonder as to where on earth she could have picked it up. Increased respect did not increase her affection for the youthful rival; she felt that her sceptre was in some sort departing from her. Jane Maria's husband continued prosperous, and every year adorned their dwelling with new and handsome articles, beyond her own means of purchasing, while Cecilia's energy left her no pretext for the fulness of her old contempt. Lack of self-appreciation was not among the niece's faults; she never deferred, as her mother had been wont to do, to Mrs. Gourlay's wisdom, but maintained her own entire ability to accomplish anything she undertook. Mrs. Gourlay stared a little when she first began to say "*we*," and to explain that such and such was "*our way*"; but Cecilia did not mind the stare, and even went on to offer her aunt two or three of her receipts.

Mrs. Gourlay was obliged to take her

stand on the superior order, the undisturbed quiet and precision, of her own abode, hopeless of attainment in a family as large as her sister-in-law's. She comforted herself, too, with sarcasms on the arrangement of the new furniture, set untidily across the corners, or out on the floor, instead of straight against the wall in the good old manner. She despised the litter of bright trifles which sprinkled the tables; and thought the bedroom was the place for cologne-bottles, Bohemian glass or not. All this consoled, but did not compensate. It did not prevent Cecilia's attainments, for instance, in the fancy line of cookery,—the ice-creams, the Charlottes, the blanc-manges,—while her own skill lay mainly in the plain and solid branches. Worst of all, it did not remedy Emma's shortcomings. Poor Emma was as inefficient a scion as Jane Maria herself could ever have produced. She was docile, but she loved books and hated work. It was trying to Mrs. Gourlay to go over of a morning to the other house,—to see Cecilia cheerfully busy in rubbing up the silver, or polishing the window-panes, or, perchance, in the kitchen concocting marvels with sugar and spice,—and then, returning home, to see that Emma had sewed to just the exact stitch indicated as her task, that she had forgotten to dust the table-legs, and was now off with a book and an apple to some favorite haunt, utterly oblivious of domestic cares. How she groaned over a "shiftlessness" so foreign to her nature, her precept, and her practice! how she was even tempted, sometimes, to go the fearful length of holding up Jane Maria's daughter as an example to her own!

While affairs stood thus, John came home for his summer vacation. Here was a child in whom her heart could delight itself. He understood his work, and gave himself up to it; more than that, he was succeeding finely. He brought the pleasant news that another thousand had just been added to his salary, and that he had high hopes of "an interest in the business" another

year. With what admiring eyes did Mrs. Gourlay gaze on his well-grown, manly figure! with what comfort listen to the evening talk with his father on prices and profits, and his clever business anecdotes!

It so happened that John and Cecilia had not seen each other for a year or two,—her absences at school, or visits to friends, having prevented their meeting. There had been time for changes on both sides.

"What a pretty, stylish girl Cecilia has grown into!" remarked John, on his return from the first call upon his relations.

It never occurred to the unheeding mother that this remark imported anything to her, more than if he had observed, of some Chinese lady, that her finger-nails were dyed a charming shade.

"I was glad that all went off so peaceably," said Emma, laughing,— "that you did not pinch, nor she pull hair, at the first visit."

John smiled at the allusion to old times. "I was a rough fellow in those days," he said.

"I don't know about that," upspoke the mother, jealous of her son's repute. "You were never rough with your sister."

"Emma was such a gentle little kitten," he said, looking at her affectionately.

"And Cecilia was such a vixen," added Mrs. Gourlay.

"O well," said her husband, "we mustn't bring that up against her now. She has outgrown it all, and is a credit to the family."

"I'm not so sure," persisted Mrs. Gourlay. "It's easy talking, but people don't outgrow a temper like that."

"She keeps it under good control, then. I've heard you say yourself that she had a great deal of patience with the children."

"Of course. I never said she didn't have it under control,—did I? but it's there all the same, you may depend."

"Testimony on the whole favorable to the accused," summed up John.

"Yes," said his mother, thoughtfully. "Cecilia is conceited; because she knows a good deal, she thinks no one can teach her anything; but she is a very capable girl. She has a wonderful notion of housekeeping for her age and opportunities. Where she ever learned it passes me. I wish I could see some that are nearer to me half as useful," — with a glance of mingled sorrow and reproof toward her daughter.

"Never mind Emmy," said her father, indulgently; "she's got time enough yet."

"Yes, Mr. Gourlay, that's just a man's idea. Not but there might be time enough if she had any disposition. I wish I could hope that, three years from now, she would be anything like her cousin."

Poor Mrs. Gourlay, how little she understood what she was doing! She lay awake a long time that night, thinking over John's merits, and laying plans for his future. He was to be a merchant prince, to wed a beauty and a fortune, to exalt the family name, and rejoice the family pride. Nothing was too good or too brilliant for him. She tried to see with her mind's eye that superlative maiden who should be the presiding genius of his luxurious home, but could form only the vaguest outlines. No one she knew served her in any sort as a model; of course nobody *here* was at all like what John would want!

And the son in his own room was thinking how pleasantly Cecilia welcomed him, what bright eyes she had, what a neat little hand, what a graceful movement. He dwelt, too, on his mother's praises. He was no stranger to the family spirit, and felt sure that, if she could admit so much, any unprejudiced person would say a great deal more.

So it went on. John's destiny developed itself. For a time no one observed it. It was natural that all the young people should be together often at one house or the other, — natural that John should sing with his cousin,

or turn the music when she played. An unusually pleasant state of feeling sprung up between the two families. Mrs. Gourlay thought of giving a party in John's honor, and Cecilia was charmed with the idea.

"Yes, aunt, do have it," she said. "I'll help you all I can."

Mrs. Gourlay's impulse was to decline with coolness the proffered aid; but, seeing how comfortable all the young folks seemed together, she softened a little.

"Well," she answered, quite graciously, "if I need assistance, I'll remember you."

"I can make the ice-creams just as well as not," continued Cecilia; "you can have that off your mind entirely, — and the macaroons; they are rather fussy little things. And I will do anything else that you will let me do."

In fine, Mrs. Gourlay found her plan so warmly seconded, that the party, which had existed in her own mind only as a vague possibility, soon assumed a definite shape, and was fixed for a certain date. Cecilia tied a large white apron over her morning-dress, and, faithful to her promise, came over to help. Mrs. Gourlay watched her narrowly, nowise unwilling to discover faults, if faults there were; but she was vanquished by the neat-handed, dexterous ways.

"Well, Cecilia," she said, with enthusiasm, as her niece removed from the oven an immense card of macaroons in the last perfection of crispness and brownness, "you'll be a treasure to somebody, some day."

Cecilia colored, and John, who had been lingering about under pretence of getting more exact directions as to the quantity of ice, felt a mingled thrill of pleasure and embarrassment. What if he should prove to be the very "somebody"?

The fair baker was the first to recover composure. "Will you have a macaroon, John?" she asked, selecting two or three of the least comely specimens, and presenting them on a little

plate. "That's my plan with the children at home: I bribe them with cakes to keep out of the way."

She looked at him half saucily, half shyly; and the youth, before obeying her hint, managed to possess himself of the unoccupied hand, and give it a pressure very different from what he was wont to bestow ten years before.

"How heated you look, child!" said Mrs. Gourlay, a moment after. "No wonder. The kitchen is like a furnace this warm morning."

The party came off in due season, and with great *éclat*. Cecilia had made the frosting after a receipt of her own, viewed with much suspicion by her aunt, but justifying itself in the result; she cut the cake, adorned the table with flowers, brought over bouquets and vases from home, -- was, in short, the soul of the occasion. And, having done all this, she was as ready for enjoyment as any one when the festivities began.

Mrs. Gourlay hardly knew her own house that night. It was the first large party she had ever given, and she had a novel sense of excitement and importance. The state apartments and the staircase, usually so dark and silent, were bright as day, and fair forms were continually passing to and fro; there was the hum of voices, the swell of music, a charming confusion of glitter and flowers and harmony. Emma, as pretty as she was indolent, floated about in her white muslin, looking like a picture; John, manly and handsome, filled the mother's heart with pride. For the first time in her life, Cecilia came in for a share of friendly admiration; Mrs. Gourlay thought that not one of the young ladies had so tasteful a dress or so good a manner.

Supper, in regard to which some anxious forebodings had arisen, passed off happily. Every one was well served; all the edibles and fluids were in the highest style of art. And by and by the last adieus were made, and the last carriage rolled away.

"A party is a great undertaking," remarked Mrs. Gourlay to her husband,

as she reviewed in her own room the eventful occasion, "but Cecilia relieved me of half the responsibility. No wonder Jane Maria calls her her right hand. She ought to be thankful for such a daughter."

"I presume she is," said Mr. Gourlay. "Well, Martha, my dear, there are others besides you that appreciate her."

"You mean Henry Barnes, I suppose. I've heard of that before, but I'm much mistaken if Cecilia will have a word to say to him."

"Henry Barnes, indeed! You'll have to try again, old lady. A great deal nearer home than that."

"Why, Mr. Gourlay!" cried the mother, in breathless excitement, as a strange light broke upon her, "you don't -- you *can't* -- mean John!"

But he did. And, what was more, John meant it; nor was Cecilia an unkind recipient of his views. It was a blow to Mrs. Gourlay. She had relented toward her niece in these latter days, it is true, but it did not follow that she was ready to endow her with her own choicest treasure. What a downfall of those lofty castles she had builded! what a prosaic awakening from her brilliant visions! There were remonstrances, entreaties, against the contemplated sacrifice, but John stood firm. Cecilia, whom his boyhood had defied, was now sought as the choicest blessing of his maturer years; she, in whose society he refused to spend a single afternoon, would alone suffice as the partner of his life. The mother was obliged to yield a sorrowful consent.

The affair once settled, compensations arose. John would have a careful and energetic wife, at any rate; no mere doll of fashion, who would waste his substance and neglect his comfort. Cecilia, with the unconscious hypocrisy of her position, was prettily deferential to the mother of her beloved; the twain took sweet counsel together in comparisons of experience, or interchange of receipts. The girl's superiority had once been a thorn in Mrs. Gourlay's pillow, a painful reminder of Emma's deficiencies; but Cecilia now belonged

to *her*, in part; she herself could glory in every fresh achievement. So far did her complaisance at last extend, that she at times requested her niece to sing for her.

"Cecilia has n't a powerful voice, I know," she would observe to her husband; "but she uses what she has with excellent judgment."

How long this pleasant state of things between the two would have endured, — whether it would have stood the test of a lifelong residence in the same town, — I cannot say. In a few months the wedding ensued, and the young pair removed to their own home in the distant city. By the withdrawal of her

daughter's powerful aid, Jane Maria was reduced to something like her old place in the Valley of Humility, — a circumstance not unwelcome to Mrs. Gourlay. John prospered in all to which he set his hand, and his dwelling was furnished in a style that far outshone anything his mother-in-law could boast. As these splendors were due to her own side of the house, Mrs. Gourlay could admire them without bitterness or disparagement. And such changes did the years work, that she gradually came to quote the opinions of "John's wife," and the way in which "John's people" managed things, as the admitted standard of propriety and elegance.

THÉOPHILE GAUTIER. — A LITERARY ARTIST.

WE have to speak of a writer formed by influences that touch the life of but a few Americans, — a writer whose habitual life is in the midst of things that have no place in our land. We have neither the marbles of Greece, nor the pictures of the Italian masters, nor the cathedrals of the Middle Ages. We have neither Gothic, Moorish, nor Oriental forms to arrest the mind, and fix us in the contemplation of the great types of a lost or abandoned ideal. It makes a vast difference in our mental experience whether we know, or do not know, these things. In France they have formed great literary and artistic types, like Victor Hugo and George Sand and Théophile Gautier. The grotesque forms, the eccentric passions, the wild play of the imagination, fixed for all ages in the stones of cathedrals, we find again in the phrases of Victor Hugo. His very style resembles the bold, sculpturesque, arbitrary forms of the mediæval workers. Victor Hugo had Notre Dame; Théophile Gautier had the marbles of Greece and Rome, the pictures of the Renaissance, and the whole contemporary art of France act-

ing upon his mind. His literary work is therefore full of artistic forms. Special and varied forms of art abound more in Gautier's work than anything derived from literature. He is one of those writers who live less in the alcoves of great libraries than in the galleries of great painters, or in the fields. I need not say how this fact separates him from the ordinary thinker or the average literary man. It is enough to say that it gives a form, a color, and a vividness to his literary work which cannot be found in the writer who is more of a thinker than an artist, — a writer who evolves his subject rather than *sees* it to depict it.

The literary result that follows from the combined influence of art and nature habitually acting upon a luxurious, voluptuous, tranquil nature, and a mind so much absorbed with the artistic element that modern civilization, the doctrines of socialists, the mania for positive sciences, are considered only as interruptions and discords in the placid and beautiful world of its habitual contemplation, cannot fail to interest, since it is at once provoking and strange to us.

We must frankly admit that Gautier outrages the common sentiment of the American mind ; we hasten to add that the common purpose of the democratic man is strange to Gautier. Gautier represents what has no place in our literature, still less in our life. He represents the supremacy of the artistic. His work is the reaffirmation of the Pagan idea of life in the midst of a debauched society. He is brutally indifferent to all that is held in the purely industrial life, haughty before the Christian idea, and insolent and hopeless in the midst of his idols of flesh, of marble, of color.

It would not be difficult to place ourselves, on the ground of common morality, next to Gautier's work, and scold him, or make phrases bristling with austere reflections as a contrast to the sentiment of his mind ; he would even serve well as the occasion to lower the pride of the artistic nature, to which we are so much indebted for generous emotions of admiration, and the ennobling pleasure of a gratified æsthetic sense. But we should be far from illuminating our subject ; we should be a Philistine of the Pharisaic kind, speaking from a provincial idea of literature ; we should betray that our instinct of propriety was the most active and characteristic fact of our nature.

To judge Gautier we need not invoke Geneva or Exeter Hall. Either of these would only force us to confess the absence of all the senses that respond to the glory of life, and the absence of all those needs the presence of which grace our nature, and, in the midst of monotones and trivialities and vices, dignify and adorn it with so much that separates it from that of the brutes.

Once knowing the charm, the seduction, the bewildering beauty of all that has triumphed over or possessed the genius of Gautier, — all that has developed in him the voluptuary careless of mankind, we will take a step outside of the sectarian life and its cheap critical effort ; we will listen to Gautier as to music. Afterwards it will be well to arraign him before the generous and noble tri-

bunal in which the lovers of humanity hear the troubles and plead the cause of the poor and weak and deformed ; and then, because Gautier is a man belonging to the universal brotherhood, we must pronounce him to be less than the august and laborious benefactors of the poor in spirit. He is condemned in the highest court, and we can dispense with the tea-table prosecution to which pale Propriety and sectarian Zeal would subject him.

We have sufficiently anticipated judgment to give you an idea of the illustrious literary artist who has promenaded through all the epochs of art, taking from each their type of beauty, and who has reaffirmed the pagan thought that a beautiful form is more lovely than virtue. Let us know better, and in less general terms, the typical literary artist who closes the present epoch of French literature.

The late Charles Baudelaire, who was a haughty and unique thinker, as well as an intense poet, — a thinker firm and close and clear in the expression of his mind, — wrote several beautiful pages about Gautier. When a man of high literary instincts burns incense before a contemporary, you may know it must be fine and sweet. But with all the respect we have for Baudelaire's mind, with an equal admiration for his literary faith, we cannot follow him in his fine eulogy of Gautier.

Both Baudelaire and Gautier — the former with his mental life troubled by passion, the latter with his mental life held in a calm voluptuousness — have been indifferent to the ideas that must be cherished by the democratic man, even when he tries most to be an artist, that is, a being wholly given up to the beautiful. But the artistic or beautiful, separated from what we ordinarily call the moral, is unknown among us. We cannot follow Baudelaire ; but we shall cite his word to confirm the statement of the high place that Gautier holds in contemporary French literature. Baudelaire calls him "a perfect man of letters, the equal of the most grand in the past, a model for those who shall come,

a diamond more and more rare in an epoch drunk with ignorance and matter."

Before taking another step into our subject, let us stop to read a few biographical facts. In criticism, which is very often a highway, they serve like memorial stones, at which we can rest, and talk about forgotten things.

Théophile Gautier was born at Tarbes, one of the most ancient cities of France, in the year 1811. He came to Paris at a very early age, and studied at the College of Charlemagne, at which place he became acquainted with Gérard de Nerval, with whom, later, he wrote many of his dramatic criticisms. He was remarked for his size, his beauty, and his carelessness of the ancient classics. The museums of sculpture and painting had more attractions for him than the recitation-rooms of his college. Later, he entered the studio of Rioult. He studied long enough to discover that painting was a means too impersonal and too remote to satisfy the energy of life that was in him demanding an artistic outlet. If painting with colors is too slow a process, why not paint with words?

In the mean time he had kept up his literary studies. He had gone to the source at which the words are the richest, and the ideas the least troublesome; he had studied the French poets of the sixteenth century. He wrote a few verses, and read them to his friends. The success he obtained encouraged him. In 1828 he presented himself to Sainte-Beuve, and asked permission to read a piece in verse called *La Tête de Mort*. He was more than encouraged; he was confirmed by Sainte-Beuve, who praised his work, and introduced him to Victor Hugo as a young poet. After his introduction to Victor Hugo he became his most effective recruit in Paris, shaking his magnificent black hair, and showing his great fists to the classicists of the epoch, nightly going forth to the theatre to slay the Parisian Philistines and Traditionalists. He was at all the first representations of Victor Hugo's powerful and aggressive plays, and took

part in the actual struggles characterizing the advent of the revolutionary dramas of Victor Hugo and Dumas, which he defended in the columns of the press.

He published his first volume of poetry in 1830. The revolutionary excitement of the day absorbed public attention; Gautier's verses were not heard in the din of the fusillade that swept the streets of Paris.

Later, 1833 to 1834, he wrote for *Figaro*, with Gérard de Nerval. Together they made and broke obligations to write for certain papers. They went from *La France Littéraire* to the *Revue de Paris*; together they appeared in *L'Artist*; together they wrote the dramatic *feuilleton* of *La Charte* in 1830, and *La Presse* in 1836. *La Presse* gave Gautier twelve thousand francs a year for sixty *feuilletons* on the contemporary theatre and fine arts.

In the space of ten years he made several voyages, — in Italy, in Spain, in the East, in Russia, in Holland, in England. After each voyage he gave the Parisians a book full of vim, of color, of pictures in words.

Gautier is a hunter of words. His literary fields are the dictionaries. Words have for him the attraction that butterflies have for children who run after them. On the first shelf of his library he has fifty dictionaries, — dictionaries of arts, of sciences, and even of the *cuisine* of all ages and all countries. He asked Baudelaire, when he called upon him for the first time, if he ever read dictionaries? Happily for Baudelaire, he could reply that very early he had been struck with *lexiconnaire*.

It may be said that Gautier's defect is an excess of expression, — it is also his distinguishing excellence. His literary form is crowded, sometimes even embarrassed, though no one could be more neat and defined than Gautier at his best moment, in the midst of his vast resources of expression. But such exuberance and such display are apt to become barbaric. In Gautier it is a part of his Oriental taste.

His cabinet of work is a kind of

museum. In it a thousand curious objects are assembled. He has a great Oriental arm-chair, made expressly in honor of his Turkish habits. No less than twelve cats sleep or play about him. He is described as large and majestic in person; there is a total absence of dryness in his manner. Baudelaire writes that only the beautiful adjectives *Oriental* and *Asiatic* can render the kind of temper, at the same time simple, dignified, and soft, of Gautier. On Quai Voltaire we have met him. He is one of the most picturesque and noticed figures, — of a sombre and brooding aspect, seeing nobody, eyes upon the ground, his black hair flowing from under a large-brimmed hat; he goes through the phantom-beauty of mist-covered Paris, or walks under its laughing sky, — let us suppose dreaming of the East, or the hand of Rachel, or the shoulders of Crisi, a man full of beautiful memories, yet memories that hold no charm of consolation, but only the bitterness of a lost delight.

Gautier has made the talk of all the *salons* of Paris by his *feuilletons* on art and the drama. It is always more convenient to speak of that part of his literary work, and of his *Voyage en Espagne*. It is not so easy to introduce his poetry or his romances. We will suggest their character. They are the full, neat, artistic, spontaneous expression of all that surprised and outraged many of the readers of Swinburne's poems. Both Baudelaire and Gautier, as poets, indulge the full and intense expression of passion and voluptuousness that characterizes *Laus Veneris*, and other poems of Swinburne. In Baudelaire we find an intense, bitter, masculine sense of the mystery and implacability of passion and desire; in Gautier, a free, frank, luxurious, literary expression of physical beauty and voluptuousness. Gautier is without any intensity; Baudelaire is uncommonly intense.

Gautier's representative romance is *Mademoiselle de Maupin*. To call it the Confessions of Théophile Gautier would not be far from the truth. The

Confessions of Rousseau are less offensive to the modesty and reserve of human nature than the pages of *Mademoiselle de Maupin*. Yet it must be spoken of, even critically considered, because it is a typical book. It corresponds with the thoughts, sentiment, and life of thousands of cultivated Parisians, and it is remarkable as a piece of expression. What is called "its prodigious style," and the ground it covers, in the literary world, you shall judge in reading the following extract. You probably never read anything like it. But it is characteristic of our epoch to entertain everything; and, above all, the critical mind, necessarily keeping open house, must be ready to show hospitality even to the most foreign thought. We are not to ask Gautier to live with us; we simply shelter him under our roof for the night. In the mean time we can examine what manner of man has his being in Paris, the centre of arts. He speaks: —

"I am a man of the Homeric times; the world in which I live is not my world, and I do not understand the society that surrounds me. Christ did not come for me; I am as much a Pagan as Phidias or Alcibiades. I have never been on Golgotha to pluck the flowers of passion; and the deep river which flows from the Crucified, and puts a red girdle around the world, has never bathed me with its waters; — my rebellious body cares not to recognize the supremacy of the soul, and my flesh chooses not to be mortified. I find this earth as beautiful as heaven, and I consider the correctness of form as virtue. Spirituality is not my affair, I love a statue better than a phantom, and midday than twilight.

"Three things please me: gold, marble, and purple, — *éclat*, solidity, color. My dreams are all made of that, and all the palaces which I build for my chimeras are constructed with these materials. Sometimes I have other dreams, — they are long cavalcades of horses, pure white, without harness or bridle, mounted by fine-looking youths, nude, who defile upon a band of dark blue, as

upon the friezes of the Parthenon; or young girls crowned with bands, and wearing tunics with straight folds, and who keep turning around an immense vase."

These fine word-pictures are copies in the color of Greek marbles. Their beauty powerfully appeals to the artistic mind. And we can imagine how this literary expression was enjoyed by the artistic public that lives in Paris. But again listen to Gautier: —

"I have gazed at love by the light of the antique, and like a piece of sculpture more or less perfect. How is the arm? Pretty good. The hands are not wanting in delicacy. What do you think of the foot? I think that the ankle has no nobility, and that the heel is commonplace. But the bosom is well, of a good form; the serpentine line is undulating; the shoulders are plump, and of a fine character. That woman would make a passable model, and several parts of her might be moulded. Let us love her.

"I have always been so. I have for women the eyes of a sculptor, not of a lover. I have all my life long worried myself about the form of the flagon, and not about its contents.

"I consider woman in the antique manner, as a beautiful slave destined for our pleasure. Cynthia, you are beautiful; hasten, who knows if you will be living to-morrow? Your hair is blacker than the lustrous skin of an Ethiopian virgin: hasten; in but a few years, thin silvery threads shall glide into those thick locks; — these roses smell sweet to-day, to-morrow they will have the odor of death, and be nothing more than the cadavers of roses. Let us breathe thy roses as long as they resemble thy cheeks; and let us kiss thy cheeks as long as they resemble thy roses. When you are old, Cynthia, no one will care to have you, not even the varlets of the lictor, if you should pay them. Wait till Saturn has marked with his nail that brow, pure and shining now, and you will see how your door, so besieged and so flowery, shall be avoided,

cursed, covered with grasses and briars. O hasten, Cynthia! the smallest wrinkle may serve as a grave to the greatest love.

"It is in that brutal and imperious formula that is uttered the whole antique elegy; it always comes back to that; it is its strongest reason; it is the Achilles of its argument. After that it has not much left to say; and when it has promised a robe of byssus, dyed twice, and a necklace of pearls of equal size, it is at the end of its rôle."

This is Gautier in the fulness of his literary power, in the pride of his artistic strength. He began with art, from art he went into antiquity, in antiquity he discovered a life untouched by pale virtues and sad renunciations, a place where his mind could breathe in the very atmosphere of the religion of pleasure, and he gave himself, body and mind, to all that that world held. With his feet in Paris, it was not difficult. But to do it, he had to do what the ancient Greek did not do, — he had to sink in the scale of his moral nature, and crush utterly the weak life of the moral being that lives by the breath and the example of Christ. The life of enjoyment and the idea of pleasure were good to the Greek. They did not corrupt him, because, to live them, he did not have to resist a more spiritual idea. He did not have to descend in the scale of his moral conception to justify his habits. It is not possible for us to be Greeks, for we face a moral light that was not revealed to them.

A few words, and we have done with *Mademoiselle de Maupin*. It is a book full of remarkable descriptions that illustrate the power and the effrontery of Gautier, but from beginning to end it is deficient in dramatic force and invention. Like all of Gautier's works, its excellence consists in the fulness and richness of its descriptive passages; but it holds a series of pictures of more than questionable taste; in some pages it outrages all the delicate and modest instincts of human nature. As a narrative, it is encumbered by descriptions,

as a series of descriptions it is fatiguing; as a book, it is full of moral audacity, and remarkable for rich and beautiful phrases. We turn from its overloaded pages to one of his early essays in criticism, called *L'Art Moderne*. It is Gautier in his specialty as a descriptive art critic. Probably he is unequalled in his power of describing a picture, and fixing its rank. Here is a paragraph which we cite from his article on Maribhat, the celebrated French painter.

"*The place of PEsbekich at Cairo!* No picture ever produced upon me an impression so profound and vibrating. I should be afraid of being called exaggerated if I said that the sight of that picture made me sick, and gave me a home-sickness for the East, where I never had set my feet. I believed that I was looking at my veritable country; and when I turned my eyes from the ardent painting, I felt myself an exile. I see it still, that enormous *carob-tree*, with the monstrous trunk, pushing into the hot air its branches coiled like knotted serpents, and its tufts of metallic leaves, whose black undulations render so brilliant the indigo sky. The shadow stretches itself, *azured* upon the tawny ground; the houses lift, with surprising reality, their cabinets trellised with cedar and cypress wood; a nude child follows its mother, a long phantom enveloped in a blue zalek. The light sparkles, the sun darts arrows of fire, and the heavy silence of burning hours weighs upon the atmosphere."

This is no ordinary description. It is such phrases that have placed Gautier at the head of all word-painters. He is master of the art. It is no common writer who falls upon such an expression of an Oriental day,—“the light sparkles, the sun darts arrows of fire, and the heavy silence of burning hours weighs upon the atmosphere.” While in Spain he notices two cypresses that rise against the blue sky, next to the red walls of the Alhambra. They strike upon his sense like a sharp note in music. He speaks of them: “Those *two black sighs*

of foliage, sad, like a thought of death in the midst of general joy; the only sombre tint in that dazzle of gold, of silver, of azure, of rose.” You remark that *the poet* speaks in the phrases of the descriptive writer. It must be so. Every fine descriptive talent must draw a word from the heart of the poet, and Gautier is a poet as well as a remarkable word-painter. He is a poet by his word rather than by his thought,—like Tennyson. He is graceful, vivid, distinct, richly colored, but not magnetic. Say he is a descriptive poet. A more profound poetical gift not only speaks from the experience of the eye, but from the experience of the soul. Gautier is a poet who speaks only from the experience of the eye. Dante, Goethe, Shakespeare, and Shelley spoke alike from the experience of the eye and the soul. Gautier, living in sensation, has no utterance from the inner depth. He never goes beyond form and color. They are the two limitations that content his nature. Therefore you cannot discover anything vague or visionary, or anything blank or empty, in his work. No; he is an artist with words,—an artist contented with form and color, in fact always seeking for both, and never troubling himself with the undefinable and the infinite, which had such fascination and charm for Shelley, and filled with fury the troubled soul of Baudelaire.

When the poetical talent of a writer is limited to the word, and does not inhere in the very thought, he is local, and cannot be translated. Such a poet is Gautier. He is therefore limited to French critics. As a poet he cannot have a public outside of France, save among a few men of letters. Only by rising to the level of *poetic thought* can a poet speak to all men, and be read in all languages.

In 1830 Gautier gave *Albertus*; in 1845, *La Comédie de la Mort*; in 1858, *Émaux et Camées*.

We discover that Robert Browning and Swinburne have read to good advantage the poems of Gautier. He is

not as dramatic as Browning, nor as loose as Swinburne; but he is vivid and artistic as the first, and even more pagan and natural than the last. In "Enamels and Cameos" we find some remarkable verses under the title,—"Study of Hands; Hands of an Empress and of an Assassin contrasted," which show at once Gautier's love of the beautiful and fascination before the horrible,—an antithesis that no Frenchman can resist. His poem entitled *La Comédie de la Mort* is called "a large and sublime page, sombre and fantastic." *Albertus* is a poem certainly not to the fashion of the English or American mind, being a medley of arbitrary and fantastic images, and a story of things that do not belong to our latitude. Yet the writer to whom we are indebted for some of our biographical facts says that it is written under the influence of a true poetic breath, and takes a place by the side of the works of Alfred de Musset. A short poem called *Le Lion du Cirque* is truly vigorous; vivid and bold in expression, it is equally vivid and bold in conception.

The poet describes a lion of the Roman amphitheatre lashing his flank or drowsily dreaming of life in the spaces of the desert. His keeper tells him to be patient, in his close cell, for on the morrow Cæsar has commanded the door to be opened; he shall have, in the midst of the circus, under the eyes of Rome, saluted by the noise of Roman voices, a Christian virgin,—more white than the Pagan Venus,—whose body he shall tear in his rage. Then the poet turns upon himself, likens his heart to that chained beast, bound in its cell, yet longing to find a white and virgin victim to slake its lust. The figure is not too strong, and it is true; and Gautier has made a picture and a poem out of the ancient fact and its eternal human correspondence. But enough. We cannot enumerate all Gautier has written, much less characterize particular poems. He has been an incessant writer,—writer of stories, criticisms, and poems; fantastic and arbitrary and

lawless in the first; descriptive, just, expressive, in the second; vivid and beautiful in the last. Without being a magnetic writer, simply by the fulness and richness of his power of expression and his love of and search for the beautiful, he has made himself the type of a number of contemporary French writers, and by high qualities takes his place as master. He is probably best known to foreigners by *Le Roman de la Momie*. His rank is, however, fixed by his art *feuilletons* and poems. In them he exhibits his natural literary traits and qualities. In them we discover how a mind charmed by beautiful forms, warmed by beautiful colors, taking delight in shapes, textures, tones, can itself produce with words corresponding impressions, and without tenderness, without a creative imagination, even without intense mental power, can make a place by itself, and live by the force of a style that appeals solely to our appreciation of the beautiful. Gautier understands and loves the beautiful, and among critics he is almost purely descriptive, contenting himself in being the literary expression of a picture or a statue that pleases him. He has knowledge without pedantry, and he has dislikes without bad temper. Probably no man living has a more instructed sense of painting and sculpture. Among his earlier essays in criticism is an article on *The Beautiful in Art*, which, admirable as a just and intelligent exposition of the subject, also derives an additional interest from the fact that it contains a criticism of Töpffer's reflections on the same subject. In those days Gautier thought seriously; his palette was not so full of color, but he used his more limited means to express a more active mind than to-day. Then he was less a hunter of words and more a seeker of the best thoughts. Since then he has become a luxurious writer. He folds his subject in a splendid and ample garment of words. He has become more exuberant with time, because he has always labored to enrich his intellectual soil; in him expression is rapid and full-blown, like vegetation in tropi-

cal forests. Simply by the grace, the fulness of his literary talent does he please the mind; for, we repeat, he is not intense, he is not compact (qualities which the American mind prefers), and he is without a great and unique creative imagination, having written nothing as original and typical as Maurice de Guérin's *Centaure*, or Keats's *Hyperion*.

We have sufficiently expressed our understanding of the characteristics of Théophile Gautier the literary artist, — a being preoccupied with art in all its forms, and seeking for all possible means of fine and luxurious sensation. Revolutions, inventions, democracy, ideas of progress, have no place in his mental experience. He is extraordinary, even in Europe, and would be monstrous in America. We could not forgive his selfishness and indifference to all that for which societies hope and struggle. Victor Hugo may call him a grand poet, and we know that Baudelaire perplexed himself to speak about him in a manner sufficiently noble; he still remains in our judgment a man and

a writer not to be spoken of as on the same level with noble and austere artistic types.

He is admirable for his art, for his gift, for the alternate jet and flow of his thoughts, but odious as an example, being selfish, luxurious, Oriental. It is not given to men of the Occident to lie like Hellenic gods in their pleasure, careless of mankind, still less to come from their opium dreams to debauch the senses and seduce the imagination. Yet God lets the rain fall alike on the just and the unjust. Who will dare refuse even the ministrations of the lovers of life, when they hold so large a place in poetry, in art, in all that makes the splendor, the glory of civilization, and without which civilization would be an intolerable burden? We admire Gautier, we listen to his music of words, and to his phrases like pictures, and as after music, as after a beautiful glance, we think only of pleasure and the sweet expansion it has given to our being, and for the time, in a soft climate, under a beautiful sun, forget to be moralists.

CASA GUIDI WINDOWS.

RETURNED to warm existence, — even as one
Sentenced, then blotted from the headsman's book,
Accepts with doubt the life again begun, —
I leave the duress of my couch, and look
Through Casa Guidi windows to the sun.

A fate like Farinata's held me fast
In some devouring pit of fever-fire,
Until, from ceaseless forms of toil that cast
Their will upon me, whirled in endless gyre,
The Spirit of the house brought help at last.

With Giotto wrestling, through the desperate hours
A thousand crowded frescos must I paint,
Or snatch from twilight's dim and dusky bowers
Alternate forms of bacchanal and saint,
The streets of Florence and her beauteous towers.

Weak, wasted with those torments of the brain,
 The circles of the Tuscan master's hell
 Were dreams no more ; but when their fiery strain
 Was fiercest, deep and sudden stillness fell
 Athwart the storm, and all was peace again.

She came, whom Casa Guidi's chambers knew,
 And know more proudly an immortal now ;
 The air without a star was shivered through
 With the resistless radiance of her brow,
 And glimmering landscapes from the darkness grew.

Thin, phantom-like ; and yet she brought me rest.
 Unspoken words, an understood command
 Sealed weary lids with sleep, together pressed
 In clasping quiet wandering hand to hand,
 And smoothed the folded cloth above the breast.

Now, looking through these windows, where the day
 Shines on a terrace splendid with the gold
 Of autumn shrub, and green with glossy bay,
 Once more her face, re-made from dust, I hold
 In light so clear it cannot pass away, —

The quiet brow ; the face so frail and fair
 For such a voice of song ; the steady eye,
 Where shone the spirit fated to outwear
 Its fragile house ; — and on her features lie
 The soft half-shadows of her drooping hair.

Who could forget those features, having known ?
 Whose memory do his kindling reverence wrong
 That heard the soft Ionian flute, whose tone
 Changed with the silver trumpet of her song ?
 No sweeter airs from woman's lips were blown.

Ah, in the silence she has left behind
 How many a sorrowing voice of life is still !
 Songless she left the land that cannot find
 Song for its heroes ; and the Roman hill,
 Once free, shall for her ghost the laurel wind.

The tablet tells you, "Here she wrote and died,"
 And grateful Florence bids the record stand :
 Here bend Italian love and English pride
 Above her grave, — and one remoter land,
 Free as her prayers would make it, at their side.

I will not doubt the vision : yonder see
 The moving clouds that speak of freedom won !
 And life, new-lighted, with a lark-like glee
 Through Casa Guidi windows hails the sun,
 Grown from the rest her spirit gave to me.

THE TALMUD.

Why should Christians feel interested in the Talmud?

M. ERNEST RENAN has achieved one of the greatest literary successes of our age in publishing a life of Jesus. It is not a work of profound research or scholarship,—it is written in a clear and limpid style, with a touch of the picturesque and the poetic. But neither its scholarship, nor its mode of handling, nor the graces of its style, are sufficient to account for its selling by the thousands and the million,—for its being as it was, a leading subject for a time, in the thoughts and interests of the whole civilized world.

The leading French critic, Sainte-Beuve, in his article on the book, has graphically described the immense sensation with which it was received in the thoughtless and sceptical circles of Paris,—the rush to his apartment of people who were so excited by the reading that they could talk of nothing else, and who, each one, felt impelled to overwhelm him with their rush of new ideas, called up by this topic, as if he were responsible for the author's.

Mr. Renan's book was neither scoffing nor unsympathetic in its spirit. It was, so far as appears, the honest attempt of an unbeliever in any miraculous intercourse between man and God to reconstruct the admitted facts of the life of Jesus so as to leave out of it everything miraculous.

The great miracle of all, the wonder that Renan has only made clearer by his book, and for which he has not a word of explanation, is, *that a Judean peasant has revolutionized the religions of the world.*

A Judean peasant is at this moment receiving divine honors, not in dark and uncivilized regions, but in the most enlightened countries of the world. The progress of science, the growth of

the ages through eighteen centuries, does not seem in the least to have diminished the hold and the power of this Galilean upon mankind.

In order to realize fully the phenomenon, let us suppose that Renan had undertaken to reconstruct the biography of Socrates or Plato or of Mahomet. With equal learning, equal graces of style, would the results have been the same? Would a million copies have been sold? and would people have quivered and palpitated through all the civilized world, as if somebody had touched the apple of their eye?

Why this interlacing of the human heartstrings with the name of Jesus? Why this strange, imperishable sympathy?

Renan leaves out the only hypothesis that could possibly account for it, and leaves the mystery unsolved!

The question now becomes intense: Who was this Judæan peasant? Whence came he? What laws and literature formed his mind? Of what education was he the outgrowth?

Jesus was a Jew. Henceforward, therefore, Jewish literature must be looked to as the human education of this mind that has governed and still governs the civilized world.

Renan gives an account of the early education of Jesus, reconstructed from his present observation of what the life of a peasant boy in Nazareth is, but on this subject the Evangelists are silent. We have but one anecdote of his boyhood. At twelve years of age he was taken for the first time to Jerusalem to share in the yearly festival of the Passover. The boy was missed by the party after a day's journey homeward; and the parents, returning, found him in one of the numerous apartments of the temple, at the feet of the learned doctors who instructed in the law,—“both hearing them and asking them questions.”

This shows what the mind of Jesus was upon at this early period, and by whom his early inquiries were directed.

In view of either theory of the life of Jesus, — whether we look on him as the incarnate God developing into a human experience as a Jew, or as the man whose unassisted human genius revolutionized the world, and by the mere force of moral loveliness led all the leading nations of the world to adore him as a divine being, — whichever of these theories we take, the question becomes intensely interesting, What were the educational influences, what the literature, of a nation which produced this wonderful and gifted son?

Is the literature that Jesus was familiar with in his early years yet in existence in the world? Is it possible for us to get at it? Can we ourselves review the ideas, the statements, the modes of reasoning and thinking, on moral and religious subjects, which were current in his time, and must have been revolved by him during those silent thirty years, when he was pondering his future public mission? To such inquiries the learned class of Jewish Rabbis answer by holding up the Talmud. Here, say they, is the source from whence Jesus of Nazareth drew the teachings which enabled him to revolutionize the world; and the question becomes, therefore, an interesting one to every Christian, *What is the Talmud?*

In order to get an exact and clear idea, we must first Orientalize our minds, and carry ourselves back to the peculiarities of a past age and nation, and familiarize ourselves with the idea of a vast and various literature existing from generation to generation in a strictly unwritten form in the minds and teachings of a certain body of learned men whom our Saviour speaks of as the Elders. Jesus could read no books of theirs; for at that time their teachings not only were not collected in writing, but were strictly forbidden to be written. They existed in the minds and hearts of the living teachers alone. The work of reducing them to

writing was not attempted till two centuries after the Christian era, as we shall show in the proper place hereafter. The Talmud, then, is the written form of that which, in the time of Jesus, was called the Traditions of the Elders, and to which he makes frequent allusions. What sort of a book is it?

The answer is at first sight discouraging to flesh and spirit. The Talmud appears to view in the form of fourteen heavy folio volumes of thick, solid Hebrew and Aramaic consonants, without a vowel to be seen from the first word of the first volume to the last word of the last. Such is the Jewish Talmud, including both the Jerusalem and the Babylonian. Who can read it? It can be read, for it has been read; though, to be sure, it is not so easy to get on with as a modern novel. No one yet ever learned to read it fluently without having condemned himself to what Mr. Mantilini would call "one demd horrid grind," and accordingly a good Rabbinical doctor is seldom good for anything else. There are learned Jews who never do anything else all their lives long but study the Talmud. The learned Dr. Lightfoot, whose ponderous tomes gave comfort and courage to Mr. Andrew Fairservice, when frightened by a bogle, completely mastered the Talmud without being mastered by it; and he, in his lumbering, clumsy, honest way, thus complains of its authors: —

"The almost unconquerable difficulty of their style, the frightful roughness of their language, and the amazing emptiness and sophistry of the matters handled, do torture, vex, and tire him that reads them. They do everywhere abound with trifles in that manner as though they had no mind to be read; with obscurities and difficulties as though they had no mind to be understood; so that the reader hath need of patience all along to enable him to bear both trifling in sense and roughness in expression."

The good Doctor had been a little wearied with his self-imposed herculean task, and judges the Talmudists

with rather too great severity; for there is in them truth as well as trash, wisdom as well as folly, sense as well as nonsense, sound instruction as well as ludicrous absurdity, and a great deal of all.

The learned Jews, for many ages persecuted beyond all endurance, not allowed to speak, or even to think without incurring the risk of most hideous tortures; vagabonds and outcasts wherever their lot might be fixed, yet with minds trained and cultivated, and informed far beyond any contemporary standard, with a pride of race stronger and more justifiable than any other people ever had or can have,—often relieved their overburdened souls by clothing mournful truths in preposterous and laughable guise, and sometimes played the mountebank, when they were well capable of acting the philosopher. Some of their most absurd legends are but the masks of unwelcome and dangerous sentiments. Our old nursery myths of the “House that Jack built” and the “Kid that would n’t go” are in their origin but Rabbinic legends, under cover of which important instruction was conveyed to kindred minds of the Jewish race, who by their sympathies and a community in suffering had learned to understand in sober earnest what their teachers could venture to utter only with a ludicrous grimace.

The Talmud is the great repository of the mental products of a most vigorous and vivid race of thinkers, through long ages of degradation, persecution, oppression, and sorrow; and, as such, few human works are more worthy of, or will better repay, the student of human nature.

Some words which are often found in connection with the Talmud should here be explained, to wit:—

1. *Midrasch*: this is always used in reference to direct exposition.

2. *Halachah*: that which refers principally to legal enactments, and the law, especially in the books of Exodus, Leviticus, and Deuteronomy.

3. *Haggadah*: that which includes

maxims and myths, proverbs and legends, in which the Talmud is rich, and intensely interesting. These portions of the Talmud the Jews in their dispersions, oppressions, and afflictions very appropriately styled a comfort and a blessing. It should be borne in mind, that these words designate the *kind* of writing, and not any particular sections or portions of the book, just as we speak of the poetry and prose of a work.

The word *Talmud* signifies *learning*. The Talmud professes to be an expansion and exposition of the Mosaic law; and an application of its precepts to every possible exigency and event of human life. It consists of two parts, to wit:—

1. The MISHNA (the word means *second* or *repetition*).

This is said by the Rabbins to be the traditionary law as delivered by Moses to the seventy elders of the children of Israel at Mount Sinai, by word of mouth, and thus handed down orally by the scribes from generation to generation, without ever being committed to writing.

2. The GEMARA (meaning *completion*), the amplification or exposition of the Mishna by a succession of learned Rabbins, and put in written form between the third and the sixth centuries of the Christian era.

The Hebrews themselves had a most extravagant estimate of the value of their Talmud, even preferring the Talmud without the written law to the written law without the Talmud. Our Saviour boldly censures them as often “making the word of God of none effect through their traditions.” They were accustomed to say, “The written law is water, the Mishna is wine, the Gemara is spiced wine.” “The written law is salt, the Mishna is pepper, the Gemara is all sorts of most precious spices.”

There are two Talmuds,—the Jerusalem in two folio volumes, and the Babylonian in twelve folio volumes. The Mishna is the same in both, but the two Gemaras are quite different.

The origin of these two Talmuds is historically as follows: Soon after the overthrow of the Jewish commonwealth by the destruction of Jerusalem under the Roman Emperors Vespasian and Titus, Jewish schools were established for the study of the law at Jamnia and Tiberias, — the former a town in North-western Palestine, situated near the Mediterranean; and the latter a well-known village on the lake of Genesareth.

But the Jews having become objects of intense hatred and suspicion to the Romans, especially after the second revolt in the reign of Hadrian, the Jewish literature could nowhere within the Roman Empire have a free and full development. Hence the Jerusalem Talmud was circumscribed in its contents and unsatisfactory in its teachings. But Babylonia was at this time a part of the Parthian Empire, and independent of the Romans; and here, therefore, the Rabbins established their most famous schools at Sura, at Nehardea, and at Pumbeditha, and pursued their studies with comparatively little molestation, and the result was the more copious and satisfactory Babylonian Talmud.

There is something wild and romantic in the idea of this immense body of literature existing in the world from generation to generation in the aerial cloud-like form of tradition, like that pillar of cloud and fire which of old guided the wandering steps of the sacred nation. A superstitious reverence prevented these traditions from being written, lest, by being once fixed in writing, they should cease to grow and receive accessions from warm and vivid human thought.

But lest the definite and positive Anglo-Saxon mind should incline to conceive that nothing of any real permanent worth could have existed so long in a traditionary form, we will venture to remind our readers that we have a very similar instance in the common law of England, "the origin of which," says Lord Chief Justice Hale, "is as undiscoverable as the sources of the

Nile," and which for generations existed mainly in unwritten traditions and customs.

The work of reducing the Talmud to writing was never attempted till the third century of the Christian era. Even then, at first, great opposition was made to this innovation. It was said that to write the Gemara would fix it and make it unalterable, whereas it ought to be left open to improvements from the developments of successive generations.

We can see in this notice of the growth of the Talmud how it could be quite possible that Gamaliel, at whose feet Paul was instructed, and others like him, could have improved the Gemara by a judicious use of the instructions of Christ and the apostles. Though the oral traditions of the Mishna and portions of the Gemara were some of them doubtless antecedent to the time of Christ by many generations, yet it cannot be proved in a single instance where there is identity of sentiment between the Talmud and the New Testament, that the Talmud did not borrow from the New Testament rather than the New Testament from the Talmud. It is not likely that an utterance as clear, condensed, and cutting as the Sermon on the Mount, as given by the Evangelists, was passed over with inattention by the learned senate of Jewish Rabbins. These teachings passed into the community, and became an animating and forming force in society; and they must, in the very nature of the case, have acted powerfully on all the existing schools of ethical and intellectual science. We find in Christ's discourses frequent allusions to the teachings of these men, searching reviews and criticisms of their doctrines. Much of the Sermon on the Mount is a statement of the errors in their teaching and the establishment of a higher code of morals. "Ye have heard that it hath been said by them of old time, &c.; but I say unto you," is, as we all know, a frequent form of summary in that discourse.

We shall now endeavor to give our readers some general idea of the

Contents of the Talmud.

The whole Talmud, both in the Jerusalem and the Babylonian editions, is divided into six SEDARIM, or ORDERS, or, as we might call them, *books*; and each *order* or *book* is subdivided into MASICHTOTH, or *treatises*; into PERAKIM, or *chapters*; and each *perak*, or *chapter*, into MISHNAIOTH, or *sections*.

In the Babylonian Talmud there are sixty-three *masichtoth*, five hundred and twenty-five *perakim*, and four thousand one hundred and eighty-seven *mishnaioth*.

The Sedarim or books of the Talmud are the following, to wit:—

1. *Seder Zeraim*. “*Order of Seeds*,”—treating of the products of agriculture, and other matters therewith connected in the Jewish law.

2. *Seder Moed*. “*Order of Festivals*,”—treating of the times and manner of celebrating the Jewish feasts.

3. *Seder Nashim*. “*Order of Women*,”—treating of marriage, divorce, women's rights and wrongs, &c.

4. *Seder Neri'kim*. “*Order of Damages*,”—crimes against property, &c.

5. *Seder Kodashim*. “*Order of Holy Things*,”—sacrifices, ablutions, and such like.

6. *Seder Taharoth*. “*Order of Purification*,”—the ceremonial purity or impurity of houses, furniture, household utensils, &c.

We subjoin, as a specimen of the whole work, a few of the subjects discussed in several of the treatises.

Treatise I. of Order I. “*Of the Blessings*.” Relates to prayer, and thanksgivings for the fruits of the earth.

Treatise II. of same Order. “*Of the Corner*.” Respecting the corners of the harvest-fields, which are to be left for the poor, &c.

Treatise VII. of Order II. “*Of the Egg*.” What one should do and not do on feast-days,—and whether it be lawful, on a feast-day, to eat the egg which a hen lays on that day; the mode of treatment of this important point is somewhat obscure, and the result apparently not certainly determined.

Treatise VIII. of Order IV. “*The Sayings of the Fathers*,” or the ethics of the Talmud, abounding in acute sayings, striking proverbs, and curious legends.

Treatise VII. of Order V. The cutting off of a soul from the future life, and the sins which deserve such punishment; and the condition of the condemned souls in Gehenna.

A single cursory glance at this part of the Talmud at once dissipates a very superficial statement, which has often been made, that the Jews had no doctrine of future rewards and punishments, previous to the time of Christ, and that it was a distinguishing part of his mission to *reveal* such a futurity.

The representations of Heaven and Hell in the Talmud are as vivid as in the poetry of Dante or the sermons of Jonathan Edwards; and show conclusively that, in regard to the general fact of a future life of retribution, the Saviour was not under the necessity of making new announcements, but spoke to a community in whose mind that basis of thought was already firmly established.

Still further to illustrate the nature of the Talmud, we will here give a brief analysis of the first treatise of the first book, which book is subdivided, as we said before, into eleven treatises, seventy-five chapters, and six hundred and fifty-four sections.

The general title of this first chapter of the first book is Massecheth Berachoth, or “*Treatise of the Blessings*”; and it is subdivided as follows.

For the sake of perspicuity, however, we must premise, before we proceed further, that the *Shema* spoken of in this treatise is the passage in Deuteronomy vi. 4, “*Hear, O Israel! the Lord our God is one Lord*.”

This declaration, which in the Hebrew has a wonderfully solemn, plaintive, and majestic sound, has in all ages been considered among the Jews as of a peculiar sacredness.

SHEMA, ISRAEL! ADONAI ELOHENU ADONAI AHAD, is that sublime affirmation of the absolute unity of the

Divine Nature; in opposition to the polytheism and idolatry of the pagan world, the frequent repetition of which, in a distinct, loud, and peculiar chant, forms a conspicuous part of every religious service of the Hebrews.

The "SHEMONE ESRAE, *or the eighteen*," is the name of a sort of Hebrew Te Deum, so called because it originally consisted of eighteen sentences, and was composed, as the Rabbins say, by Queen Esther, and delivered to them to be daily repeated in their devotions, for their consolation, till the restoration of their temple at Jerusalem shall enable them to renew the daily sacrifices which are of necessity suspended while the temple is in ruins.

The chapters (*Perakim*) of this treatise are as follows:—

1. On the daily blessing and the prayers thereto belonging, particularly on the time for saying the Shema, evening and morning, on the posture of the body, and the prayers belonging thereto. (This occupies five sections or *Mishnaioth*.)

2. On the pauses and the order of the Shema, on the tones in the chanting of it, on the special occasions for it. (Eight sections.)

3. On the exceptions in the saying of the Shema, mourners, women at certain periods, servants, minors, bathers, the unclean. (Six sections.)

4. How long the time may be for those prayers, and whether one may say the Shemone Esrae by extracts only; that a prayer should not be an *opus operatum*; on prayer in dangerous places, and on the *Musaph*, or additional prayer on special occasions. (Seven sections.)

5. On the outward and inward posture in prayer; on prayer for rain, &c.; on leading in prayer for others, on wandering in prayer. (Five sections.)

6. On the different ways of pronouncing a blessing on fruit-trees and the fruits of the ground; on bread and wine; on the changing of the blessings; on the blessing of that which does not spring out of the earth; also respecting

miscellaneous subjects, on the wine, and the dessert before and after the meal; on sitting and reclining at table; on incense; on the chief dishes and the side dishes; on the threefold blessing and the short blessing; on the water. (Eight sections.)

7. On the common blessing in which many may join in common, its forms according to the number of the persons, and on separating into distinct companies. (Five sections.)

8. On the difference between the followers of Hillel and the followers of Shammai in respect to the washing of hands and asking the blessing at table. (Eight sections.)

9. On a blessing in miracles and all kinds of natural phenomena; on entering a new house; on unprofitable prayers; on prayer in entering and leaving a city; on praising God for the evil as well as the good; on reverence toward the temple; on naming the Divine name in salutations, and our duty of regulating ourselves according to the tradition of the elders. (Five sections.)

Style of the Talmud.

As a specimen of the style of the Talmud, or its method of communicating instruction, we translate a few paragraphs from the very first sentence of the Mishna, the beginning of the treatise on blessings.

MISHNA. "At what time in the evening should one chant the Shema?—From the time that the priests go in to eat of their oblation till the end of the first night watch. These are the words of the Rabbi Eliezer. But the wise men say until midnight. Rabban* Gamaliel says, till the morning dawn ariseth. It came to pass that his sons were returning from a feast; they said unto him, 'We have not yet recited the Shema.' He answered and said unto them, 'If the morning dawn be not yet arisen ye are under obligation to recite it.' And not this alone have they said, but everywhere, where

* A term of distinction, the same as Rabbi in the Gospel of John.

the wise have said 'until midnight,' the command is binding till the morning dawn ariseth; and the steaming of the fat and of the joints is lawful until the morning dawn ariseth; and so everything which may be eaten on the same day it is allowed to eat, until the morning dawn ariseth. If this is so, why do the wise say 'till midnight'? In order that men may be held far away from sin."

All this long sentence, the first one in the Mishna, the opening words of the Talmud, is just for the purpose of teaching that the most proper time for chanting the evening Shema is when the priests go in to their supper, that is, about 5 P. M.; or, if it is not said then, at any time before midnight; and if not then, at any time before the next dawn of the morning; and the time is protracted to prevent the sin of not reciting it at all.

This is a characteristic specimen of the style of a considerable portion of the Talmud, and of the mode of teaching, especially in the Halachah,—a style and method wholly unlike anything else in the world, unless it be some modern systems of metaphysical philosophy.

The style of the Gemara is substantially the same, only still more strange, grotesque, and obscure. In illustration of this we will give a very small part of the amplification of the Gemara on this very sentence of the Mishna.

It would seem as if the Mishna here needed no amplification, but the Gemara is very copious. It says: "The Thanna" (that is, Rabbi Judah the Holy), "what is his authority that he teaches, from what time onward? And, beside that, why does he teach on the evening first, and might he teach on the morning first?"

"The Thanna rests on the Scripture, for it is written, When thou liest down and when thou risest up, and so he teaches, the time of reciting the Shema, when thou liest down, when is it?"

"From the time when the priests go in to eat of their oblation. But if thou wilt, say I, he hath taken it out of the

creation of the world; for it is said, it was evening and it was morning, one day. If this is so, it might be the last Mishna which teaches, In the morning are said two blessings before and one after, and in the evening, two before and two after, and yet they teach in the evening first. The Thanna begins in the evening, then he teaches in the morning; as he treats of the morning so he explains the things of the morning, and then he explains the things of the evening."

This is less than one fourth part of the comment in the Gemara on that passage in the Mishna, and the remainder is equally lucid and interesting.

I have never seen anything equal to this, except some passages in the writings of Hegel, which it seems to me they considerably resemble. I have translated literally; and for the sake of comparison let us take a literal translation of the first sentence of Hegel's great work on the "Phenomenology of the Spirit." The section is entitled "The sensuous Certainty of the This, and the My."

"The knowledge which is the first, or immediately our subject, can be no other than that which is itself immediate knowledge,—the knowledge of the immediate or the existing. We have to restrain ourselves even so, immediately or receptively, and to change nothing in it as it offers itself, and to keep off the comprehending from the noticing."

The admirers of Hegel say, that he is a most powerful and suggestive writer, and that he fairly exhausts the truths of philosophy; and the Hebrew lovers of the Talmud say much the same thing of their admired national work. Are they not both equally right, or equally wrong?

The Talmud, however, is not all like the specimens I have given; and we hope soon to show that there is much in it which is intelligible and beautiful; exhibiting even the strong common-sense of Benjamin Franklin, and the poetical genius of the Old Testament.

The Talmud has a great number of authors, and, as a natural consequence, a great variety of styles; and where the different authors can be ascertained, we find that each has his own peculiar and characteristic manner.

Rabbi Simon Ben Jochai is designedly obscure, paradoxical, and *bizarre* in the extreme, while Rabbi Joshua is neat, witty, and sharp; Rabbi Ashe is enormously diffuse, while Rabbi Judah the Holy is concise, definite, and positive.

Authors of the Talmud.

The principal authors of the Talmud, according to its own statement, we will briefly mention.

It must be understood, that the earlier authors did not themselves commit their works to writing; they were handed down by tradition only, till the time of Rabbi Judah the Holy, who first attempted the preservation of them on the written page, about A. D. 220. The Talmudists arrange these authors in classes.

1st Class. The Elder Sages. Of these there is the following list:—

B. C. 180. *Simeon the Just*, the last of the great synagogue, and the founder of the Rabbinic schools.

Antigonus of Soho, the disciple and friend of Simeon, and the master of the first Rabbinic school.

Zadok and *Boethus*, two disciples of Antigonus, the founders of the school which diverged from the standard of Hebrew Orthodoxy, and laid the foundation for the sect of the Sadducees.

B. C. 70. *Jose Ben Joezer* and *Jose Ben Johanna*, the first pair of the distinctively Pharisaic heads of schools.

Joshua Ben Perachiah and *Nathai of Arbela*, the second pair of the same school.

Simon Ben Shetah, the disciple of the preceding, and *Jehudah Ben Tabai*, the third pair.

B. C. 97. *Shemaijah* and *Abtalion*, the fourth pair.

At the time of Christ's birth we have Hillel the Great, who died A. D. 14. He, after Ezra, was regarded as the great restorer of the law.

Menahem and *Shammai* formed a fifth pair of teachers.

2d Class. The Thanaim, who in the composition of the Mishna followed the lead of Hillel the Great.

Among these were, A. D. 33, *Gamaliel the Great*, surnamed the son of the law, a grandson of Hillel, and the teacher of the Apostle Paul.

A. D. 70, *Simeon*, the son of the preceding, who perished in the destruction of Jerusalem by the Romans.

From A. D. 70 to 140 we have *Johannan Ben Saccai*, the collector of the scattered remnants of the Rabbins, after the overthrow of Jerusalem, and the founder of the Rabbinic school at Jamnia. *Gamaliel Second*, the son of Simeon and the disciple of Johannan, the first Nasi or Prince of the Jews, and the head of the learned school at Jamnia. His associates were Rabbi Joshua, the sharp and witty writer of the Talmud, and Rabbi Akiba, the learned, active, and enthusiastic counsellor of Bar Cochba in his rebellion against the Emperor Hadrian.

When that rebellion was crushed, this Rabbi was put to death with the most exquisite and lingering tortures; he all the while chanting in a loud, clear voice the great Hebrew Shema, "Hear, O Israel, the Lord our God is One"; thus with his last breath bidding defiance to the polytheism of his brutal conquerors, and glorying even in a lost cause.

At the same period we have Rabbi Eliezer Ben Azariah, an independent and self-reliant teacher, who fell under the ban of the Pharisees and Rabbi Simon Ben Jochai, a fanatical mystic, and a most obscure and provoking writer.

From A. D. 160 to 220. At this period there was in Palestine Rabbi Simeon Ben Gamaliel, the Nasi, or Prince, who removed the school from Jamnia to Tiberias, and had for his associates Rabbi Jose, Rabbi Jehudah Ben Ilai, Rabbi Nathan, Rabbi Meier and Rabbi Simon Ben Jahijah.

In Babylonia at this time were Rabbi

Jehudah Ben Bethira at Nisibis, and Rabbi Hananiah, at Nehardea, a nephew of Rabbi Josua in Jamnia. Rabbi Jehudah attempted to make the school at Babylonia independent of that of Tiberias, but without success.

From A. D. 220 to 250. In Palestine we see *Judah the Holy*, a disciple of Meyer, and Nasi, or Prince, after the death of his father *Simeon*, the most learned and the most venerated of the teachers at Tiberias, and the last of the *Thanaim*. He was the first editor of the *Mishna*. With him was his friend Rabbi Haja of Babylon, and opposed to him was the Christian convert, Symachus, the author of a translation of the Old Testament into Greek, and also Rabbi Ishmael Ben Elisha and Rabbi Anshajah.

In Babylon, Rabbi Hona. He bore the title of Resh Glutha (Head of the Dispersion), — a title of superiority used in the Babylonian school, and of the same force as Nasi in Jerusalem. There were, besides, Rabbi Samuel at Nahardea, Rabbi Abba Ariche, the founder of the school at Sura. He brought the *Mishna* to the Babylonian schools, and acquired such distinction that, like his teacher Rabbi Judah the Holy, he was referred to in Jewish books by the talismanic title of RAB, or the Great.

3d Class. The *Amoraim*. Among these in Palestine, from A. D. 250 to 270, were Rabbi Gamaliel III., son of Judah the Holy, who bore the title of Nasi, and his colleagues, Rabbi Haniyah at Sepphoris, Rabbi Johannan, editor of the Jerusalem Talmud, and Rabbi Simon Ben Lakes at Tiberias.

In Babylonia, Rabbi Nahman Bar Jacob at Nehardea, Rabbi Hona at Sura, and Rabbi Jehudah Ben Jeheskiel, founder of the school at Pumbeditha.

From A. D. 270 to 310 we have in Palestine Rabbi Jehudah II., son of Gamaliel, and Nasi by title, with his colleagues, Rabbi Ame, and Rabbi Ase at Tiberias.

In Babylonia, Rabbi Nehemiah the Resh Glutha, Rabbi Haida at Sura,

and Rabbi Aliba-Bar Nahmeni at Pumbeditha.

From A. D. 310 to 370 we have in Palestine Rabbi Hillel, son of Jehuda, with the title of Nasi. He constructed and fixed the Jewish Calendar, and his colleagues were Rabbi Abuhu at Cæsarea, and Rabbi Jehuda III., son of Hillel, and Nasi.

In Babylonia we have Rabbi Demi at Nehardea, Rabbi Abba Bar Hona at Sura, Rabbi Joseph, Rabbi Abaje, and Rabbi Raba at Pumbeditha.

From A. D. 370. In Palestine we find Rabbi Gamaliel IV., son of Jehuda, the last Nasi or Patriarch at Tiberias. Here was the end of Hebrew learning in Palestine.

In Babylonia we find Rabbi Peka, Rabbi Nahman, Rabbi Isaac, and others at Pumbeditha. There were Rabbi Marsutra (the Resh Glutha), Rabbi Asche at Sura, from 350 to 430, the editor of the Babylonian Talmud, and his friend and assistant in the revision, Rabbi Abima.

A. D. 500 we have the Rabbi Jose at Pumbeditha. He was the last of the Talmudic writers. The names of all these, as well as of many others less noteworthy, occur in the Talmud.

We have thus attempted to show *what* the Talmud is, who composed it, when and where it was composed.

We shall proceed to add some characteristic specimens of its literature in selections from the *Haggadah* portions of the Talmud, or, in other words, its sacred myths and proverbs.

Haggadah of the Talmud.

Let us now turn to the better portions of the Talmud, and give a few samples of its maxims and legends. There are many of these, and of the best quality, especially the book entitled *Pirke Aboth*, *Sections* (or *Sayings*) *of the Fathers*, of which a considerable portion is incorporated with the Hebrew prayer-books, under the title of the *Ethics*, is rich in valuable instruction. A very few examples only can find a place here. Leopold Dukes has published a volume of the Proverbs with a German

translation; and Herder has transferred some of the legends to his *Blumenlese* from the Oriental poets; but for the most part they are still inaccessible to the general reader.

The legends of the Talmud, as well as the proverbs, have a great variety in style and character, including the grave and the gay, the satirical and the humorous. Some of them have very quaint titles, and as appropriate as they are quaint; as, for example, *Concerning the Rabbi who married the Devil's daughter, and what came of it.*

Proverbs of the Talmud.

Woe to them who see without knowing what they see, and who stand without knowing on what they stand!

To the wasp men say, Neither thy honey nor thy sting.

Rabbi Eliezer says, The book and the sword are given to men by God tied in one bundle. If the book is obeyed, the sword is at rest; if the book is disobeyed, the sword rages.

Never leave the door open even to an honest man, much less to a thief.

The hole, not the rat, is the thief.

The world is kept in health only by the breath of children at school.

At Pumbeditha (a school famous for its subtle logic) they can drive an elephant through the eye of a needle.

In the same pot in which you cook, you will yourself be cooked.

With the same measure with which you measure to others, it will be measured to you again.

Solid wood burns with little noise; but thorns make a great crackling, saying, *We too are wood.*

If you speak in the night, speak softly; if you speak in the daytime, look around you before you speak.

Little or much, if only your heart is fixed on heaven.

What concern is it of yours to penetrate into the mysteries of God?

A melon is known even in its blossom.

Hypocrites steal leather, and make shoes for the poor.

Yesterday, says the bird, I was free

and joyous among the green boughs; to-day they are the bars of my cage.

He who enjoys too much in this world is in danger of losing the next.

Him who humbles himself, God exalts; him who exalts himself, God humbles.

Is the lamb rash who is feeding in the midst of wolves? Not if he trusts the good shepherd.

Great is the value of labor. It honors him who devotes himself to it.

The camel aspired after horns, and the Lord took away his ears.

He whose head is made of butter should never try to be a baker.

When the man is fire, and the woman tow,
The Devil comes the coals to blow.

A hundred guilders invested in trade give a man meat and wine; the same invested in farming gives him only cabbage and salt.

The speculator puts his money on the horns of a stag.

Woe to him who builds a big door, and has no house behind it!

While the Rabbi is fasting, the dogs eat up his dinner.

One must stand as well with the public sentiment as with God himself.

Rabbi Mair was in the school as if he tore up mountains and trod them to powder by his logic.

Of a field which is prematurely reaped, even the straw is good for nothing.

Weep not with the joyous, nor laugh with the sad; wake not with the sleeping, nor sleep with the waking.

Legends of the Talmud.

A certain Gentile came to Rabbi Sammai, a man passionate and irascible, and said, Rabbi, make me a proselyte while I am standing on one foot; and Sammai beat him off with a ten-foot pole which he was holding in his hand. He then went to Rabbi Hillel, a mild and patient man, with the same request; and Hillel said, What is hateful to yourself, that do not to another; this is the whole law; the rest is but the exposition of it. Go away a perfect man.

A Rabbi reached a city late in the evening; the gates were shut, and he must sleep outside in the open air. What God does is the best for me, said the Rabbi, and laid himself down to rest.

In the night a storm arose which extinguished the light of his lantern, and a lion came and devoured the ass on which he rode. Still the Rabbi said, What God does is best for me.

At daylight, he found that a band of robbers had plundered the city in the night, and murdered the inhabitants. Said I not, continued the Rabbi, what God does is best for me?

We sometimes learn in the morning why God put us to inconvenience the night before.

Noah and his Vineyard.

While Noah was planting his vineyard, the Devil comes to him and says, What are you doing here, Noah? Planting a vineyard, says Noah. What is the use of a vineyard? says the Devil. Its fruit, says Noah, whether fresh or dry, is sweet and good, and its wine gladdens the heart. Let us work it on shares, says the Devil. Agreed, says Noah. Now, what does the Devil do? He brings a lamb and a lion, a hog and a monkey, sacrifices them on the spot, and mingles their blood with the soil. Wherefore, if a man only eats the fruit of the vineyard, he is mild and gentle as a lamb; if he drinks the wine, he imagines himself a lion, and falls into mischief; if he drinks habitually, he becomes unmannerly and disgusting as a hog; if he gets drunk, he jabbbers and jumps, and is silly and nasty as a monkey.

The Childhood of Abraham.

Abraham was brought up in a cave, for the tyrant Nimrod sought to destroy him. But even in this dark retreat the light of God was within him, and he thought by himself, Who is my Creator? At the age of sixteen he came out of his cave, and, looking for the first time upon the heavens and the earth, he was astonished and delighted, and he

asked of all the creatures he met, Who is your Creator?

The sun arose; Abraham fell on his face, exclaiming, Ah, this is the Creator! how glorious he is! But the sun went down, and it was dark; and he said that disappearing light could not be the Creator. But the moon arose, and Abraham thought perhaps this lesser light, attended by this glorious retinue of stars, is the Creator. But the moon and stars went down, and Abraham stood alone.

He went to his father, and said, Who is the God of heaven and earth? and Terah directed him to his idols. I will prove them, thought Abraham; and when he was alone he laid before them the most delicious viands, saying, If ye are living gods, accept these offerings. But they stood immovable.

And these, said Abraham, are what my father worships as gods. Perhaps I can teach him better. He took his staff and broke the idols in pieces, except one, and into the hands of this one he placed his staff, and said to his father, O father, this god has killed all his brothers. Terah was angry, and said, You are insulting me, boy; how could he? for I made him with my own hands. Be not angry, father, said Abraham; let thine own ear take in what thine own lips have spoken. Dost thou not believe that thy god could do what my own childhood has done? How then can this be the god who created me and thee, and the earth and the heavens? Terah stood confounded and struck dumb before his child.

The Wonder-staff of the Prophet.

Gird up thy loins, said Elisha to his servant Gehazi (when the Shunammite woman implored him to raise her son to life), and take my staff in thine hand. If any one meet thee, salute him not; if any one salute thee, answer him not; but lay this my staff on the boy's face, and his soul will return to him again.

So Gehazi took the prophet's staff with joy, for he had long been wishing to get hold of it, that he too might work a miracle. As he was joyously

hurrying along, Jehu, the son of Nimshi, called out to him, Whither away so fast, Gehazi? To raise one from the dead, says Gehazi, and here is the staff of the prophet.

Jehu and a curious crowd from all the towns and villages on the way hurried after to see one rise from the dead. Gehazi with great alacrity hurried on, the mob with him, and, entering the Shunammite's house, he laid the staff on the face of the dead child; but there was neither voice nor movement. He turned the staff about, placed it in different positions, to the right and to the left, above, below; but the child awoke not. Gehazi was confounded, and the mob hooted at him. Ashamed he returned to the prophet, and said, The boy does not wake up.

The prophet took his staff, hastened to Shunem, entered the house, and closed the door against all spectators. He prayed to the Lord, and then went to the corpse, placed himself on the child, his mouth to the child's mouth, his eyes to the child's eyes, till the child's body became warm. With what did he warm the dead to life? With that silent, humble prayer, and with the breathing of an unselfish, disinterested love. Here, take thy son again, said the prophet to the mother; and the self-seeking, vain Gehazi stood confounded and ashamed.

Biography of Jesus of Nazareth according to the Talmud.

The Talmud makes frequent mention of Jesus of Nazareth, so much so that a biography of him from the Jewish point of view might be collected from it.

These accounts recognize Jesus as a youth of great beauty, eloquence, and promise, who, being educated at the Jerusalem college of the Rabbins, was led by ambition to set up opposing doctrines, and to assert his authority in opposition to them. They admit that he performed stupendous miracles, in general such as are recorded in the New Testament, and account for it by stating that he secretly entered the Holy

of Holies in the Jerusalem temple, and thence stole the Ineffable name of Jehovah, which he hid in a gash in the flesh of his arm, and by this he was able to perform these wonders; that, this name being taken away from him while he was asleep, he lost all miraculous power, and so fell an easy prey to his enemies, and was publicly executed; that his disciples stole away his body, and pretended that he had risen from the dead.

A narrative from these tomes has recently been published in New York, by Isaac Gokstein; but I am warned by a note from a worthy and learned Rabbi, that this account must not by any means be taken as representing the opinions of the more enlightened and reputable Israelites of the present day.

What an interesting world of thought this Judean literature opens to the mind!

What light it may shed on the words of Jesus and Paul to know the modes of thought which were such a perfect world in their time! When Paul speaks of his studies at the feet of Gamaliel, one of the principal authors of the Talmud, of his profiting in the matters of the law above many of his equals, we see him, an ardent young enthusiast, on the way to become an accomplished Rabbi perhaps even a Nasi, in some future day, and we understand what he means, when he says, "But what things were gain to me, these I counted loss for Christ!" It was a whole education and a whole life's work that he threw at the feet of his new Master.

Looking at the Talmud in contrast with any other ancient sacred writings extant in the world, except the Bible, we must be struck with its immense superiority.

The Hindoo sacred books are so offensively obscene that they never can be rendered into the language of any Christian nation. The Zendavesta, which is the sacred record of the old Zoroastrian and of the modern Parsee faith, with much dignified sentiment and pure morality, is far more diffuse and tedious than the Talmud; and the

same may be said of the Koran. All of them are inferior as a whole to the Talmud, as the Talmud as a whole is inferior to the Bible.

The intense condensation of the Bible, especially of the New Testament, is a marked characteristic which distinguishes it from all other sacred books. Compare, for instance, the twelve or fourteen folio volumes of the Talmud with a Tract Society edition of the Bible, where the Old and New Testament form two neat little volumes, which can be carried in one's vest pocket.

How small a volume in bulk, considering what it professes and what it teaches, is the Bible. Other sacred books are, like the firmament, full of rolling clouds; the Bible is the sharp and luminous lightning flash, piercing to the dividing asunder of the soul

and spirit, a discernor of the thoughts and intents of the heart.

I desire, in conclusion, to express my obligations to the ponderous erudition of the two older standard authors on this subject, Lightfoot and Eisenmenger; to a learned, copious, and most satisfactory article on the Talmud by Pastor Pressel, published in Herzog's German Theological Encyclopædia in 1862; and to the brief and lively delineations of Leopold Dukes and J. G. Herder. The writings of Dukes, an author of our own day, are especially rich in regard to the Rabbinic proverbs and apologues; and in one of his prefaces he expresses the hope that they may be of some use even to that rather numerous body of Christians, who give little other evidence of being Christians at all, except that of hating the Jews.

ST. MICHAEL'S NIGHT.

CHAPTER I.

IN the province of Normandy, on a bend in the coast line, forming a snug harbor for the little seaport, is, as all the world knows, the small town of Dieppe. An odd, ill-paved place it is, with its long line of *quais*, where the fisherwomen, in their high Norman caps and short petticoats, clack to and fro in their sabots, and drive their bargains over piles of shining fish. In the centre of the town is the market-place. On one side is the stately front of the ancient Hôtel de Ville, that, with its closed windows and dismantled balconies, appears to be brooding over its former days of splendor, indifferent, in the gloom of its sombre shadow, to the stir of modern life that hums about the thresholds of the tall gabled houses flanking the square on the opposite side.

In the centre of the market-place stands the huge figure of a cavalier in bronze, the redoubtable Admiral Du-

quesne, who gazes with eternal *hauteur* on the crowd beneath, his back turned with profane indifference to the old church of St. Jacques, that, beautiful with pinnacle and buttress, and depth of Gothic shadow, gathers the houses of the town about it, as a bird gathers her young beneath her wings. High on the cliffs stands the ancient Citadelle, one tall tower guarding with protective vigilance the clustering houses of the town; and the other ending the long line of battlements looking seaward, — a friendly beacon to the distant fishing-boats. The high street winds like an indolent river through the middle of the town, joined by its tributary side streets, and leads at last into the Faubourg de la Barre, with its pretty, old-fashioned houses enclosed in high garden walls, above which rise tall hollyhocks and the fragrant spikes of the lilac-trees. From the Faubourg you ascend by a lane, in spring-time sweet as an Arcadian way with violets, to the cliffs; and the sea lies

before you on one side, and the fair land of Normandy on the other, — Normandy, with its golden cornfields, and rich farms and deep orchards, — with its lanes where the sea-breeze meets you sweetened by the breath of innumerable primroses that shine out from the hedges, — with its quiet villages and ruined chateaus, — the land of ancient fairy-tale, the land of history and romance. For if about the woods and valleys still linger the gentle memories of “*La Chatte Blanche*” and *Cinderella*, so the chateaus and the ancient churches of the coast are haunted by the restless figure of the Conqueror, the stately presence of *Matilda*, or the gigantic shade of the great *Charlemagne* himself.

There is a little river that rises in the distant hills somewhere, and that deep and rapid glides on between its banks, bright with a thousand flowers, to the sea. What a long tale it might tell you, if you had the gift to understand it! On its banks grow tall reeds, crowned with diadems of pink blossoms; and meadow-sweet that raises its fragrant plumes above a tangle of briony and wild-rose and honeysuckle; while down in the shadow of their taller companions float like a mist myriads of blue forget-me-nots. Not wild and garriuous is this river, but full and tranquil, gliding on amid its flowers with meditative sweetness, — now passing through the gardens of quiet villages, receiving the image of homestead and church-spire with placid indifference, and now darkened by the shadow of the sombre ruined bridge that tradition says the Romans threw across its waters more than eighteen centuries ago. You will cross this river, if you follow the narrow path over the cliffs for three miles or so, on your way from the town to the little fishing-village of *Pourville*. All these three miles you walk knee-deep in grass, and flowers, or breast-high in waving corn, catching sudden glimpses of the blue sea above the golden ears, and listening to the long roll of the waves that break at the foot of the cliffs.

As you near the village, the pathway descends to the shore; and here, in a break in the cliff line, the river I speak of crosses your path. Standing on the narrow wooden bridge that spans its waters, you can watch it as, breaking suddenly from its meadows and whispering reeds, it rushes down swift and dark, and meets the sea with tumult and struggle, as if loath to mix its sweet waters with the salt waves. Here, just at the confluence of waters, and nestling under the cliffs, is the cluster of houses that forms the hamlet of *Pourville*.

The village now is almost deserted. The few inhabitants that remain are poor people, and their life is one long struggle with the sea which rolls ceaselessly at their thresholds, and which as a treacherous friend feeds them from its waters, and at times, leagued with the wild equinoctial gales, rolls up a devouring flood and sweeps their homes into its depth. Twice during the memory of those living have many houses been swept away; but, actuated either by the recklessness that the presence of continual danger seems to inspire, or by the tenacious local affection peculiar to people whose calling binds them in intimate fellowship with Nature herself, a few of the fisher-people have rebuilt their homes on the same ledges of the cliffs; the men pursue their hazardous calling in the treacherous waters of the bay, and the children play far down the beach, at low tide, beyond calling of their mothers. Partly from the misfortunes that have attended it, or from the gloomy shadow of the cliff under which it always rests, *Pourville* has got a bad name in the country round. “*C’est maudite, cette village-là!*” said a peasant woman, with whom I had joined company as I walked over the cliffs. “*Cursed,*” I said; “how so? are the people bad or smugglers?” “Not at all. They are good, honest people, but it is the good God who has cursed them, I suppose!” and she crossed herself with consistent piety. Indeed, there is a saying on the coast, “*Pour se faire pêcheur à Pour-*

ville, mieux vaut être filleul d'une fée que d'un évêque." *

But there must have been kind and hospitable hearts at Pourville at one time, for in the dark days of the Fronde, we are told, the Duchess de Longueville, finding all her endeavors to win over the authorities of Dieppe to the party of the king in vain, escaped by night from the Citadelle, and fled with a few faithful attendants to Pourville, where she was lodged and entertained by the curé, who, without knowing the name and rank of his guest, received her, as a chronicler tells us, "avec toute l'effusion d'une charité chrétienne." One is glad to learn also, from the same narrator, that this effusion of Christian charity was not without its reward. The hospitable curé was remembered by his grateful duchess, and a benefice of a thousand francs was added to his cure.

Half a mile inland, on one of the wooded hills that rise above the river, is the castle of Pourville. It is little more now than one ruined tower, and is as mysteriously hidden in its woods as the fairy palace of "The Sleeping Beauty." Indeed, the narrow, untrodden pathway, that winds on and on under the low boughs and leads up to the castle, is only to be found by careful search; and often, after walking for a mile or more through the woods, you will see the tall tower of the castle rising from the woods on the opposite side of the valley.

Seven miles farther up the coast, and dimly discernible, a mere black speck on the cliff line, is the church of Verangeville, standing at the very edge of the cliff, and seeming to lean towards the sea. It is very old, and round it are gathered the graves of many generations. But the encroaching sea has drawn stealthily nearer and nearer year by year, dragging down with every winter storm the foremost portions of the cliff; and each passing generation has seen the old church nearer the edge, till now the people, fearful that at some chance hour the undermined

foundation may give way, and the church sink into the waves below, a "Verlorene Kirche" of the sea, have deserted it, and left it to its solitary watch alone. There is a pathway that leads to the church, ascending abruptly from the shore by rude steps worn in the chalky rock, and that passes round the bare precipitous face of the cliff till it opens on the graves of the little churchyard. At high tide the waves roll up to these steps, and as you stand upon the narrow ledge you feel the vibrations of their buffetings. The lustrous level of the sea lies below, the wide sky above, — the dim line of horizon, where they meet, your nearest boundary line, and the far-off fishing-boats the only things that speak of human sympathy. The towering wall of cliff beetles over your head. A host of flowers that have crept down from the fields above nod their innocent heads from the crevices, and open their delicate blossoms in the face of the great sea, and shower forth their tiny seeds in autumn to the wild winds, in the dim grand faith of nature, that "He who holdeth the ocean in the hollow of his hand" will also find a resting-place for these tender germs he has created. Now, says tradition, at certain times of the year, at the hour of nightfall, a fairy passes up this narrow pathway, and, meeting any solitary traveller wending his way homeward, she raises her hand in passing and pronounces mysterious words of prophetic significance, assuring him of either bliss or bane; and the traveller passes onward after this weird greeting, with his heart filled with visions of happy love and fortune, or with forebodings of woful doom. A singular instance of the truth of this tradition, — though I may as well own that it is the only one that has come positively authenticated to my knowledge, — I am with your good pleasure about to relate.

Verangeville, as I said, lies in the mouth of the little valley of the Saane where it opens on the sea. The scattered houses of the village creep up one side of the cliff towards the deserted

* He who would be a fisherman at Pourville had better have a fairy than a bishop for his godfather.

church that crowns the highest point. In such an irregular and straggling community as this, the lowest and the highest house become remarkable as landmarks, and we will take them also as central points in our story. A hundred yards or so below the deserted church stands the highest house in Verangeville. Here lived with his daughter, in the year 18—, Père Defère, a well-to-do fisherman owning his house and bit of land, and his boat, — the ownership of the latter of itself implying a position of independence. Defère had always had the name of being a shrewd man who understood his craft, and, it was thought, had laid by money. Behind the house was a little orchard and paddock; and before it lay a sunny garden, sweet-scented, and bowery with luxuriant creepers. The little pathway leading from the garden gate to the door of the cottage was lined with flowers, roses, wall-flowers, and sweet-scented stocks. The porch itself was rude enough, with rough wooden steps and unpainted door; but from the doorway, the humble dwellers, passing in and out, had a picture before them worthy the eyes of kings; for there beyond the garden and a narrow slope of meadow grass lay the sea, through all the varying hours of day and night, in its ever-changing beauty. To Jeanne Defère this vision blended itself with all the occupations of the day. She looked upon it as she began her work in the tender light of the summer dawn, or at midday passing in and out preparing the dinner. She saw it shining like a silver shield in the heat of noon; at evening, when the work was done, and she had made ready the supper and awaited her father's coming, shading her eyes from the level splendor of the sunset, she watched it deepening from rose to violet, till it faded into the solemnity of the gathering twilight. There lay the sea! changing in beauty with the rolling hours, in sunshine and storm, by day and night, in peace and tumult, joining its voices to the great anthem of the heavens that declare the glory of God.

The nearest neighbor to the Defères

was old Widow Lennet. With her lived her daughter and her daughter's husband, — Foulet. Old Madame Lennet was a well-conditioned, merry-faced woman, who had taken life easily, and had been well treated by Time in consequence. From time immemorial the Lennets and the Defères had been neighbors and friends. Many a black wooden cross in the churchyard of Verangeville marked the graves, and craved the prayers of the faithful for the souls of departed Defères; and Lennets for generations had lived in the little stone house before the great sand-bank appeared below Pourville; and the good saints only know when that was! — at any rate, it was at a sufficiently remote period to show that the Lennets were no “new people.”

There had always been a stall in the weekly market of Dieppe, and the baskets of fish packed by old Madame Lennet and her daughter and son-in-law were amongst the best that left the town for Rouen and Paris. At the present time the name of Lennet was unrepresented among the fishermen of the coast.

True, Madame Lennet had a son, at this time some thirty-three or thirty-four years of age; but either from a restless desire to rove, which infests persons born or reared near the sea, or from a belief that better fortune could be found away from the little fishing-village, and the calling of his ancestors, Pierre Lennet, when he grew to man's estate, discarded the fishing craft, and took a place on a schooner bound for the West Indies, and was thenceforward a wanderer. The first voyages that the renegade fisherman made had by no means justified him in his choice; and the wayward fortune that he followed never turned to smile on him, poor fellow! He had been wrecked again and again, had been captured by pirates, lost his money, and, in fact, suffered every sort of maritime ill. But Pierre was not daunted by his ill fortunes; he came back to his mother's cottage after his voyages little changed, except that he might be somewhat broader across

the shoulders, a shade darker in hue, his beard thicker, but with as kind a heart and as loud and merry a laugh as before. And somehow, through all his losses, whether he had been wrecked or robbed, it rarely happened that he had not saved the gay handkerchief or the parrot that were to delight those at home; and his mother's cottage at Verangeville was filled with a curious store of these gatherings of the wandering sailor. It is true, Madame Lennet, after the first paroxysm of joy over her son on his return, never failed to quarrel heartily with him on the subject of the fishing business, and the eternal *bêtise* of this fancy of his of going to sea. But Pierre always went back to sea, nevertheless, and had his own arguments in defence of his conduct also. Was not brother-in-law Foulet a better fisherman than he? and was he not as kind and good to her as if he had been her own son? Some time or other Cousin Farge would retire from the business in Dieppe; then, of course, Foulet would take it, and he and sister Marie would go and live in Dieppe; then would be the time for him (Pierre) to return home, and settle down in the old house with his mother. Would there not always be fish in the sea for him to catch? At present he would stay as he was; he liked the sailor life; and if the Devil did blow with every wind upon one at sea, one had not always had such good luck on shore either. And in saying this Pierre laughed an uneasy laugh, and his good mother sighed, and shook her head softly, and gazed tenderly upon her son from her round brown eyes. Madame Lennet, during that shake of the head, was arraigning a culprit before the bar of her imagination, and for the moment the peaceful warmth that glowed in her bosom towards all the world was disturbed with bitter thoughts. "Yes, yes," says Madame Lennet, "thus is it! the *Sainte Écriture* says that a man will leave father and mother and all, and hold to his wife; and indeed who has anything to say to the contrary? but *mon Dieu!* when a girl has no eyes to

see, no heart to feel, and will not be his wife, where is the reason then in his leaving father and mother, brother and sister, to sail, sail, sail eternally, to lose his life upon the sea!"

Far down below the rest of the village, on a ledge in the cliffside, stood the lowest house in Verangeville. It was just raised out of danger of the lapping waters of high tide, but was splashed by the wild spray on every stormy night. It was a lonely, desolate dwelling; the little enclosure before the door was full of drifted sea-weed and shingle, and wild sedge and rank grass grew between the stones. The lives of the dwellers here seemed to accord with the loneliness of their wild nest, for they were both widow women, — Veuve Milette and her daughter Épiphanie Coutelenq. Madame Milette had also a son. François Milette, who was a young man of three-and-twenty at the time I speak of, had been at home only about six months since his last voyage, and had now begun the fishing business. Certain ugly suspicions had always rested upon the father Milette, and years ago every one had owned that Madame Milette had done wisely in persuading her husband to send François, when quite a boy, to sea. "What good could come to a lad at home, with such a father as Milette? Did he not take the boy out on the rocks with him at night, though his mother might weep away all the tears of her body, and beg for him on her knees? For what does one go on the rocks at night? Ay, indeed for what? Go and ask monsieur the coast guard that." So it was very well, everybody said, that the lad had been sent to sea; as for the girl it did n't matter, she had always been quiet enough, and after Milette's death she married Coutelenq and made a better marriage than any one could have expected for her; and though she had been left a widow so early, still she had changed her name, which she might be thankful for; and now that François, since his return, had done so well in the fishing business, Veuve Milette might begin to hold up

her head again. In fact, the "world" of Verangeville was a little hard on the Milettes; Milette had had a bad name, and people were quick to visit his sins upon the innocent heads of his survivors. But it is good to think that there are always champions raised up to the defenceless; in this case it was so, at any rate. Jeanne Defère, who could have chosen any girl in the village for her friend, and conferred an acknowledged honor by the choice, had always avowed a friendship for Épiphanie Milette (for since her widowhood she had borne her maiden name), and many a battle had she fought in her defence.

But now that we have discussed her neighbors, let us say something of Jeanne herself.

CHAPTER II.

JEANNE'S mother died in her infancy, whereupon her father's eldest sister came to live with him and take charge of the motherless child. Under her care Jeanne had grown up to womanhood. As she entered her nineteenth year her aunt died, after a long and weary illness of nearly two years, during which time, of course, the care of the little household and the nursing of her aunt had fallen upon Jeanne; and perhaps it was to these years of care and responsibility that she owed a certain resolution and gravity of character that gave her a tacitly acknowledged influence among the young girls of the village. Jeanne had, moreover, a warm and generous heart, a little overlaid by prejudices, which, in a person of strong nature and narrow education, have almost the force of passions. Jeanne was not a beauty after any *petite* type; her figure was strongly proportioned, and the certain grace that distinguished her carriage was owing more to strength of limb and dignity of character than liteness or slightrness of figure. Her face was somewhat sedate too; and her deep gray eyes had little of melting softness of expression, being more dis-

tinguishable for a free and open glance, as became one who had grown up from childhood meeting the gaze of the great blue sea with fearless love. But her lips had an abiding sweetness in their gravity that was lovelier than the smiles of others; at least, so thought Gabriel Ducrés. He had looked on her fair face autumn by autumn when he came from his inland home to Dieppe to negotiate the sale of the lavender crop, and had gone back each succeeding season, finding the love, first born in childhood, sending its roots down deeper and spreading its branches wider in his heart, till it promised to overshadow his whole life for joy or sorrow. For, you see, Gabriel was her kinsman; a distant one, to be sure, but Jeanne had so few relations that the intimacy with her great-aunt's family had always been cherished; and almost every summer Jeanne had been in the habit of spending some time at the lovely inland village where the Ducrés farm was situated. And every autumn her uncle Ducrés or Gabriel, — for, during the last three years Gabriel had taken his father's place, — when he came to Dieppe on the lavender business, stayed at the high house in Verangeville, and from thence made his expeditions into the town.

One of Jeanne's earliest memories was of riding before her aunt on her tall Normandy donkey, through endless cornfields, a long day's journey, to pay one of these visits to the Vallée d'Allon. She remembered the tall, stout figure of her great-aunt Ducrés, in her high Norman cap and scarlet petticoat, standing in the doorway ready to welcome them as they arrived. She remembered how the size of the rooms in the comfortable farm-house struck her childish mind as something magnificent; for her great-uncle Ducrés was a wealthy farmer, and her aunt a thrifty manager, and, though the house was quaint and old-fashioned, even for a Norman farm-house, there were many signs of comfort strange to the eyes of the child, accustomed to the rude simplicity of a fisherman's cottage.

Jeanne's annual visit to the Vallée d'Allon was paid in the early summer, when the freshness of spring was blooming into the full flowery beauty of the Norman June. Then the lavender fields were in blossom, and the air was filled with the delicate and pungent perfume of their tender colored spikes.

The sweet, long summer days passed tranquilly, Jeanne taking part in all the pleasant pastoral duties of the country life. The morning and the evening milking, the churning, and the hay-making, not to speak of the daily feeding of fowls and turkeys, and sleek and shining ducks, as well as the innumerable pigeons, that, at the first glimpse of the portly figure of Madame Ducrés, would leave sunning themselves on the red-tiled roof, and sweep down, cooing in a sort of ecstatic contentment, and sail round her white cap, and even flutter down upon her outstretched hand.

Jeanne helped her aunt also in her gardening. The garden before the house was bright with a thousand flowers, — sweet-scented stocks and wreathing honeysuckle and clematis, rose-bushes that spread their sheets of blossom, crimson and pink and snowy, in the sweet June weather. To Jeanne these roses had always associations of sacredness and awe; for on the eve of every Trinity Sunday her aunt cleared her rose-bushes of their beautiful flowers to serve at the great festival of the following day.

On that day the mass was performed in the open air at a household altar erected for the occasion, and all the way by which the procession came from the church to the temporary shrine was strewn with flowers. Jeanne as a child had walked sedately with Gabriel behind her uncle and aunt, bearing her basket of roses, and looking like an infant St. Elizabeth. She remembered the solemn waiting by the roadside till the procession came up; the far-off chanting voices growing ever louder as the procession, with its richly vested priests, its white-robed choristers with their twinkling lights and swinging censers drew nearer; the great silken ban-

ner, from which the benignant figure of the Madonna swayed to and fro above the crowd; the incense rising in the sunny air, and mixing its sacred perfume with the breath of the roses. She remembered her aunt leading her forward, half dizzy with awe and excitement, to throw her roses before the feet of the foremost priest, and her glimpse of the blazing star borne in the upraised hands, struck by the full morning sunlight, before which they all prostrated themselves. She remembered how they had then risen from their knees and joined the multitude, all like themselves dressed in their bright holiday garb, and followed the procession, chanting as they went. So to Jeanne the scent of roses seemed always blended with the perfume of incense, and she never decorated her bodice with them but on the *fêtes* of the Madonna; and she usually wore at home a bunch of the lavender blossoms, gathered from the little garden that lay before the cottage at Verangeville; for with its delicate scented spikes were connected all the pleasant associations of the fragrant lavender fields at her uncle's in the Vallée d'Allon.

Gabriel, who was some years older than his cousin, had regarded her in these earlier years of companionship with the feeling of superiority usual in boys; but, although he patronized and tyrannized over his small companion himself, he magnanimously allowed no one else the same privilege, and always stood Jeanne's champion in all childish troubles, even when it had brought him into collision with Monsieur le Curé himself. This had happened on one memorable occasion, when Jeanne, radiant with zealous faith in its miraculous efficacy, was found sprinkling a poor kitten that had had fits with water from the porch stoup.

But as years went on, the relative position of the two had undergone an inevitable change. Jeanne no longer regarded her young kinsman with unquestioning devotion; she now looked upon him as a *très bon garçon*, — and why, indeed, should he not be, seeing he

was Aunt Ducrés's son? — good-looking, too, strong and active. Could he not row a boat, ay, and haul a net, as well as any sailor in Verangeville, though he was a farmer? *Helas!* For Jeanne had been brought up to believe in the utter superiority of a fisherman's calling, and to look with some degree of contempt upon the less enterprising and more careful life of a farmer.

This unlucky inland calling hung like a shadow over the fate of Gabriel in consequence. Jeanne's was a simple and healthy nature, that matured slowly, and love such as Gabriel sought would be its latest fruit. Her affections sprung from habit, and were nourished by association. She loved her own home and the sea, her family, her aunt Ducrés, towards whom she bore a tender reverence, and, lastly, she loved Gabriel for many excellent reasons of course, which she usually summed up in saying he was a "*bon garçon et mon parent, vous comprenez.*" Indeed, if it had not been for the unlucky fact I mentioned before, that Gabriel's plain destiny was the life of a farmer, no doubt that — But then there would never have been this story to tell.

For two years Jeanne had not been to the Vallée d'Allon, for during her aunt's illness her presence had been too necessary at the bedside of the poor invalid to allow of her leaving home. But in the August of the following year, after her aunt's death, she paid the long-promised visit, and took up once more the old life and its many occupations in the pleasant old farm-house. Jeanne's visit this year was later than usual, and she was to return with Gabriel at the close of the next month, when he made his annual visit to Dieppe. It was just harvest-time; the corn stood piled in sheaves in the field. All day the wagons, swaying heavily with grain, wound along the high hedged lanes; and at evening the reapers with faded bunches of the scarlet poppy in their hats, and sickles slung across their shoulders, moved homeward by the light of the crescent harvest moon, singing as they went.

Though the great lavender field on the Ducrés farm was now shorn of the fair lilac-blossoms that in June tinted its slope with a soft haze of color delicate as a morning cloud, more lovely — if that may be — than the royal purple of the distant heather, still in the small field the rows of young lavender plants were now in the full glory of their fragrance and beauty.

These young lavender plants during the first two years of their growth, before they attain maturity, require constant care. Six or seven times during the summer they have to undergo pruning. And often in the warm still afternoons or in the cool of the evening, the little household, with some of the neighbors to bear them company, would gather in the field and work at the pruning, a stream of lively talk mingling pleasantly with the clicking of their shears as they passed slowly down the lavender lines.

CHAPTER III.

ONE pleasant evening, Jeanne, unhooking a pair of shears from the kitchen wall, walked briskly down to the beds of young lavender plants. She went down to finish a row she had left in the morning. It was hardly growing dusk yet, and Jeanne's figure in its scarlet petticoat, moving among the bushes, was discernible at some distance. It was not long before Gabriel came up, whistling blithely, as he strode through the field, his shears slung over his shoulder.

"I have come to help thee with thy row, Jeanne," he said; "let me finish it, and do thou sit down and rest awhile."

"O," said Jeanne, "I'm not tired. Do thou clip on one side. Gabriel, and I'll clip on the other, and we shall soon have done!" — which was going a little beyond Gabriel's designs; he wished rather to prolong the task than to shorten it. However, he began the work.

"I never like to clip off all these young shoots," said Jeanne, "it seems such waste to leave them withering and drying on the ground; why, I took home from the prunings, last time I was here, enough to scent all the drawers and the great linen chest; and when I open them to take anything out, it smells just like the Vallée d'Allon, and I can shut my eyes and fancy I am quite a little, little child again."

"Thou shalt have an armful of the fall blossoms this year, Jeanne; there's enough and to spare. We have never had such a crop except the great year when my father made five hundred francs by the field. Thou wast with us then, Jeanne: thou bringest good luck to us always."

Jeanne looked up smiling. "May be, but more likely the pruning and the good saints, I think."

"Perhaps," said Gabriel, slowly, and with a surmisable want of faith.

"I am very glad about the crop being good," said Jeanne; "it always makes Aunt Ducrés happy when the lavender is fine."

"Yes," replied Gabriel, absently; and then after a pause, during which the shears worked with energy, "My mother will be loath to part with thee, Jeanne, thou seemest so much like a daughter to her."

Jeanne sighed. "How I wish you all lived at Verangeville," she said; "we could have two large fishing-boats then; thou wouldst have made a good fisherman, Gabriel, hadst thou lived by the sea."

There was no reply to this, and the shears clipped on in concert for several minutes. At last Gabriel asked abruptly: "Who is Pierre Lennet, Jeanne?"

"Pierre Lennet!" said Jeanne, in a tone of surprise.—"Pierre Lennet is a fisherman,—or no, not a fisherman, a sailor of our village; he is first mate of a steamer now that runs between Dieppe and Newhaven."

"Yes, yes; but I mean who is he, what is he like?" interrupted Gabriel.

"Like!" said Jeanne; "I don't know; he is no longer a boy, he is thirty—

let me see, Pierre is always eleven years older than I—he is thirty-four. Thou hast seen him perhaps,—a tall, broad man with a pleasant countenance and a loud laugh."

"Thou knowest him then well," said Gabriel.

"To be sure," said Jeanne, "ever since I can think; their house is near ours. Madame Lennet and my aunt were great friends. Pierre was always kind to me when I was a child; but why dost thou ask, Gabriel? Hast thou seen Pierre?"

"No, no, but I have heard of him," said Gabriel, meaningly.

"O, without doubt!" said Jeanne, with sudden satisfaction at having discovered, as she supposed, the reason of Gabriel's interest in Pierre. "Thou hast heard of his saving a man from drowning. He was just ready to be drowned, when Pierre sprang from the rocks, and swam and swam, and dived, and caught him. O, it was well done! We stood on the rocks and watched him; and when he dragged the man up, they all shouted a grand *vive* for Pierre (for a good many of the neighbors had gathered by that time); and because our house was nearest, they brought the man there, and laid him on the nets on the floor near the fire, for he was quite still and insensible; and when he revived they laid him in father's bed, and Pierre stayed with him till morning. Poor man! he was an Englishman, a sailor from a coal ship, and he had slipped from the edge of the cliff and fallen into the water, and being stunned with the fall could not swim to save himself; and Pierre, understanding a little English, that he had learned from the sailors in the docks, got to know this little by little, as the man tried to make him understand. Was not *that* what thou hearest of Pierre, Gabriel?"

"Was that all?" said Gabriel.

"All!" said Jeanne; "why what more wouldst thou have? It is no light matter to bring a man out of the water who is heavy and lifeless, on a dark night. The man had a wife and children," she continued, "and Pierre sailed

a voyage in a coaler to the place in England where the man lived, and the woman came down to the quay to thank him, and she shook hands with him so often, as they do to make one understand what they cannot say; — but, Gabriel, thou art cutting so badly; thou hast clipped that bush almost to the ground!"

"What does it matter, Jeanne?" said Gabriel; "but tell me, I have heard of this Pierre, that he is always at your house, and with thee at the *fête*, and — and — is this true? Jeanne, is this true?"

"Bêtise!" said Jeanne, looking up with her clear eyes into Gabriel's; "what dost thou mean, Cousin Gabriel? Dost thou suppose I am going to marry Pierre Lennet? Should I not have told you, if it had been so? I tell Aunt Ducrés everything."

To this straightforward assurance, Gabriel responded by suddenly placing himself at Jeanne's side by one bound over the intervening lavender-bushes. What he was about to blurt out his eager gesture could only give a clew to; for Jeanne, standing with her shears still open in the act of clipping, turned upon him, shears and all, and with some decision said: "Thou mightest have known, Gabriel, I should never chatter about such things among the neighbors. It is only a fool who lets his affairs be talked of in the street, and it is only a fool who picks up his news there also," said Jeanne, with some warmth; for Gabriel's persistent questions seemed to perplex and irritate her. "When I think to marry, I shall tell those who ought to know, after I have related it to Monsieur le Curé; and," she continued with sudden grave sweetness, seeing that her blunt speech had wounded, "thou mayest be sure, Gabriel, I shall tell thee as soon as I would my brother."

At which promised privilege Gabriel groaned in impatience and bitterness of spirit. Whether in the simple desperation of his annoyance he might not have pushed the subject to its close there is no knowing, but Madame

Ducrés's cheery voice announced her coming, and all chance of further *tête-à-tête* was at an end. This conversation took place a few days before Jeanne's departure home.

After this Gabriel was busy in the fields all day long, and saw little of Jeanne, who remained in the house with his mother at work on a new dress. This was a parting gift from Aunt Ducrés, and Jeanne was to wear it for the first time at the approaching *fête* of St. Michael, when the peasants and fisher-people stream into Dieppe from the villages of the coast, to take part in the celebration in the great church of St. Jacques. Gabriel was to accompany his cousin on her journey home, and to stay at her father's house, as I said before; going thence into Dieppe to negotiate the sale of his lavender, and to make the usual yearly purchases for the farm.

Madame Ducrés loaded Jeanne's donkey with her own hands; there was butter and fresh cream, cheese, and a pair of newly killed chickens, for Jeanne to take as a present to her father. In the other pannier were Jeanne's little bundle of clothes, and the new *robe de fête*, carefully wrapped in a clean napkin. Gabriel stood at the door, receiving his mother's last injunctions. "Adieu, my son," she said, as he stood bareheaded, awaiting her benediction, and stooped his tall figure to receive her kiss; "God bless thee, and give thee what thy heart most desires!" Gabriel glanced quickly at Jeanne, who was feeding her donkey with a bunch of clover-blossoms, a last taste of the Vallée d'Allon; then he turned, and took up his stick and bundle, and swung it over his shoulder. Attached to the bundle was a large sheaf of lavender, which he had selected himself for Jeanne's use and behoof, as he had promised to do. The two women kissed each other affectionately; the elder taking the fair face of the younger between her two palms, and kissing her on either cheek. There were large tears in the upturned eyes that met Madame Ducrés's.

"Que Dieu te garde, ma fille," she

said, "and bring thee safely to me again." Then Jeanne sprang on her donkey. "Take care of the butter, my child," cried Madame Ducrés from the doorway; "see that it does not get melted by the sun; cover it with fresh leaves as you go along; tell Cousin Defère that the cheese is the best I have made this year. Adieu, my son; adieu, Jeanne; adieu!" and she watched them as they passed down the lane, Jeanne, mounted among her possessions, turning at the bend of the road to wave a last farewell; and Gabriel, walking at her side, with his bundle of lavender swinging over his shoulder as he strode along.

CHAPTER IV.

THE first two or three days of Gabriel's visit at Verangeville were taken up with his business in the town, and on an evening Jeanne always stayed in the house, and bore her father company, while the old man sat mending his nets and listening to her accounts of her visit to Vallée d'Allon. Sometimes acquaintances would drop in, — girls from the neighboring cottages, — ostensibly to see Jeanne, but more probably to get a sight of the new *robe de fête* that Jeanne had brought back from her aunt's with her, and possibly also to observe the stranger youth from the inland. Whether through the contrariety of circumstances or through instinctive caution on the part of Jeanne I cannot say, but so it was that Gabriel and she were seldom alone together during these days of his visit. The hours passed pleasantly enough to Gabriel, for Jeanne, busy though she was, shed through the room the continual light of her presence. There was an indefinable satisfaction in the thought of coming back from fishing with the old man, or from the longer journeys into Dieppe, with the sweet certainty of finding her there, passing to and fro in the room, cooking the supper, or rosy and warm over her ironing; and, whatever her occupation might be, with always a face of pleasant welcome for him. But when

night came, and he went to his little room at the rear of the cottage, very perplexing and troublesome thoughts would arise. Then, seating himself against the side of the little bed with its neat patchwork quilt, and with his feet pushed out before him (for the ceiling was too low to allow of his pacing to and fro in the way usual with heroes under trying circumstances), he would go over all the events of the day, and find the result perplexingly unsatisfactory. Here were the days he had looked forward to and longed for already nearly slipped away, and he was no nearer to happiness or certainty than when Jeanne had held him at the point of her shears that evening in the lavender field. In a few days would come the *fête*, when they would all go to Dieppe to the celebration. He went over in fancy the journey thither, the walk through the town with Jeanne, the beautiful ivory ornament he would buy for her, how they would stroll down to the Plage together, and then — but then came the sudden thought of Pierre Lennet. Would he not be there also? Without doubt. Had he not heard Jeanne that very morning telling a neighbor that "Pierre Lennet would be in Dieppe for the *fête*," he had told her so the other evening, when he dropped in while father and Cousin Gabriel were down laying the nets? And Jeanne had never said a word about that same visit at the time! Why was that? And how was it that he, Gabriel, should never have been able to catch a glimpse of the man who seemed to be forever about the place and never there? Old Defère was continually talking of Pierre Lennet: it was "Pierre told me this, Pierre said that," — everything was "Pierre"! One hates to have one name dinned forever in one's ears. To the Devil with Pierre Lennet! And Gabriel sprang suddenly to his feet, bringing his head against the ceiling with a sharp rap, which caused a parenthesis in his reflections, after which we will not follow them further.

One evening after he had been out for several hours helping the old man

with his net-laying, Gabriel, returning just as it was getting dark, walked up the sandy lane that led to the Defère cottage. As he neared the little gate at the end of the garden he heard the click of the latch, and some one came out and walked slowly towards him. It was a man, who, with his head bent down, was humming in a low tone as he went. At the moment of passing Gabriel he raised his eyes, and the two men regarded each other with some earnestness through the gathering darkness, but passed on without the usual friendly greeting common among country people. In the dusk of the evening Gabriel could not distinguish the man's features; but the loose, swinging gait, and the general air of the whole figure, showed him at once to be a sailor. Jeanne was standing in the garden, half hidden among the clustering rose-bushes, as Gabriel entered. She turned quickly toward him as he neared her, and said, with some constraint in her voice, "O Gabriel! is it thou? I thought—I—I am glad thou hast come; supper is nearly ready. Is my father coming?"

"Yes, he is on the way; but—hast thou not had company, Jeanne? I met—some one." He was just about to say the obnoxious name, but stopped short.

"No," said Jeanne, "he has gone; there is no one here."

"Who was it, Jeanne?" said Gabriel, desperately and point-blank.

"Pierre Lennet," replied she, quietly, and turned into the porch, followed by Gabriel filled with smouldering jealousy and wrath. He seated himself, and leaned moodily with his elbows on the table, while Jeanne went to the fireplace, and busied herself over her preparations for supper. Jeanne's face, as she entered the kitchen, wore a troubled expression; but as she continued her work, stirring her pan of haricots, and turning over the fish that, already cooked, were sending forth a savory odor, her face cleared. To Jeanne work was exhilarating, and to-night the supper fulfilled her requirements of excellence. It was pleasant,

too, to see Gabriel again; and, when her father came in, they could all sit down, and over their meal talk of the approaching *fête*.

"I have been so busy all day," said Jeanne, still busy at work over the fire. "Épiphanie Milette came in this afternoon, and asked me to take her baby while she went up to Monsieur le Curé's to clean his rooms and mend his clothes for the week. Monsieur le Curé is old, and Épiphanie thought the baby might disturb him, thou seest, and her mother was not at home this afternoon, so I took him; and then I had to clean and sweep the house myself, because I like always to leave all in order before the *fête*. And the child was very good, and lay on the floor and laughed and crowed at me until he grew sleepy. So then I fed him, and put him to sleep, as Épiphanie did not come; and I was afraid he might be frightened if he woke in a strange place, so I wrapped him up warm, and took him in my arms and ran down all softly to the Milettes, and laid him on the bed with his grandmother, who had come home by that time. With all this I had nearly forgotten the supper, and I had to work so hard to get all ready in time; for when I came in—" Jeanne stopped abruptly, and Gabriel looked up.

"Well, Jeanne, Pierre Lennet was here, I suppose. What of him? why dost thou stop? Go on," he said, bitterly; "tell me all. Thou saidst I should know when thou promisedst thyself. I can tell my mother when I get back; it will be pleasant news to take her. It is not well, thou knowest, to pick up news on the street, and thou hadst best tell me of thy betrothal before I hear it there."

Jeanne had turned towards him with her pan of potatoes in her hand. She was pricking them gently with a fork, to test their softness. She changed color, and looked at him almost entreatingly. "Mais donc, Gabriel, why dost thou torment me? I have told thee once I do not want to talk of Pierre Lennet: why wilt thou not let him rest?"

"Listen, Jeanne," pleaded Gabriel; "I do not mean to torment thee, but—"

"Thou dost torment me," said Jeanne; "and," she continued quickly, as if desirous of saying at once what she meant, "thou shouldst not meddle, Gabriel, when thou seest persons desire to be silent; it is not good du tout, du tout!" And, after this not certainly very reassuring sentence, Jeanne turned resolutely to the work of setting supper on the table; and, as Gabriel persisted in maintaining a gloomy silence, she directed her talk to her father, who had by that time come in, and left Gabriel to himself to enjoy the smoking potatoes and savory fish, seasoned by his own cogitations.

CHAPTER V.

THE following day was a gloomy and unsatisfactory one to Gabriel. He was watching and waiting for something to happen that would throw light upon the visit of Pierre Lennet the evening before, or for some relenting sign on the part of Jeanne, when he could settle the matter by direct appeal to her once more. He was, moreover, beginning to experience the effects of his long holiday. He was restless and dissatisfied, as people of industrious habits are apt to be when obliged to do nothing.

What was the good, he asked himself impatiently, of lounging about the house, watching Jeanne busy at her work? And yet if he did go out with Père Defère, and help the old man with his fishing, it was one degree worse than being in the kitchen with Jeanne. He could not do the work, he could not listen to the old man's talk, for thinking of what might be going on up at the cottage. Who knew but that Pierre Lennet at that moment was paying one of his secret visits? (for secret Gabriel persisted in considering them;) and at this thought, he was ready to spring from the boat and swim ashore, in his impatience to satisfy his raging suspicions. To-morrow was the *fête*,

and after that he must return to Vallée d'Allon,—but not without an answer one way or another, he said to himself, with a sudden burst of vehement determination, wringing his fur cap, which he had been twirling listlessly in his hands during his cogitations.

That evening Jeanne brought out a large basket of apples to the doorway, and, sitting down on the steps, began to peel them. Gabriel followed her slowly, and leaned up against the lintel, looking with contracted brows from under the rim of his cap. Round went the rosy shining apples in the girl's fingers, the long unbroken peeling curling slowly to her lap.

"There is a long strip," said Jeanne, holding it up; "shall I try thy fortune for thee?" and putting one end between her lips, she swung it lightly over her shoulder, letting it fall on the step just at his feet. "See now what shape it takes. Look, it is an M. M is for *Matelot* or *Marin*,—is it not? It should have come F instead. Ah! I always said thou shouldst have been a sailor!"

"But I am a farmer, nevertheless," said Gabriel.

Jeanne sighed, without knowing why.

There was a pause for some moments. Gabriel watched a long piece of peeling as it unwrapped itself from the apple, and, wavering over the active fingers, sank tremulously down.

"Jeanne!"

Jeanne looked up, a little startled by the tone.

"Listen to me a moment, Cousin Jeanne; to-morrow is the *fête*, and I may not have a chance to speak to thee at all; who knows? and after that I go home." Jeanne dropped her hands into her lap, and looked at him inquiringly. "Thou dost not know what has been the wish of my mother's heart this many a year," said Gabriel, beginning at the wrong end of his argument, for Jeanne's calm look disconcerted him.

"Aunt Ducrés!" began Jeanne. "I would do for her all—everything, I think, I love her so—but—Gabriel!"—she wavered and paused, startled by

the expression that leaped into his eyes at her words.

"Jeanne, I have loved thee these five years, and hoped and hoped that thou wouldst yet be my wife. The good saints know I speak truly, when I say I never thought of any girl but thee. Uncle Defère is willing, he has said as much; thou lovest my mother, and she loves thee as a daughter; the old house is big enough for us all, if thou thinkest about leaving thy father. O Jeanne, sois donc ma femme!"

He had thrown himself down on the step beside her, and was looking up with a pale face and burning eyes, for both love and despair were in his heart. Jeanne sprang suddenly to her feet, crying quickly and passionately, "No, no! Are we not happy as we are? Why should I be thy wife? I always said my husband should be a sailor. I cannot marry thee du tout, du tout, du tout!" The last words had brought him to his feet.

"Dost thou think thyself better than my mother? To be a farmer's wife was good enough for her; but thou must be a sailor's wife. I comprehend. Who is the man," he continued, fiercely, "that shall take thee from me? Who is it, I say?" And he seized her arm. Jeanne looked at him, her eyes bright with angry tears.

"I will be forced to answer thee no questions that thou askest in that way; thou art not thyself, Gabriel; if thou *hadst* been a sailor," she continued, "thou wouldst have spent thy ill-humor in fighting with the sea, and not in ill-treating those whom thou pretendest to love!" She pushed his hand away, and, seizing her basket, walked quickly into the house. She went on with the work of setting the supper-table; but the burning tears forced themselves from her eyes, and rolled heavily over her cheeks. Her father came up from the shore, bearing a basket of fish; and Jeanne, seeing him toiling up the pathway, pressed the tears from her eyes, and hastened down to help him.

"A good haul," said the old man, — "a good haul; but the best are still to

be caught, an' Our Lady will, to-night. Thou wilt have a fine lot to take in with thee to Dieppe, when thou goest to the *fête*, my daughter. Pierre Lennet said that his cousin Jean, who has the stall in the market, thou knowest, would take what we can get this week; and a fine stall he will have if the rest be like these, and the Madonna give us a fair night!"

Jeanne took the baskets of fish, and walked silently up the hill. She looked eagerly as she neared the porch; but Gabriel was not there. Some of the apple-peeling lay on the ground where they had stood confronting each other. She stooped and picked it up, and passed in at the door, expecting to find Gabriel at the supper-table; but he was not there.

When her father had finished his supper, and the room glowed with the light of the setting sun, and no Gabriel appeared, Jeanne began to wonder and surmise.

"Where is Cousin Gabriel?" called her father from the garden, where he was hanging his nets to dry, to Jeanne, who was putting away the supper-things.

"I don't know," replied she; "maybe he's gone down to the Robbe's for a while."

"Ai!" said the old man; "most likely he wanted to talk to the boy there about buying those shells that he got from the Genoese sailor. Gabriel set his heart on them for his mother. A good son, that," the old man continued to himself, — "a good son! Aunt Ducrès would make a good mother to Jeanne; if he were only a sailor all would go well. Ei, ei! a sad thing is an inland life; you toil and toil at the same thing; you put in your seed, and down comes your storm, or your sun burns up the young blades and, *pfui! le diable* is always on the spot. Now a fisherman's life is something, — with the aid of the good saints, a prosperous good calling; with simply to set your nets and catch the fish, so the Madonna will; and on such a coast as this, with herring as thick as the sand on the

shore, and a good St. Pierre always at hand, *mon Dieu!* who would prefer an inland life? And yet it would be well to see Jeanne married, and content, too, — with no boy to take one's place, and go on with the fishing after one is dead. One might as well sell the old boat, and so make a handsome *dot* for Jeanne. And, after all, it might not be so bad to end one's days on the inland."

Jeanne finished her household work, laid out her father's thick coat for the night's expedition, trimmed the lantern, and prepared some food for him to take with him; and then, when all was done, she sat down wearily, wondering over the scene of the last two hours, which seemed to be separated from the present moment by a long period of painful perplexity, such as she had never known before. She was weary of the house, and a restless desire for movement seized her. She rose, and, turning the key in the door, pursued her way up the sandy lane leading to the deserted churchyard and the open cliffs. She walked with her eyes cast down on the ground; but she neither stooped to pick the thyme, which sent up its delicate perfume from the pressure of her firm footsteps, nor the broad-eyed daisy, over whose prophetic leaves the girls were wont, in happy indifference or pleasant perturbation of spirit, to repeat the old rhyme: —

"Il m'air e, un peu, beaucoup,
Passionnément, pas du tout."

Leaning from the churchyard wall, she looked out over the sea, on which lay the yellow light of the fading sunset. Far away gleamed the white sails of a group of fishing-boats, lying motionless in the dead calm. She stood till the light died away in the sky, and the fishing-boats became mere black specks in the gloaming; but she was hardly conscious of any change in what was before her. A distant call, followed by its attendant echoes, broke the stillness, and made her start.

Three men, with their nets and baskets, were descending to the shore by a pathway down the opposite cliff, which

was separated from the one on which Jeanne stood by a small bend on the sea-line. One man had reached the shore, and turned to call to his companions. Jeanne recognized her father and his partner, Robbe, and François Milette, who were about to start on their fishing expedition, and run out with the tide. Suddenly recalled to the present, and aware of the gathering darkness, she turned, and walked hastily down the pathway, pausing a moment, on the steps of the tall church-cross, to commend her father and his nets to the care of the holy and vigilant St. James.

Just as she reached her own door, her neighbor, Marie Robbe (daughter to the old man who accompanied her father), greeted her. She was lounging idly against the gate-post. She started forward eagerly, on seeing Jeanne, and accosted her with volubility.

"Ai, Jeanne Defère! is that thou? and where hast thou been? I have been waiting here so long, I thought the *fête du Fallaise* must have run off with thee. I want to talk with thee about the *fête* to-morrow. Wilt thou go along with us? Listen a little to my plan, my friend. Thou wilt have a basket of fish to take, and so shall I. Now I detest to ride with fish to a *fête*; and in one's new petticoat and bodice, with *ruban de soie* and leather shoes, it is not to be supported. And to smell of fish, like a Polletaise, among all the gay folks! As for thee, every one knows thou wilt be fine as a peacock with the dress thy aunt Ducrés gave thee, — too good to be smirched with fish-scales, I say.

"Well, Marie, and what about it? I am going to take the fish, dress or no dress, I tell thee."

"Certainly; did I say anything to the contrary? Wait a bit, and I will tell thee. Let us put our fish together on my donkey, and we will ride by turns on thine. That is the way, to my mind, to go to a *fête*, not hedged up with baskets, like Voisine Legros, who thinks more of selling her fish than of the *sainte fête*

itself. Grâce à la Madonne! I am not avaricious, I."

"As thou wilt," said Jeanne. "What time do you start?"

"By half past four, I suppose," said Marie. "It's a full ten miles across the cliffs, thou knowest. We shall be a brave company. Ah! if it were not for this *maudite* tide that takes the men out fishing. François Milette went out with thy father to-night, *pauvre gars!* it won't be pleasant for him over his nets to-night to fancy me at the *fête* to-morrow, I promise you! Then, indeed, what must he go for to-night? I know some one who will be glad enough to take his place in Dieppe to-morrow, if that stupid *gars* is fool enough to go to sea. Thou shouldst have seen his face as he went down past our gate this evening, when I was standing with thy cousin, Gabriel Ducrés!"

"Ai!" said Jeanne, somewhat sharply; "is Gabriel at your house?"

"Not now, he has gone to town; he said he had some business that must be seen to to-night. Thou, of course, knowest what it is, — eh, Jeanne?" Then, as Jeanne vouchsafed no reply, she continued: "I was sitting at the gate with Pauline, talking about to-morrow, and he came past, walking with his head bent down, and looking as if he had the world on his shoulders, and *l'enfer* on his heart, as Monsieur le Curé says the impenitent sinners have. Pauline called to him, and asked him where he was going, and he said, all quickly and confusedly, 'To town.' 'Mais, ma foi!' she said, 'to-night, Gabriel Ducrés!

You wish, no doubt, to be in time for the *office* to-morrow;—you are pious indeed!" and she laughed, and I whispered, 'Take care thou dost not get an evil greeting from the fairy on the way; she is abroad such nights as this,' and just at this moment François passed and saw me; and, ah! was he not jealous, jealous, jealous?" she repeated, in a little exultant rapture. "For Gabriel Ducrés is a *beau garçon* without doubt, and a good dancer too. I always say that of thy cousin, Jeanne," added the wily little coquette, who was calculating on her words being repeated to the *beau garçon* by his near relative.

"Gabriel cares little for what thou sayest," said Jeanne, bluntly, "nor do I either; and as for François, he is too good for thee altogether, and it would but serve thee right if thou shouldst lose his heart through thy *bêtise!* If thou choosest to share my donkey to-morrow, thou canst; but I am busy now, and thou hadst best go home, for it is getting late." And Jeanne turned resolutely into the gate, to close all further conference.

"Mais voilà donc! what airs one gives one's self!" said Marie Robbe, making her round black eyes still rounder in her amazement. "François too good for me! well, to be sure! but without doubt she thinks of him for herself—the quiet one! Ah, that is it! Grâce à la Madonne, je ne suis pas jalouse, moi!" and she ran off thinking of her dress for the morrow, and the good figure she would make on entering the town.

ABYSSINIA AND KING THEODORE.

"**A**BYSSINIA! Abyssinia!" I hear some reader exclaim; "and where and of what special importance is Abyssinia to me, that I should turn from topics of immediate interest nearer home to give it even a passing thought? And yet, — now you mention it, — was not that the name of the country concerning whose barbarous habits a mendacious old Scotchman, named Bruce, told our grandfathers such marvellous legends? And have I not lately seen in my morning newspaper, every week or two, a scanty telegram headed Abyssinia? Is not Abyssinia a wild, out-of-the-way place, somewhere in Asia, or Africa, or some other uncivilized part of the world, where irascible John Bull, peering about to find a new opening for commerce, has managed to get at loggerheads with a savage potentate called King Theodore?"

Yes, my good friend, Abyssinia is that very country, the faithful report of whose customs cost an honest old traveller his reputation for truth and veracity, which he did not recover until half a century too late to do him any good in this world. And it is in this out-of-the-way region of strange people and stranger customs that excellent John Bull, to his disgust, has been hurried into a most unprofitable contest. As a Parliament man puts it, "England is about to pay £ 5,000,000 postage on a mislaid African letter." The simple fact is, an English army of ten thousand men has gained a foothold on the highlands which look down into the Red Sea. But whether the expedition will prove to be "a voyage of discovery," a war of conquest, a fruitless chase after a fugitive from justice, or a magnificent farce with all Europe for spectators and ready to reward the actors with a universal "guffaw," is the very question in debate.

Accept the bystander's view of the

case. One of the great powers has unwittingly become involved in a war in an almost unknown country. The origin, probable course, and final results of that war are all uncertain. Then does not this uncertainty add new zest to the whole subject? For it is among the possible things, that this English expedition may change the government and social condition of the finest country in Northeastern Africa. The English Ministry disclaims any such intent. The English people were sick of the whole affair before the first tent was pitched on African soil. But how many people sit down and count all the cost before they put on the armor? One hundred years ago England had a few trading-posts on the shores of Hindostan, and she cherished no higher ambition than that of turning an honest penny by the exchange of her wares for native products. She had no more thought of conquering the Peninsula than we have of taking possession of Tartary. For all that, the red cross floats from cape to mountain and over a tenth part of the human race. What manner of man is Lord Stanley, that he should be so much wiser than his fathers? He never meant that one English bayonet should flash in the Ethiopian sun. Against his will British soldiers are in the country. Against his will they may be forced to remain. Who knows?

But, aside from the events of the passing moment, Abyssinia has in itself inherent and permanent interest. Consider, in the first place, that here, just where you would least expect it, in intertropical Africa, is one of the finest countries in the world, fertile, temperate, salubrious, picturesque. Consider, in the second place, that in the heart of that Africa, whose institutions elsewhere are as shifting as the sands of her deserts, there is found a people the annals of whose unconquered national

existence run back until they are lost in the darkness of legendary history. Consider, in the third place, that this is the one solitary, indigenous Christian state now left in the two great continents of Asia and Africa; the one lonely outpost of the faith, where once every neighboring coast had its powerful Christian commonwealth, and every great city was a centre of Christian influence. On every account, therefore, the subject, which accidental circumstances have brought to the surface, is full of natural interest. One wishes, as it were, to get a foothold upon the soil, to make the acquaintance of the people, to seek an introduction to this half-savage monarch, and possibly to obtain his photograph to put into an album of notables.

Begin with the soil, with the country as it came from the Creator's hand. What is your idea of Africa? A marshy coast, dank with moisture, impassable with jungles, heavy with deadly malaria! Great rivers, which creep slowly beneath a torrid sun, and whose steaming banks are the home of fevers, which put liquid fire into the white man's veins! Interminable deserts, glowing like a furnace, where the fiery simoom first blasts and then buries the best-equipped caravan! Are not these some of the prominent objects in your ideal picture? Reserve one spot for brighter tints. Here, in this Africa, between the tropics, not fifty miles from that Red Sea over which swift steamers are weekly plying, stretches for many hundred miles Abyssinia, — a high, healthy plateau, more temperate than New England, and to which any one of my readers might emigrate as safely as to Missouri or Illinois, — at least so far as climate is concerned.

Study now, if you please, a little more minutely the geographical situation. On the Red Sea you have a few ports owned by Egypt. Then comes a strip of sand thirty to a hundred miles wide, flat, hot, almost treeless and waterless, and over which the wild tribes, the Shihos and the Taltals, wander. Its

western boundary is the first range of the Abyssinian highlands, which at a distance look like a high wall. Climb these, and you rise gradually to the height of eight thousand feet and to a cool and equable climate. But this plateau is not flat like a plain, nor yet undulating like a prairie, but infinitely diversified. From the general level rise mountains and ranges of mountains singularly varied. Some are flat, like a truncated pyramid. Some are conical. Some ranges are so perfectly serrated, that they look like a saw's edge with here and there a tooth wanting. On the other hand the great rivers, the Tacasse, the Atbara, the Blue Nile, and their tributaries, have been for ages ploughing the soil, until they have literally excavated valleys a half-mile deep and miles wide, and borne thousands of cubic miles of the rich uplands into Egypt. Of course, the valleys are tropical. But on the highlands are found the flora of temperate zones. The English soldier-boy writes to his friends: "A lovely place; a perfectly English climate; scenes almost like home."

What has man done for this country? Almost nothing. He builds no roads here: the highway from Tigre to Gondar is no broader than a cow-path across a New Hampshire pasture. He bridges no rivers: a bridge of rough stones, the work of a Portuguese missionary in the sixteenth century, is now one of the staple curiosities to show strangers. A wanderer approaches the metropolis of the eastern province. He has in mind London or New York, or at least Cairo or Alexandria. He looks. Lo! there meets his eye a motley collection of round huts, built of small stones plastered together with mud. He enters the king's palace. This is not an African Tuileries; it is only a little larger hut, whose partitions are hanging cotton cloths, such as you might find in the log-cabin of a frontiersman. Even agriculture languishes.

Does any one ask the cause? To this squalor and barbarism civil war, chronic and unceasing, has reduced a

nation which a thousand years ago was powerful and conquering, and governed by one mind and one will. At first there were endless struggles between pretenders to the crown; then the feudal chieftains took up the contest, and made the royal power a mere semblance. One tourist finds a king supporting himself by begging; another discovers a worthy successor of Solomon earning an honest living in the parasol business. Confusion and bloodshed are everywhere; the great chiefs engage in perpetual struggles for supremacy; the lesser chiefs rise in as perpetual struggles against their natural lords.

Note one effect,—the utter discouragement of commerce. You are a trader, sailing down the Red Sea, and bound with a stock of goods to the western provinces of Abyssinia. The vessel drops anchor in the little harbor of Massowa. You must pay the Egyptian a generous duty, or he will not let you land. Then the Shiho chief must, of course, have a gratuity for conveying you across the desert strip. Arrived at the pass of the highlands, his serene Majesty, the Ras of Tigre, demands a fat custom. You are out of the woods now, you think. Never a more mistaken mortal. You wind along ten or twenty miles with cheery heart. You grow poetical, as your eye takes in the picturesque hills which confront you, and the green glades and groups of majestic trees which are scattered on every side. But your poetry gets a rude shock. As the sheep-track, ccleped highway, bends into some little gorge, up start a dozen greasy rascals, and, in behalf of some petty potentate, insist upon bleeding again your purse. This process is repeated over and over again, until at last you reach the bounds of Amhara, the next great province. You cannot deal any less liberally with the Gondar Ras than with his Tigre brother; nor will you expect his subordinates to be less importunate. So it happens that, by the time you arrive at your destination, you feel either that you must get a remarkable price for your goods,

or else, commercially speaking, too frequent trips will not pay. And when you get back to Massowa with a whole skin,—if you are so fortunate, after a six months' sojourn in a country where "every prospect pleases, and only man is vile,"—you will find that every vestige of mercantile enterprise has vanished, as the transient herbage from the hot sands across which your weary mule last crept.

But the people who dwell in this war-worn land! Physically they are a comely race. In complexion they are generally light brown, with European rather than African features, crisp but not woolly hair, slender figures, and especially delicate hands. Morally they are a bundle of contradictions. The official Abyssinian is, as we have seen, a grasping personage. The private Abyssinian, on the contrary, is given to hospitality. "A traveller hardly need seek for lodging. The first person whom he meets will ask him to stop with him. And though he were laden with gold his host would not touch it." The incessant wars, the shameful mutilation of fallen enemies, the many instances of treachery, all lead you to expect a blood-thirsty people. To your surprise you find the peasants a simple, manly race, and all classes sufficiently inoffensive and kindly. You picture to yourself a dozen half-naked Abyssinians, squatted in a circle, devouring strips of raw beef yet quivering with animal life; or you think of a perfect Abyssinian gentleman, with his greasy white robe, or *quarry*, odorous but not sweet, and his curled locks surmounted by the everlasting butter-pat, which is Abyssinian full dress; or you remember the gross sensuality of both sexes, so a matter of course that nobody is ashamed of it,—and you say, "Here is a race of perfect barbarians." Then some credible witness steps up and exclaims, "O no! a most agreeable people; very hospitable, eminently social too; conversation usually sensible, and always witty." "At any rate," you cry out, "this agreeable people, as you call them, but so scourged

by war, must be very unhappy, and sick of the soil which gave them birth." "Not at all," rejoins your travelled friend; "they are a happy people, gay by constitution, true philosophers, preferring laughter to tears. Sick of their country! They hardly believe that the rain falls, or the sun shines, or the grass is green anywhere but in Abyssinia." Abyssinian character is what prolonged civil war, shattering the structure of society, and destroying the sanctions of law, and unrestrained personal sensuality, blunting the conscience and making coarse the moral fibre, has made of a people naturally quick of wit, brave, enduring, and cheerful, and who have behind them honorable memories, and around them favorable physical influences.

But their Christianity! Why has not that shaped a better character? A curious Christianity indeed! Start with the church government. The Abuna, the head of the church, is never an Abyssinian. By a singular custom, established in the thirteenth century, the Coptic patriarch of Alexandria appoints an alien, bound by no ties of blood or memory, to the people of his charge. Generally he enters his office minus these two important qualities,—patriotism and virtue. But this makes no difference with the mass of men. He may be rapacious. He may be a sensualist. He may use the confessional to further vicious ends. Yet the reverence they cherish for him is unbounded, while by the power of excommunication he puts a bridle in the mouths even of the most haughty chiefs. A single anecdote illustrates. Nathaniel Pearce, an English sailor, was a friend and favorite of Ras Welled, one of the best of the numerous chiefs who have figured conspicuously in the present century. Pearce had built him a house a little more cleanly and commodious than those of his neighbors. Attached to it was a garden, filled with European fruits and vegetables. A new Abuna demanded possession of this house. After a brief parley it was given up, with the stipulation, however, that the

garden should be respected. As soon as the priest was fairly settled in his new home, he sent his attendants to pluck both fruits and vegetables. In short, he took possession of the garden. Ras Welled despatched a servant to remonstrate. The Abuna struck the messenger in the mouth, and threatened his master with excommunication. The Ras succumbed, saying dolefully to Mr. Pearce, "The tongue of that Abuna has speared me to the heart. I cannot resent it. I am bound by my religion to bear it. Still, I think that we are rather a weak-minded people." Like priest like people, is the old saw. And one can conceive that civil war itself could hardly be a worse teacher than such a priest.

Abyssinian Christianity as personal religion is hardly better. It is a burden of forms, and nothing more. A devout Abyssinian fasts every year in various seasons two hundred and fifty days out of the three hundred and sixty-five. Some of these fasts are from sunrise to sunset; some until such time in the afternoon as the body of a man shall cast a shadow of nine, nine and a half, or ten feet. The more religious a man is, the more need that, to avoid starvation, he turn night into day, and give the hours of darkness, not to sleep, but carousing. To compensate for this enforced daylight temperance, pretty much all the rest of the year is given to religious feasts, which are celebrated by picnics and junketings and general jollification, not at all pious or edifying to European eyes. And if this religion of the common people seem a little material and fleshly, perhaps, we hasten to say, that the theologians in their differences rise into the most rarefied atmosphere of metaphysical subtilty, and hate each other with an intensity which would be respectable in the most cultivated regions. Do we ask now what else Christianity accomplishes for this people? This is the answer: that no part of the Bible except the Psalms is ever taught to the laity, and even that only in a dialect which has ceased to be a spoken language; that the most

common precepts of Christian morality and religion are unknown to them; that the priesthood steadfastly resist the distribution among the common people of the New Testament printed in the native tongue. Considering, therefore, what kind of a Christianity it is, it would be simply absurd to expect from the Abyssinian religion any profound influence for good upon the individual character. Observe, however, one striking result. What his flag is to the soldier, religion is to the Abyssinian. The *esprit de corps* generated by a common faith alone accounts for the pertinacity with which so many savage onsets from all sides, of Arab, of pagan Galla, of pseudo-civilized Egyptian, have been repelled. Abyssinia, as against itself, is split into separate and warring states. As against Moslem or Pagan, it is an undivided unit. This detestation of Mohammedanism leads occasionally to ludicrous results. Parryns insists that it makes Christianity in this region a dirty religion, — that, in their hatred of Moslem ablutions, the people are really clean only once in a year, on St. John's day, when they bathe freely, — that he himself was suspected of rank heresy because he was in the habit of taking a morning bath; the faithful crying out, "Is he a Mohammedan that he thus bathes, and so often?"

Whoever could have visited Abyssinia in the middle of the present century, and rightly comprehended the results of all the varied influences of the past and the present, would have found a nation which had lost all the traditions and sanctities of regular and legal authority, and in which the supreme rule was held up as the prize to be snatched by the strongest and most audacious. He would have found a people of much original greatness of character, but with cruel and sensual qualities developed by the exigencies and temptations of a life of perpetual civil war. He would have found a religion which had lost its soul, and had become a dead body of unmeaning and burdensome forms. He would have

found, in short, a state of society in which every change is possible, where any one may rise to-day out of the nothingness of yesterday only to sink again into the equal nothingness of to-morrow; where the king on his throne may fear any fall, and where the meanest soldier in the ranks may hope for any rise; where, in fine, those sharp transitions, those romantic careers of meteor-like greatness, so alien to civilized experience, are too common even to excite wonder.

Some time about the year 1845 there appeared in one of the western provinces of Abyssinia a young robber chieftain, named Li Kassa or Kassai. He called himself a son of Solomon, and claimed to be of royal blood. Whatever may be true about his origin, certain it is that he began life in a humble station, as the son of a poor woman who dealt in a medicine commonly used for the cure of the tapeworm. His audacity, which knew no fear and shrank from no difficulty, soon drew around him a band of desperadoes; and he became the terror of the provinces which he infested. In 1850 he attracted the attention of Ras Ali, then the dominant chief of the province of Amhara, who made him his lieutenant, and gave him his daughter for wife. The alliance was of brief duration. The Ras suspected his son-in-law of a towering ambition which no subordinate position would satisfy. An open rupture took place, and in 1853, on a bloody field, Kassai was victorious over his master. Not satisfied with the sceptre of one province, he attacked, defeated, and slew the Ras of Tigre. The next year he subdued Shoa, a southern province, which had long maintained a real independence. For the first time in many years Abyssinia owned a single master. One of those strange prophecies which take hold of the faith and superstitions of half-civilized races had obtained credence. It ran thus: "In the appointed time, a king shall arise whose name shall be Theodorus. He shall restore

the ancient boundaries of Ethiopia, and trample the Moslem beneath his feet." Kassai claimed to be this personage, and under the name of Theodore was crowned Negus or Emperor.

The horoscope of the new monarch seemed fortunate. He pretended that he was a man of destiny, and that he had from his earliest years had dim presages of coming greatness. His reign opened auspiciously. Personally imposing, with an open and winning face, yet with an eye which could at will dart lightning glances, he was in the beginning temperate, continent, religious. Indefatigable in business, he gave himself no rest. Brave to the verge of temerity, he was swift in the onset and untiring in the pursuit. Capable of the fiercest outbreaks of temper, at this period he held his passions at the control of his policy. His haughty pride and jealous resentment of any affront were not unbecoming one who had achieved so much. The hardihood with which he attempted to curb the feudal lords and reform the church, while his own power was yet unconsolidated and threatened by foes from without and within, indicated the possession of no inconsiderable moral courage. Even the constancy with which he described himself as a blind instrument for the fulfilment of the divine purposes, while it exposed him to the charge of superstition or duplicity, gave dignity and apparent sincerity to his language.

His plans, too, were full of greatness. He proposed nothing less than the regeneration of the Abyssinian state, and the restoration of its ancient glory. To repress anarchy, to protect the peaceful, to restore order, safety, and agricultural and commercial prosperity, such were the objects which he placed before him. "I will convert swords and lances into ploughshares and reaping-hooks, and hasten the time when the ox which draws the plough shall be of more value than the bravest steed which carries the warrior." Strange and memorable words to be spoken by a robber chief from a throne which he had won at the point of his sword!

His first acts did not belie his promises. He suppressed the slave-trade; abolished the custom of handing murderers over to the relatives of the slain; put an end to private exactions on commerce; reduced the exorbitant and crushing revenues of the church; and sought to establish a standing army with something of European discipline, and which should be amenable to the rules of civilized warfare. Especially did he determine to break up that system of brigandage of which he was himself a graduate. He issued a proclamation that "every one should return to the profession of his fathers, — the merchant to his shop, the peasant to his plough." Some incorrigible bandits demanded to be confirmed in their father's profession. "And what was that profession?" asked Theodore. "Robbers on the highway." The king offered them lands and agricultural implements. But still they insisted upon being confirmed in an employment which they pretended that an earlier king, named David, had guaranteed to their tribe. At last their request was granted. Proud of vanquishing so great a monarch, they rode gayly away; but on the road they were overtaken by a squadron of cavalry, and cut off to a man, Theodore saying with a grim smile, "that no doubt King David had authorized them to rob, but that a greater than David had authorized his soldiers to destroy robbers."

His desires were not limited to the restoration of internal order and prosperity. He had more ambitious hopes. To push out the bounds of the country on every side — eastward to the Red Sea, southward over the fair rolling country which the Galla had snatched, north and west into Nubia and Sennaar — seemed not too difficult a task. That is, he dreamed of restoring to Ethiopia its original territory. He was not excited by merely personal ambition, — he shared fully the aspirations and hatreds of his race. "The name of Egyptian is a stench in the nostrils of an Abyssinian" is the familiar proverb; and the new king understood and

sympathized with the sentiment which is underneath the proverb. Besides, by his assumption of the name Theodore, he stood pledged to organize a crusade against Mohammedanism. The glowing prophecy, of which that name is but the battle-cry, originated in the time when Islam had begun her conquering march, and was trampling under the feet of her armies the Christian nationalities. It expressed the deathless hate and unquenchable faith of a people who, whatever their errors, have never turned their backs to the Moslem. To have united the country under one head, to have extinguished the last embers of civil war, to have developed all the rich resources of the land, and so to have sat a mighty monarch on a firm throne, and to have transmitted his sceptre to his son after him, would, in the Abyssinians' eyes, and probably in the king's own eyes, very poorly have fulfilled the proud expectation of many generations. If it shall seem in the future that the lust of Turkish conquest was very largely the source of the errors and violent deeds of the king, the candid mind will suggest that he was impelled, not simply by his own evil temper, but by passions and prejudices planted in the blood of his race.

Now that every voice is raised against him, and he is viewed, perhaps with entire justice, as a monster of treachery and broken faith, and it is held to be the first duty to hunt him down like a dangerous beast, it is striking to remember, that, but a little while ago, he seemed to fascinate all who approached him; that men began to call him the restorer of his country; that a wise person could write, "He is a man of no ordinary stamp, who has risen without advice or assistance above the clouds of Abyssinian ignorance, who has done great things, and proposes greater." And, when all these great plans have come to naught, and their projector, hemmed in by domestic foes, and threatened by foreign vengeance, is striking fiercely at every one, like a tiger at bay, there is a touch of pathos in the thought, that, had he perished a dozen years ago,

history would have recorded him as a barbaric Alfred the Great, who died too soon.

How largely his early self-restraint and nobility of purpose sprang from his inherent greatness, and how much was dependent upon the influence of good advisers, it is impossible to decide. That he had wise counsellors, and knew how to value them when living, and to mourn them when dead, seems certain. In 1841, through the report of MM. Ferret and Galinier, the leaders of a French exploring expedition in Abyssinia, we hear of a certain young Englishman, Captain Bell by name. He was then twenty-two years old, had just gone over Egypt, Nubia, and the regions about the Euphrates, and wished to join the French party, that he might visit the sources of the Nile. His sense, gallantry, unflagging cheerfulness, and sparkling wit won the hearts of the Frenchmen, and they speak of him with an enthusiasm pleasant to behold. This young Englishman, for reasons which do not appear, decided to make the country his home, married a native woman, and attached himself in the first place to Ras Ali, and, after his defeat, to his conqueror. Toward this latter, if we may believe the French consul, Bell cherished an almost canine attachment, sleeping across his door at night, following him in all fortunes, and finally dying on a battle-field which his own gallantry had won, in the very act of saving the monarch's life. Theodore is known to have reciprocated this regard; to have given him his confidence, as to no other person; to have heeded very greatly his suggestions; to have heard with constant delight his accounts of European history, and especially of the politics, warlike resources, and comparative advance of the separate states in the arts of peace. About the same time, Captain Plowden, a young naval officer, succeeded in getting from Lord Palmerston the appointment of consul to Massowa. The great duty of his office was, not to care for English interests in the petty Egyptian port, but,

as was distinctly implied, to promote commerce with Abyssinia and the adjacent countries. The better to fulfil this duty, he passed most of his time in the camp and court of Theodore, and shared, though in a lesser degree, with Mr. Bell, that monarch's confidence. The official report of this gentleman is a sufficient voucher for the clearness, energy, and breadth of his mind. The facts are concentrated in it after a manner so remarkable that it has been called "literary pemmican"; and, from the intimate knowledge which it displays of Abyssinian customs, opinions, resources, and character, must be always one of the great authorities on the whole subject. It can hardly be doubted that these men exercised a vast and beneficial influence over the counsels of the king. But whatever the power, whether for good or evil, they exerted, it was soon to cease. In 1860 Plowden, with a few attendants, was surrounded by a band of insurgents, mortally wounded, and then taken prisoner. A few months after, Bell, as we have before stated, died at the close of a successful battle, while shielding his master. Theodore sacrificed fifteen hundred rebels to the memory of his friends, but that did not compensate him for their loss, nor make him the heir of their wisdom. The last year has given us a striking proof that these men are not forgotten by him whom they sought to serve. Dr. Beke, pleading for the release of the British captives, alluded to Plowden and Bell, and the time when Theodore was fighting for the crown. The king visibly softened. He broke out: "It is the Devil who made me angry with you. From my childhood I loved the English. By the power of God! I will fight the Turk. I will never fight the English." That any necessary connection exists between the death of these men and the events which have followed may be hard to prove. This only can be asserted: there was a close coincidence of the time of their loss and the close of the earlier and better period of Theodore's reign.

Nothing is more justly painful than to behold the failure of any career, especially if that career has awakened rational expectations that it would be in a great and permanent way a blessing to mankind. Just such a failure of a hopeful career we have now to trace. The early character of Theodore was not destitute of a certain irregular greatness. But he laid a foundation upon which no man perhaps, however great his genius or steady his virtue, could have reared a fitting superstructure. The task which he undertook—to purify the streams of national life which had been poisoned at their fountains, to root up national customs which had become rank with the unchecked growth of centuries, to rear the fabric of material prosperity on soil yet rough with deep furrows of civil war—was too mighty for any ordinary mind. The temper of the king was too uncertain, his culture too narrow, his impulses too ungovernable, his self-restraint too feeble, to permit him long to resist the increasing temptation and the ever-accumulating difficulties of his position.

He has broken down personally in his moral nature. In every half-civilized community, appetite and passion are the lions in the path. But Theodore began life temperate and continent. All witnesses agree on this point. In a community where sensuality brings no disgrace, and the seventh commandment is practically abrogated, he was the husband of one wife,—and faithful. Amid a people whose habits tend at least to periodical gluttony and drunkenness, he verged rather towards abstinence than excess. Even the Protestant missionaries—no very favorable critics—held him in high esteem for the "purity of his life." But continence and temperance have given way to open debauchery. The decent court of a Christian king has assumed the likeness of the seraglio of a Turkish sultan. We hear of a harem of nearly a hundred concubines gathered at Magdala. And, as if to lend an aspect of comedy even to

treachery and broken faith. Bishop Gobat's lay-missionaries, sent into Abyssinia for the double purpose of preaching the Gospel and instructing the natives in the arts of peace, are chronicled as receiving employment in the manufacture of some delectable strong drink wherewith to tickle the palates of the king and his court. His temper has grown steadily worse. From the beginning he was capable of terrible outbreaks of wrath, but this wrath was under the control of his judgment, and it was directed against real offenders. But when we hear that faithful servants commend their souls to God before entering his presence, lest upon the most trivial mistake they may be flogged to death, or when we read of three hundred of his own soldiers driven, with their hands bound, into an enclosure, and there shot as hunters shoot the game which they have driven into a "surround," and all this, not because of any fault of their own, but because their tribe is in rebellion, we understand that we are no longer contemplating the awful severity of a judge, but rather the freaks of a madman.

He has broken down in his attempt to play the part of an enlightened statesman. What he undertook was to restore the integrity and prosperity of the empire by enforcing with strict impartiality the ancient code, thus guaranteeing private rights, protecting the feeble, punishing the rapacious, and rebuking the venal. But in part perhaps because he is too fickle and impatient to accomplish a solid reform, but far more from the stress of circumstances, he has virtually abandoned his noble aims, and become the chief patron of rapine. For this he is more to be pitied than condemned. To climb an ice peak is comparatively easy; your impetus carries you onward, and those who are following push you up. But it is a different matter to stand on the slippery apex, where there is nothing for your hand to cling to, while a dozen below are struggling to hurl you down headlong, that they may occupy your place. This is a just picture of the position

of King Theodore. This is the story of the career of every one who has risen to notice in Abyssinia during the last fifty years. So long as he was rising, everybody who thirsted for change, and saw in it an opportunity for personal gain, was content to follow, and make him the instrument for the pulling down of existing powers; but when he had risen, and no more was to be hoped from him, every petty chief, every ambitious bandit, who could boast a less ignoble origin, joined in endless conspiracies to pluck him from his seat. As a result his reign has been, not as he dreamed, adorned by the bloodless victories of peace, but vexed by incessant warfare, waged in defence of his crown and his life. For his own power and safety, therefore, he has been obliged to keep in the field a prodigious army, variously estimated at from fifty thousand to one hundred and fifty thousand men. Now there are but two ways in which such a force can be supported: the one is by regular pay and rations; the other, by rapine. But it is the highest achievement of artificial and civilized life to devise a system by which resources to feed and pay such an army shall be drawn in justly, safely, and continuously. How then could it be done, where the last vestiges of such a system were in danger of being trampled beneath the heavy hoof of war? There was but one possible method of supporting his forces, namely, by ravaging the fields and flocks of the defenceless husbandmen. The miserable peasants, stripped of all, rose in hopeless insurrection. They rose only to be trashed and slain. But that did not cultivate waste fields. Then the soldiers, finding no booty and little food, began to desert. Then desertion was repressed by savage punishments. So, by steps which the imagination can readily picture, this reign has descended from the high regions of ideal statesmanship, to become a brutal struggle for self-preservation. Instead of order there is anarchy; instead of prosperity, misery. The ox which was to draw the plough in that

Abyssinian millennium feeds the soldier, and the war-horse spurns his wretched owner with his iron heels.

The utter disappointment of his hopes, and the ceaseless conspiracy of his chiefs, have stung the king to frenzy, and the anecdotes of his cruelty and recklessness which are told almost surpass belief. Here are some instances of his cruelty. Three hundred petty chiefs, with twenty-five hundred followers, sought to desert him. They failed. The merciless despot ordered that the hands and feet of the leaders should be cut off, and they left to bleed to death, while the private soldiers should be, without exception, shot. And a letter from one of the missionaries, secretly forwarded, says that "these two days, from morn till sunset, the silence has been broken by volleys of musketry of those perpetrating this wholesale butchery." Rebel chiefs taken prisoners have been mutilated, and then cast over precipices, often to die by the prolonged agony of starvation. Women whose only offence was that their relatives were in rebellion have been first outraged, and then rolled up in wax cloths and burned like candles. Here is a picture of his recklessness. "Theodore has just plundered two provinces so utterly that they are no better than Sahara. 'You have now no home, no food, no cattle,' he says, addressing the people. 'I have not done it, God did it. Follow me, and I will take you where you will find plenty to eat and cattle in abundance, and you can punish those who have brought God's anger upon you.' With these followers he will march from place to place, carrying them like a cloud of locusts to destroy the land." He has not lost, however, the grim humor of former days. He has a superstition that he shall die some time in the month between June 10th and July 10th. A pretended prophet sought to take advantage of this expectation. He assured the peasants of a certain district, from which Theodore had swept ten thousand head of cattle, that they would certainly recover them, for that the king was fated to die this year. "I may die

this year," said the king, "God knows. But I will prove that this fellow is an impostor." So saying, he ordered the whole immense drove to be shot, which was punctually done.

What are the present prospects and condition of the Abyssinian monarch it is difficult to say. On the one hand, there is no doubt that his forces are greatly reduced, and that formidable rebellions have arisen on every side. But, on the other hand, such is the fear of his military prowess, and such the superstitious dread which he still inspires, that wherever he personally comes rebellions fade out or are crushed out. It is the best proof of his real vigor of character, that, in these days of his misfortune and weakness, the most powerful of his adversaries dare not bring him to bay. The German missionary, Flad, says contemptuously: "The rebels talk big and do little. The king of Shoa" (a province containing a third part of Abyssinia) "writes that he is coming to take Magdala. He writes like a child. The very name of Theodorus would make him hide under his mother's dress." Were it not for the English, who, however big they may talk, are pretty sure to make their talk good, one would be apt to prophesy to the king, if not a peaceful crown, at least the power to ride in the future, as in the past, uppermost on the stormy waves.

After reading the many accounts of the remorseless cruelty of this singular being, one is astonished to learn from the concurrent testimony of many that he is a fine-looking and even handsome man, of a dark complexion, forehead full, eyes bright and piercing, mouth perfect, expression full of mildness and intelligence, with a smile pleasant and even fascinating, and manners gracious and polite, and, when he wishes, full of delicacy and tact.

How did the English get complicated with this savage? That is a long story, and has a great many chapters in it, and some of them are written in characters which perhaps nobody can deci-

pher. The London Times says that "England is like the man in the Eastern story, who threw his date-stones about carelessly, and hit the son of the terrible Genii." Not exactly; for, as we recall the tale, the man never could have known his danger, while England, if she did not know, ought to have known that her date-stones were flying straight at one of the most jealous and proud of the African Genii. A member of Parliament says this quarrel finds its true origin in the appointment of Mr. Plowden consul. Hardly. Some of the general causes are older yet, and the special causes are certainly more recent.

Any one who studies carefully the commercial history of Europe, for the quarter of a century preceding 1855, will find that in that period there was springing up an intense naval and commercial rivalry between the two great powers, England and France. That was the time when the French seized Algiers and the island of Otaheite, and cast longing eyes on the Sandwich Island group. Then it was that England got possession of that impregnable stronghold and safe harbor, Aden. About that time French and English steamers began to ply upon the Red Sea. Simultaneously it seemed to occur to both parties that it would be a good stroke of policy to establish mercantile relations with Abyssinia, and through Abyssinia with the vast regions of Central Africa. Between 1837 and 1842 France sent no less than three expeditions into the country, under special instructions to ascertain where a grand *entrepôt* for French goods could best be established, and what towns would furnish fitting stations for agents and sub-agents. About this time, too, France bought on rather poor security some indifferent ports on the Red Sea, which have not proved to be of any value. It is asserted that she has now secret commercial agents in Abyssinia, who have done all they could to undermine the English. The authority for this last is doubtful. Meantime, England has not been

asleep. Mr. Bell probably went to Abyssinia to further British influence. He certainly used the power which he acquired to that end. Mr. Plowden was appointed consul for this very purpose. Here are some of the words of his instructions: "It is obvious that the difficulty of dealing with Abyssinia results in a great measure from the absence of any place on the coast with which a safe communication can be kept up; and it is to the discovery of such a place that I would particularly call your attention." For this same end, the furtherance of English commerce, Major Harris visited Shoa.

But it so happened that, when an Abyssinian king really wanted to make European alliances, a change had come over the spirit of English dreams. The reason was clear. Shrewd people had found out, what they might have foreseen from the beginning, that the commerce of a country so torn asunder and devastated by war was not worth having. So when King Theodore began to love the English very much, they turned the cold shoulder, and seemed disposed to deny all acquaintance with him; in fact, gave him an unmistakable snub. Ten years before it was well enough for Consul Plowden to make his home at Gondar, three hundred miles from his true post. It was no unpardonable error to plunge deeply into the chaos of Abyssinian politics, and even to join in the fray. But now the imperative order to his successor is, to come back to Massowa and to stay there. Unfortunately the message was sent one month too late to save him from a lingering imprisonment. The desires of the Englishman and African were so wide apart! This was another difficulty. So far as the former cared at all for the latter, he did so in the interests of commerce. The latter dreamed only of an English alliance as part of a crusade of Christian powers against the Moslem. Ras Welled said innocently to Mr. Pearce, "If your England is so mighty strong, why don't she use up the Mohammedan?" This using up of the Mohammedan in Abyssinian eyes is

the chief end of man. England then wanted to get out of the trouble; but she could not unscathed. Mr. Plowden reports, and to all appearance without rebuke, "that he had ventured to hint that the sea-coast and Massowa might be given up to Theodore, on his consent" to receive an English consul. And he was constantly dinning it into the ears of a willing ministry, that "the fatal barrier to commerce was the Turkish domination along the coast." Now, if Mr. Plowden said all this in his official capacity, what encouragement was he not likely to whisper into the king's ear in those years when he served in that other capacity of friend, not to say instructor and guide? One can imagine the rage and disappointment with which Theodore read, and read them he did, Lord Russell's measured words, — "It has seemed preferable to the British government to withdraw as much as possible from Abyssinian alliances and Abyssinian engagements." Do you wonder that one of the early results of such a perusal was that Consul Cameron was sent to beat his manacled heels with Mr. Stern in a dirty dungeon? English statesmen do not wish, of course, to own that they have made a *faux-pas*; but they feel it all the same. Says Lord Stanley: "This is not the stage to discuss the propriety of diplomatic relations. The thing was done long before the present advisers of her Majesty were at the head of affairs." What is that but a polite way of saying that his predecessor had made a fool of himself, and a very expensive one too? Mr. Layard adds: "If we had gone on supporting the policy of helping against the Turk, all would have gone on well." What does that mean, if not a diplomatic way of saying, "If we had not changed our minds, we should have done differently, and much more according to the just expectations of our friend in Abyssinia"? Here is the first chapter of complications.

Just glance at another entanglement, for which England certainly is not responsible, — the missionary one. The

Missionary Society thought with justice that the Christianity of that part of the world needed improving. But the Abyssinian, when he remembers that the presence and labors of Romish priests nearly cost the nation its existence four centuries ago, does not find the missionary subject an agreeable one. King Theodore, too, either because he was not at this time religiously inclined, or else because he believed according to the faith of his fathers, did not wish for preachers, but did wish very much for artisans. A happy thought suggested itself to Bishop Gobat of Jerusalem. Why not send artisan missionaries, laymen, apt to teach and as apt in all kinds of cunning workmanship? No sooner said than done. M. Flad and his companions were forthwith sent to Gondar. It is impossible to acquit the missionaries of the charge of sharp practice. Mr. Bell, who seems to have conducted the negotiations, informed them that the Abuna was favorable to them, and that they might speak with him upon the religious aspects of their work. With the king, however, they were sedulously to cover up the surplice of the priest with the blouse of the workman. They consented, and the king gave them a promise not to interfere with their belief, but no permission to preach. There has evidently been some friction. Theodore has taken great pains to develop the artisan side of their nature. He set them to building a chariot, which came to almost as universal a dissolution as the "one-hoss shay," but by no means after a hundred years. He turned their skill then into the howitzer line of business, but the first specimen of their art burst with one discharge. The missionaries, on the other hand, like conscientious men, were not willing to hide their Christian light under a bushel, and so neglect the real work for which they were sent into the country. To complicate the situation, two clergymen, Mr. Stern and Mr. Rosenthal, followed soon after the lay-preachers, but were told by Theodore that they might, if they chose, preach to the Jews or Galla

captives, but that they would not be allowed to discuss theological themes with his Christian subjects.

Some circumstances of special irritation have arisen, particularly the treatment of the king's letter to the queen. Many stories about this letter have been circulated. One, that it contained an offer of marriage, is simply absurd. Another, that it conveyed a proposal to unite fortunes with England in an attack upon Egypt, is substantially true. But whatever may have been its contents, either from carelessness or set purpose, it slept for one or two years in a pigeon-hole of an under-secretary's desk; and it was not answered until the danger of certain English subjects made it expedient to search it out, and reply to it with all politeness. It will be admitted that the most good-humored European court would hardly consider such treatment the height of courtesy. But Theodore is a man of towering pride, and has added to it, the sensitiveness of a *barren*. Of this last quality we have an amusing illustration. On one occasion he summoned into his presence the British agent, and made him sit, while no less than fifteen witnesses were brought forward to prove that the king was of royal blood, and so entitled to treat on terms of equality with any power. That he resents the affront is very evident. "Who is this Russell?" he said, on the reception of the long-delayed answer. "Cannot your queen write to her brother Theodore herself?" At this critical juncture Consul Cameron increased the monarch's irritation, by a great indiscretion, to give it no harsher term. Without permission, he went to the frontier of Egypt and Abyssinia, — as he says, for the purpose of promoting peace between the two powers, — as the king asserts, to give counsel to a hated enemy of his race.

The English captives believe, moreover, that unscrupulous French adventurers have done no little to poison the king's mind. One, terming himself Count du Bisson, wrote an article in the *Journal de Nice*, which was speedily

translated into Egyptian, and as speedily brought to Theodore's notice. In this remarkable article our tourist asserts that an English company is furnishing arms to a crazy black rebel called Gobezi; that the English governor of Aden is also sending warlike stores in unlimited quantities; that the English mean by help of this rebel to make the Red Sea an English lake and Abyssinia the seat of a great African empire. Bardel is another French adventurer. He came out as private secretary to Consul Cameron, but soon quarrelled with him. The assertion is, that this man is the channel through which every galling article appearing in English newspaper or review, and every depreciatory remark made in Parliament, is brought to the notice of the jealous monarch.

But what need is there of seeking for just causes and explanations? In these latter days the capricious and irrational conduct of the king admits of no explanation, except such as you apply to the baseless suspicions of a savage. It has been said that the final cause of his bad faith was the fact that Mr. Stern had taken a few photographic views of the country, — a proceeding which, it is alleged, was looked upon with profound distrust. This explanation has been scouted as utterly unreasonable. But what mad freak may not be expected of one of whom the following story can be told? A young Irishman, a mere boy, who had been hunting on the borders of Abyssinia, led by curiosity, came to Theodore's camp. He had with him a rug on which was a design representing Jules Gerard attacking a lion. He thought it would please the king, and so presented it to him. Theodore looked at it. Behold the audacity of these English! See this man, this Turk in a fez! Who is the lion at which he is firing but myself, the lion of Abyssinia? Wherewith he hurried the poor boy into prison, and very likely he is one of the forty or fifty who are waiting with that hope deferred which makes the heart sick the slow manœuvres of the English army.

The facts with regard to the so-called British captives (for they seem to belong to various nationalities) are few and simple. In the year 1863—the month is not stated—Mr. Stern, having completed his arrangements for a mission to the Jews, or Falashas as they are called, was preparing to leave the country. As a matter of proper courtesy, he sought a parting interview with the king, taking with him for interpreters his own servant and one of Mr. Cameron's. For some unknown reason the interpreters did not please his Majesty, and were so severely beaten that they died that night. In his agitation Mr. Stern bit his finger, an act which it appears in Abyssinia is held to indicate a purpose of revenge. Whereupon he was beaten, chained, and confined in a filthy hut. Besides the finger-biting, the reasons given for this conduct are the rumor concerning photographs, and one mentioned by the king himself, that Mr. Stern, in a book published in England, had termed him a semi-savage, and had called some of his wholesale butcheries by the appropriate name of murders. The English consul did what he could. But the affair of the letter to the queen effectually tied his hands. After a brief interval the consul himself was arrested, then the missionaries and their families; the whole, men, women, and children, amounting perhaps to fifty individuals. They have been treated with varying circumstances of ignominy. The full vials of the monarch's wrath have been poured out upon Mr. Stern, while the scanty stream of his kindness has been reserved for Mr. Flad and the other artisans. His conduct towards them has been marked by an incredible fickleness, making it truly impossible to tell what a day would bring forth. At one time he will give them liberty like prisoners on parole, and encourage them with hope of speedy deliverance. Then, for no conceivable cause, he will load them with fetters and plunge them in a dungeon. The very next day, perhaps, he will appear with a carpet and insist upon their sitting on it, and, bringing forward wine, will beg

them to drink with him in mutual forgiveness. The next scene in this serio-comic drama may be the mock-trial of some of the captives for treason, and before as impressive a tribunal as can be made out of a few dozen very dirty, very greasy, and not very sweet Abyssinian barons. Sometimes the prisoners are surfeited; sometimes they are in danger of starvation. "We had a fearful night," says Mr. Flad. "Ladies and children were together with us. No bed, no food. The poor little children weeping and crying; one for a bit of bread, another for milk." The latest intelligence represents the whole party as alive and well, but still at the mercy of the king. The best proof of the essential healthiness of the Abyssinian climate is this single fact, that forty or fifty European men and women have undergone such treatment for nearly five years without serious detriment to their health. What the king expects seems clear enough. He is not free from the delusion of his countrymen, that Abyssinia in power and resources is the peer of any nation, and he hopes to drive England either into a course of policy which shall suit him, or else force her to pay him a heavy ransom for the restitution of her subjects. His constant change of conduct betrays the vacillation of a mind tossed between hopes of gain and fears of vengeance.

The conduct of the British government has certainly been temperate. After various ineffectual efforts at correspondence with the king, the Ministry procured letters from the Coptic Patriarch at Alexandria to the king and Abuna. These were intrusted to Mr. Hormuzd Rassam, who was appointed special agent at the Court of Abyssinia. At the same time various articles were committed to his charge, which were to be given to the king whenever he should release his captives. Mr. Rassam was a Syrian Christian who had been connected with Mr. Layard in his Assyrian explorations, and was then the Political Resident at Aden. The propriety of his selection has been sharply discussed in England. His

knowledge of Eastern languages and character, and his past success in several very delicate negotiations, seemed to indicate a special fitness. He arrived at Massowā, August, 1864, and at once despatched a letter to Theodore. But, though his message was received, for more than a year no notice whatever was taken of it. The rumor was that the king was angry that he was not to receive his presents until he had delivered up his captives. It looked as though his stainless faith was doubted. There was a story floating about that he had sent two shrewd spies to report what sort of an embassy this was, and whether its *personnel* and equipments were sufficiently dignified. At last, just as the government had decided to recall Mr. Rassam, a telegram came from that gentleman. He stated that he had received a letter from the king inviting him to his court, that Mr. Cameron had been released, that he himself was about to start for Gondar. And in fact, on the 25th of November, 1865, he began his journey. Arrived at Gondar, he found everything bright and hopeful. Nothing could equal the king's politeness. He had ordered the release of his prisoners. All was prepared for a speedy return. A chilling change came in this mild form: "His Majesty desires that for friendship's sake you would remain in the country a few months." And sure enough, for friendship's sake, or some other equally irresistible reason, he has kept them there ever since. On the very day appointed for departure, by his order they were arrested. He has trumped up a fable about Mr. Cameron, that he attempted to make his departure without bidding the king an affectionate adieu, — a proceeding which so moved that friendly personage, that he has felt obliged to shut his prisoners up again, and to keep Mr. Rassam himself in honorable confinement as a hostage for the good behavior of the rest. The natives whisper quite a different tale. The house in which Mr. Rassam is confined was completed, say they, a fortnight before the ambassador reached

Gondar. Theodore accomplished just what he purposed, — the getting of one more prisoner into his hands. "The queen values Mr. Rassam very much," he is reported to have said; "she will pay me a great deal for him."

Lord Stanley, having exhausted all peaceable methods, in the middle of April of last year gave Theodore due notice that, if the captives were not released within three months, all amicable relations between England and Abyssinia must cease. From that moment warlike preparations were pushed forward with all possible speed; and late in the fall the transports, containing a compact, well-equipped army of ten thousand men, dropped anchor in Annesley Bay, a few miles south of Massowā. After the debarkation, everybody seemed to be doleful. Telegrams, which came so quickly, and the letters of correspondents, which seemed to linger so unreasonably, all had one story, and that a bad one. It was allowed that the harbor was admirable, and nothing else was. The sand was glowing; the climate was hot. Water was scarce, and flies were plenty. The mules and horses were all dying, and the men, if they were not sick, soon would be. Red tape, too, was just as great a sinner as at Sebastopol. The census had been taken, and there were for ten thousand men just ten axes, only twenty bill hooks, and not one spade or pickaxe. And then these prophets of evil looked ahead. There, frowning down upon the luckless forces, were the Abyssinian Highlands, whose passes were steep and narrow, choked with thorns and obstructed with rocks. The foolish authorities again had furnished no blasting tools, no pulleys, no ropes. Goats might ascend and chamois-hunters, but not an army with warlike impedimenta. That was simply impossible. And if the army did get up, then it was no better off. The water must be brought twelve miles, and the provisions fifty miles, while every straggler would be cut off by the natives. And the nearer it got to Theodore, the farther the water must be carried, and the

more stragglers would be left to Abyssinian mercy. It was plain that everybody felt disconsolate, and was convinced that a bad business was ahead.

Three weeks passed, and the smoke cleared a little. What was true or false in these forebodings was ascertained. To begin with, the army was on the Highlands, in good health and spirits. The march had not been a trying one; for under the efforts of the sappers, the Koomaylee Pass had lost all its terrors and most of its difficulties. Water, too, was found in abundance, and of the best quality. By the convincing argument of twenty pounds apiece each month, all the Shiho chiefs had been bought up, and, so far from any stragglers being cut off, the way to the sea-shore was pronounced safer than Cheapside. Even the pure-blooded Abyssinians had not proved so evil-minded as had been anticipated. Their worst quality seemed to be a wonderfully keen appreciation of the value of products. One writer complains, indeed, that, while the traditional African would have sold his father and half his blood relations for a jack-knife, this African insisted upon being paid in Austrian dollars, and even then was specially particular about weight and time of coinage. So the period of despair has been succeeded by an era of good-feeling, — the sum total of losses proving to be, first, a great many good mules, which was necessary; and second, a great deal of good-temper, which was entirely unnecessary. The army is now well advanced on its march. Already it has been greatly helped by chiefs friendly to the English, or rather most unfriendly to Theodore; and such aid is likely to increase rather than decrease in the future.

It is dangerous to predict anything concerning results, when so many of the conditions upon which judgment must be founded are uncertain, and liable to be shifting. Yet we may safely say as much as this: it is hardly possible that the forebodings of croakers and grumblers can prove true.

That the British army, bound on a long march in a country but little known, may encounter great difficulties, great discomforts, and even great dangers, is not improbable. There may be rough and almost impassable gorges to be smoothed down, and bridgeless rivers which shall task the invention of the engineer. An active enemy, too, may impede the march, if he cannot withstand the onset of his foe. But so far as successful armed resistance is concerned, nothing seems surer than that the ten thousand good soldiers under Sir Robert Napier can crush any native army which ever stood on Abyssinian soil. And as to sickness, while it must be allowed that all warlike operations bring exposure and fatigue injurious to health, it is difficult to understand why warlike operations on the Ethiopian highlands, so elevated, so equable, in climate, can, without criminal carelessness, be attended with any larger measure of disease than is incident to all military movements under the most favorable conditions. It is not necessary, then, to expect any great calamity.

A speaker in Parliament suggests a far more likely result. "Suppose that King Theodore should kill his prisoners, or take them out of reach, and we should find ourselves with a magnificent army on the highlands of Abyssinia, unable to inflict punishment or to take revenge, and obliged to march back as wise as we came, amid the laughter of the whole civilized world. Pity we pledged ourselves beforehand not to occupy the country!" The suggestion may be ventured, that, rather than come back in such shape, our kinsmen across the water would find that their pledge might be modified or else forgotten.

The objects for which the war was undertaken are what everybody is curious to know. Those who have watched the quiet and steady perseverance with which England has advanced her commercial interests in all quarters of the globe are looking for some ulterior purpose other than the avowed one; and

to believe that, under the pretext of protecting her subjects, she aspires to the control of the commerce of the vast regions of Central Africa.

It is often thoughtlessly said that England has entered upon this war that she may wrench from Abyssinia her ports on the Red Sea. The one sufficient answer is, that Abyssinia does not own, and has not owned for centuries, one foot of strand on the Red Sea. So far as anybody owns that shore the title is in Egypt, while Abyssinia nowhere approaches it nearer than twenty or thirty miles. If ports on the Red Sea are the object, the Pasha of Egypt is the person upon whom such a demand ought to be made; and the mouths of the Nile would be a more proper rendezvous for navies and transport than Annesley Bay.

But can any one read the manly words of Lord Stanley, pervaded in every line and sentence with the spirit of sincerity, and a deep sense of responsibility, and for a moment believe that the English Ministry sends its army into Abyssinia for purposes of conquest? "I believe that I am not demanding too much, if I ask the house to believe that, in regard to the Abyssinian Expedition, nothing would have induced the present government, or indeed any government, to undertake it, but the conviction of its necessity. It is quite unnecessary to disclaim the idea of conquest. We have already as much territory as we can safely hold. And, if we had not, Abyssinia is not the part of the world which England would covet. No, this work comes to us as a duty, not agreeable, but which has to be done." The present Ministry then has no ulterior ends. No doubt there have been men in office in times past who dreamed of territorial acquisitions in that direction. Beyond a question, there are many men now in India, and some in England, who will use every effort to change the war from one of liberation to one of conquest. It is very possible that the exigencies of the campaign may force the Ministry to an entire change of purpose. But,

unless they are the falsest of men, no visions of conquest now allure them.

The English people and the English Ministry are pushed on by a dire necessity. They are in a position where but two alternatives are possible, — war with all the cost and peril of war, and peace with the deep ignominy of leaving English subjects to their fate in the cruel hands of a fickle tyrant. War has its difficulties. War, in these modern days, is too expensive a business to be entered upon for amusement. To use the vigorous language of the English minister: "No doubt those who have the conduct of this expedition will find difficulties in the way; but the British Empire was not built up and made what it is by men who shrink from their obvious duty." And as for the other alternative, what is that but simple, unmitigated disgrace? No power could live under it, — least of all England. The hundred millions of her subjects in Asia, in Africa, in every nook and cranny of the round earth, are held under her sway by her prestige. Let it be clearly understood that she will tamely endure insult and wrong, that she can not or will not protect her children wherever they may wander, and her vast dominions, won by how many glorious contests on sea and land, cemented by her best blood, would fall asunder by simple incoherence. It is stout Roland de Caxton, if our memory serves us, who maintains that "honor is the virtue from which all safety and civilization do proceed, and that it is a virtue which should be kept clear from all money-making, mercenary, pay-me-in-cash abominations." There is a spice of truth in this language, as there is in all truly chivalrous notions. And, looking candidly on the present contest, we may be content to believe that a really great and heroic nation, like that from whose loins we ourselves are sprung, however much she may be subject to utilitarian ideas, can upon occasions rise quite above them, and encounter difficulties, and dare perils, and lavish treasure and blood, from simple sense of honor and duty.

THE DISCOVERY OF ETHERIZATION.

THE essential points of the discovery of etherization are contained in the following statement: the vapor of *pure* sulphuric ether, inhaled *with a due admixture of atmospheric air*, has the power safely and surely to paralyze for a short time the nerves of sensation, and thereby produce a total insensibility to pain during the severest surgical operations. The discovery was made by Charles T. Jackson, M. D., of Boston, chemist, geologist, and State Assayer, who, after taking a medical degree in 1829, and spending three years in Europe in the pursuit of professional and scientific knowledge, commenced the practice of medicine and surgery in Boston in 1833. Subsequently he repeated Davy's experiments with nitrous oxide, but with results no more satisfactory with respect to the safety or utility of its inhalation, than those obtained by Davy himself. At a later period, but previously to the winter of 1841-42, having been presented with some perfectly pure sulphuric ether (oxide of ethyle, which has for its symbol $C_4 H_{10} O$) by his friend John H. Blake, Esq., of the Norfolk Laboratory, he conceived the idea of inhaling its vapor, to ascertain its effects on the human system. As a learned chemist, he knew that the sulphuric ether then sold in the shops was very impure, containing alcohol and various acids; as a physiologist he knew that the want of an admixture of atmospheric air, in the common mode of inhaling it, was quite sufficient of itself to account for the dangerous, and, in some cases, fatal consequences known to have resulted from its inhalation; and he thought it highly probable that the vapor of *pure* sulphuric ether, *duly mixed with atmospheric air*, might be inhaled without causing any unpleasant effects. He therefore, — though all the authorities on the subject, as Orfila, Christison, Pereira, &c., represented the inhal-

ing it to such an extent as to produce unconsciousness to be attended with great danger, — determined to try its effects on himself. On inhaling it, he experienced a total loss of consciousness, preceded, accompanied, and followed by a total loss of sensation; and he suffered no injurious or disagreeable consequences. From this and other experiments in which he inhaled sulphuric ether without producing loss of consciousness, he inferred that, if pure and duly mixed with common air, it might be inhaled without danger.

In the winter of 1841-42 he inhaled the vapor of sulphuric ether to mitigate the excruciating pain caused by the accidental inhalation of chlorine, but not to such an extent as to produce unconsciousness. The next morning, his throat being severely inflamed and very painful, and his lungs much oppressed, he resolved to make a more thorough trial of ether vapor. Having seated himself in a rocking-chair, and put his feet in another chair, so as to secure a fixed position, he soaked a folded towel in sulphuric ether, placed it over his nose and mouth, and began to inhale the mingled ether vapor and air deeply into his lungs. Soon he lost all consciousness of pain in his throat, all feeling of the chair as if afloat in the air, and experienced sensations of the most agreeable kind. He soon afterwards became unconscious. On his recovery of consciousness, the same state of insensibility to pain and absence of feeling that had preceded the loss of consciousness followed. In a short time consciousness and sensations of pain in the throat returned. From the cessation of all pain and the total loss of feeling both before and after the period of unconsciousness, combined with his previous conviction of the safety of inhaling the vapor, when it is pure and duly mixed with common air, Dr. Jackson inferred that, during the

period of unconsciousness, pure ether vapor, properly administered, would certainly, completely, and safely prevent all pain in the severest surgical operations. This inference he made the more confidently from his knowledge of the fact, discovered by Sir Charles Bell and well known to all medical men, that the nerves of sensation are distinct from those of motion and of organic life, and that the temporary paralysis of the former does not necessarily involve any important disturbance of the functions of the latter.

The inference was a legitimate philosophical induction from the facts of the case, but, like Jenner's discovery of vaccination, it required numerous and diversified verifications. So strong was his conviction of the truth of his induction, that in speaking of the subject in 1842 or 1843 to Mr. Henry D. Fowle, to whom he had administered nitrous oxide some years before, he used, as the latter testifies under oath, words to the following effect: "If you will come to me some time hence and inhale this ethereal vapor, you can have a tooth extracted or a limb cut off without pain, and without knowing anything about it." To the same gentleman he expressed the intention of making further experiments, and subjecting his conclusions to a practical test, and spoke of his attention being then so completely engrossed by his geological surveys as to leave him no leisure for other researches.

In the month of March, 1846, William F. Channing, M. D., then a student in Dr. Jackson's laboratory, and now a Fellow of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences, accidentally inhaled chlorine in the laboratory. In speaking of the accident he uses these words: "The effect was to produce spasms of the chest, and distress of respiration of such a character as to make me apprehend an immediately fatal result." After he had tried various remedies with little benefit, Dr. Jackson came in, and advised him to try the inhalation of sulphuric ether, "which," says Dr. Channing, "he stated he had himself used

with success in an accident of the same kind," and which, Dr. Channing adds, "produced an immediate suspension of the spasms, with entire relief from distress. They recurred again after a time with less violence, but subsequently were entirely relieved by occasional inhalations of ether." Mr. James T. Hodge met with a similar accident, and states that he was "rendered speechless for several hours." Professor John B. S. Jackson, of the Medical School of Harvard University, says, in speaking of the pain caused by the inhalation of chlorine, that it is "quite as agonizing, as every chemist must know, as the pain inflicted by the surgeon's knife." These facts show that Dr. Jackson's induction from his experiments on himself, that ether vapor has power to render the severest surgical operations painless, was neither extravagant nor far-fetched.

Dr. Jackson communicated his plan for destroying the pain of surgical operations to numerous individuals: in 1842, to W. F. Channing, M. D.; in September, 1842, to Dr. S. A. Bemis, an eminent Boston dentist, to whom he recommended the use of ether in his dental operations; to the late A. A. Gould, M. D., a Fellow of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences, "some three or four years before the time of Dr. Morton's experiments," as Dr. Gould testified under oath in 1852; to George T. Dexter, M. D., of Lancaster, N. H., in 1842; in 1845, to D. J. Brown, Esq., an engineer; in March, 1846, to Mr. Joseph Peabody of Salem, a graduate of Harvard College, and then a student in his laboratory, who, being about to have two teeth extracted, and having been fully instructed by Dr. Jackson how to purify sulphuric ether for inhalation, and how to use it, began to prepare it for this purpose at his father's house in Salem; but who, on finding that all the authorities represented its inhalation to be dangerous, and that his father, a scientific man, was opposed to his breathing it, relinquished his design.

On September 30, 1846, W. T. G.

Morton, a dentist and nominal medical student of Dr. Jackson, called at his laboratory to borrow a gas-bag, intending, as he said, to inflate it with common air to be inhaled by a refractory patient, as a means of acting on her imagination, and thus inducing her to allow him to extract a tooth. Dr. Jackson refused to be accessory to any such deception. He then told him of the anæsthetic power of ether vapor, where to get it, showed him exactly how to administer it, and assured him that it would make the patient completely insensible to pain, and that a tooth could then be extracted without her knowing anything about it. He further assured him of the safety, and assumed in express terms all the responsibility of the experiment. After showing total ignorance of the substance, saying, "What is that? is it a gas?" and long hesitation, Mr. Morton consented to apply the ether vapor in a dental operation. All these facts have been testified to under oath, by persons of unimpeachable character, who were present at the interview. He did exactly what Dr. Jackson had taught him to do, and extracted a tooth from a patient without causing any pain. "In obeying these directions," says the late Dr. Martin Gay, "Mr. Morton assumed only the responsibility of the nurse who administers a new and bold prescription of a physician." The next day he called at Dr. Jackson's laboratory to report to him his success. "Dr. Jackson," as a witness then present has testified under oath, "expressed no surprise, but appeared as if he had expected such a result." Dr. Jackson then said to him, "You must go to Dr. Warren, and obtain his permission to administer it at the Massachusetts General Hospital; and, if possible, it should be in a capital operation." He said that people would not believe in complete insensibility to pain on the mere ground of the painless extraction of a tooth. The witness adds: "Morton strongly objected to going to the Hospital,—that everybody could smell the ether, and it would not be kept secret, which

it was Morton's object to do." "After some argument and Dr. Jackson's further insisting upon it, Morton promised to go to the Hospital." In the course of this conversation Morton repeatedly begged Dr. Jackson to keep the matter a secret. "No!" answered Dr. Jackson, "I will have no secrets with my professional brethren; I intend to give Dr. Keep the same information that I have given you." Mr. Morton (now Dr. Morton) went to Dr. Warren, and obtained his consent to administer by inhalation to a patient what he called "a compound," concealing its nature and the fact of his being indebted to Dr. Jackson for all he knew of its anæsthetic power. After two or three successful trials of ether vapor at the Hospital in surgical operations, the odor of which he had disguised, he was obliged to disclose to the surgeons what it was, they refusing to permit it to be applied in their operations on any other condition. When the first capital operation was performed, in which Dr. Jackson was requested by Dr. Warren both orally and by letter to administer the ether vapor, he was obliged, in fulfillment of a previous professional engagement, to be absent from New England. He, however, stated to Dr. Warren, that he had fully instructed Dr. Morton how to administer it.

The great discovery was still further verified by other surgical operations at the Hospital, soon became known throughout the civilized world, and was hailed with an enthusiasm without a parallel in the history of mankind.

Imperfect accounts of the discovery reached London and Paris, and led to the application of ether vapor in surgical operations; but, for want of more definite information, they were attended with very unsatisfactory results, and it fell into disrepute. Liston, the great English surgeon, said, "that he had at one time doubts about the utility of ether," in consequence of its having been improperly administered in his operations. (See the London Lancet and the Comptes Rendus for 1846 and 1847, and letters from Paris communicated

to the Boston Medical and Surgical Journal in March, 1847, by F. Willis Fisher, M. D.*

The prosperity of etherization in Europe dates from the publication of a communication of Dr. Jackson, dated November 13, 1846, to the French Academy of Sciences, through his friend and correspondent, Elie de Beaumont, now Perpetual Secretary of that learned body. On hearing Dr. Jackson's paper read,* the celebrated surgeon Roux exclaimed, "*J'y prends part en ce moment*," (I take part in it from this moment.)

Dr. Jackson has received most flattering testimonials of high appreciation of the value of the services he has rendered to mankind by his discovery, from the French Academy, the emperor of the French, the king of Sweden, the king of Prussia, the king of Italy, and the sultan of Turkey.

The French Academy of Sciences appointed a commission of nine eminent scientific and medical men to examine the evidence of the various claimants of the discovery. Dr. Jackson, Dr. Morton, Dr. Horace Wells, and other claimants, sent each his evidence. The Academy, after a long and careful examination of the evidence by the commission, awarded, on March 4, 1850, — to translate the words employed by it, — "a prize of 2,500 francs to M. Jackson for his observations and experiments on the anæsthetic effects produced by the inhalation of ether; and a similar prize of 2,500 francs to M. Morton for having introduced this method into surgical practice according to the instructions (*d'après les indications*) of M. Jackson." M. Elie de Beaumont, in a letter to Dr. Jackson dated May 17, 1852, uses the following language in reference to the award: "In point of fact, the Academy decreed one of the Montyon prizes of 2,500 francs to you for the discovery of etherization." Both parties accepted the award made by the Academy as their umpire.

Baron Humboldt sent a request

through Baron Gerolt, the Prussian Minister at Washington, that the American Secretary of State, then Hon. Daniel Webster, would procure and transmit to him the evidence of the various American claimants of the ether discovery. The request was complied with by Mr. Webster. Humboldt, after a laborious examination of the documents, decided in favor of Dr. Jackson; and in October, 1852, the king of Prussia conferred upon Dr. Jackson the order of the Red Eagle. In 1847 Sir Robert H. Inglis, then President of the British Association for the Promotion of Science, referring in his annual address before that body to the discovery of etherization, ascribed its authorship to Dr. Jackson. It appears to be universally conceded to him in Europe. The belief of very numerous persons in this country of the highest character and ability has been published, that the discovery belongs exclusively to Dr. Jackson. In 1852 more than one hundred and forty physicians of Boston and its vicinity signed memorials to Congress declaring such to be their belief.

Some months after performing the experiment devised and committed to him for performance by Dr. Jackson, Dr. Morton set up a claim to the discovery himself, though neither he, nor anybody else, has ever specified a single new idea connected with it which was originated by him. His ignorance in October, 1846, as appears from the testimony of Mr. G. Barnes, then a student in Dr. Jackson's laboratory, of the necessity, in order to prevent asphyxia, of common air being largely mingled with the ether vapor inhaled, (he proposed to administer the vapor by means of a glass bulb having no provision whatever for admitting common air,) and his being in December, 1846, "in no sense aware of the importance" of it, — as testified by N. C. Keep, M. D., an eminent dentist, and a gentleman of the highest character for truth and integrity, — show conclusively that he could not by any possibility have been the author of a discovery of which the

* Through a mistake, Dr. Jackson's paper was not read before the Academy till January 18, 1847.

admixture of atmospheric air with the ether vapor inhaled, is an essential part. It is unnecessary to dwell on this point. It is sufficient to quote Dr. Morton's own words in reply to a question of Dr. Keep, — as testified by the latter under oath, — near the end of November, 1846: "The discovery belongs to Dr. Jackson; Jackson shall have the credit of it; I want to make the money out of it."

Dr. Franklin's claim to the discovery of the identity of electricity and lightning, and Dr. Jackson's claims to the discovery of etherization, rest on nearly similar grounds. Dr. Franklin inferred from his experiments and observations and those of others, that electricity and lightning are identical, and devised and published to the world an experiment to verify his induction. In pursuance of his published directions, Dalibard erected an iron rod at Marly-la-Ville, near Paris, and instructed Coiffier, an ex-dragoon, to perform the experiment devised by Franklin. Coiffier, on the approach of a thunder-cloud, took an electric spark from the rod, and thus verified Franklin's great discovery. Franklin's experiment with the kite was performed a month afterwards, and was but a further verification of a discovery already complete. Dr. Jackson verified on himself and Dr. Channing his induction respecting the power of ether vapor to produce safely and surely insensibility to very severe pain. He afterwards committed his experiment, with full instructions how to perform it, to Mr. Morton, assuming all the responsibility of it. The success of that experiment was a further verification of Dr. Jackson's discovery. The successful applications of ether vapor at the Massachusetts General Hospital in severe surgical operations were still more conclusive verifications of the same discovery. The following words of Whewell, the celebrated author of the "History of the Inductive Sciences," and an eminent man of science, completely set aside the preposterous claims to discovery on the mere ground of the mechanical performance of an experi-

ment devised by another. "I do not concede that experiments of verification, made after a discovery has been clearly brought to view by one person, and devised by the discoverer, and committed by him for performance to another, give the operator a right to claim the discovery as his own." And Roget, formerly secretary of the Royal Society of London, and author of the admirable treatise on Electricity in the Library of Useful Knowledge, after describing Franklin's experiment with the kite, and stating that several philosophers had about a month before obtained similar results in France, "by following the plan recommended by Franklin," adds: "But the glory of the discovery is universally given to Franklin, as it was from his suggestions that the methods of attaining it were originally derived." The applicability of the principles here laid down to the discovery of etherization and its introduction into surgical practice is obvious. In direct opposition to them, the mere performance by Dr. Morton of the experiment of verification devised in the minutest particular, and intrusted to him by Dr. Jackson, with full instructions how to perform it, and with the assumption of the entire responsibility for its safety, has been alleged by certain persons, strange as it may seem, to give to Dr. Morton an exclusive right to the discovery of etherization; — as if a great discovery in the inductive sciences were the work, not of the intellect, but of the muscles; as if such a discovery could be made without devising a single experiment, without a single original observation; without a single philosophical induction, the essential, the only common element in all discoveries in the inductive sciences; without, in fine, originating a single new idea! While Dr. Morton performed experiments of verification, but did nothing whatever involving scientific discovery, Dr. Jackson's exclusive claim to the discovery would have been valid had he done much less than he did, and devised his experiment to verify the conjecture of another person, in-

stead of an induction of his own. This is set in a clear point of view by the following facts : From the known relations of electricity and magnetism to each other, many scientific men had conceived, as being highly probable, the idea that the electric spark could be obtained by means of magnetism. Faraday devised a highly ingenious experiment to verify that idea; and he thereby became the discoverer of the magneto-electric spark. In March, 1847, Jacob Bigelow, M. D., late President of the American Academy, and then professor in the Medical School of Harvard University and one of the physicians of the Hospital, publicly complimented Dr. Jackson as "the original suggester of etherization"; and in a communication published in the Boston Medical Journal he used these words: "Dr. Jackson made partial experiments, and recommended, but did not make, decisive ones." Although this is far from being a complete statement of Dr. Jackson's agency in originating and diffusing a knowledge of anesthesia by ether vapor, the facts stated by Dr. Bigelow are more than sufficient to establish his right to the discovery. Faraday devised the means of verifying an idea previously existing in many other minds as well as his; Dr. Jackson not only devised the means of verifying, but was the first to conceive, the idea of rendering surgical operations painless by means of ether vapor. Nobody could have devised Faraday's experiment without a large amount of scientific knowledge; nobody could have devised Dr. Jackson's experiment—involving, as it did, the purity of the ether employed and a due admixture of common air as essential conditions of safety and success—without an amount of chemical and physiological knowledge which was not then generally possessed even by eminent surgeons in Europe. This want of knowledge was shown in their using impure ether, and administering it with little or no admixture of common air, and their consequent failure to obtain satisfactory results, till Dr. Jackson's commu-

nication, making known the two essential points of the discovery, was read before the French Academy in January, 1847, and at once changed failure into success.

After Dr. Jackson had partially verified his discovery of etherization in the winter of 1841-42, nothing was wanting to demonstrate it to the world as a fact but the performance of further experiments of verification; in other words, to perform with the hands certain prescribed acts, and watch and report the result. It would be wrong not to acknowledge, in this connection, the great merit of Dr. John C. Warren, Dr. George Hayward, and other surgeons in both hemispheres, in verifying the discovery as applicable to the severest surgical operations, and introducing it into general surgical practice. The value of the great boon conferred on humanity by Dr. Jackson no words can adequately describe. Hundreds of thousands of human beings have already been saved by it from the most excruciating sufferings, and all future generations will be under obligations to him.

It is a lamentable fact that every great improvement and discovery in medicine and surgery has brought persecution upon its author. Ambroise Paré was persecuted for substituting "a mild treatment for the cautery in gun-shot wounds"; Boylston, for introducing inoculation into New England; Harvey, for his discovery of the circulation of the blood; Jenner, for his discovery of vaccination; and Dr. Jackson has been subjected to loss of time and to expense he could ill afford in repelling base attempts to rob him, not only of his rights of discovery, but of his fair fame as a man. No other discovery can be compared in value to Dr. Jackson's, except Jenner's discovery of vaccination; and it is to be hoped that so great a benefactor of mankind may yet, like Jenner,* receive from the

* The British Parliament, after instituting an inquiry into the value of the new method of preventing the small-pox, including Jenner's claim to the discovery of it, voted him, in 1802, 10,000 pounds, and 20,000 pounds in addition in 1807.

recipients of his inestimable gift some substantial token of their gratitude.

Dr. Jackson's failure to cause, though not his neglect to urge, the full verification of his discovery, and its consequent introduction into surgical practice till 1846, has been alleged as an objection against his claims to it. Such reasoning shows great disingenuousness, or great ignorance of the history of science. Harvey, Jenner, (who did not perform a single experiment of verification till more than twenty-five years after he had conceived the idea of vaccination, and did not publish it to the world till two years afterwards,) Newton, Wollaston, and other scientific men, forbore for many years to make known their discoveries to the world. Dr. Jackson discovered chlorine in meteoric iron in 1834, but published no account of it till 1838. From 1840 till after the full verification of his discovery of etherization he was pressingly occupied with labors of geological surveys and explorations, chemical researches connected with them, and with the preparation of reports, one of which, on the geology of New Hampshire, fills a large quarto volume.

It is interesting to compare the former with the present state of knowledge respecting sulphuric ether. Pereira's *Materia Medica*, published in 1839, a standard work, contains this sentence: "Vapor of ether is inhaled in spasmodic asthma, chronic catarrh, dyspepsia, whooping-cough, and to relieve the effects caused by the accidental inhalation of chlorine." Dr. Weiger, of Vienna, speaks of its having been used for centuries in various diseases, both internally and externally, "without exciting a suspicion of its newly discovered and beneficent effects." Books contained accounts of a gentleman's being "thrown, by inhaling it, into a state of dangerous stupor of thirty hours' duration, in which his life was considered in imminent danger"; and of several instances of death from the same cause. To pass from such facts as these to a rational conviction of the safety of inhaling it so as to produce a state of

unconsciousness is a stride so long and difficult that nobody could have compassed it without accurate and extensive chemical and physiological knowledge, together with a scientific sagacity that comes only from long training and experience, and a deliberate courage wellnigh bordering on rashness. Nor could any one—without a self-possession, a nicety of observation, and an insight rarely possessed even by scientific men—have, with a sort of intuition, inferred, from certain painful sensations and their absence for a brief period, combined with previous knowledge, the great facts comprehended in the discovery of etherization. Dr. John C. Warren, who performed the first surgical operation on a patient under the influence of ether vapor, on learning that Dr. Morton, a dentist of little medical and almost no scientific knowledge, in administering the ether vapor in its early applications as an anæsthetic, at the Hospital, had acted under Dr. Jackson's directions, expressed his satisfaction that the discovery of etherization had had "a scientific origin." The truth is, it involved so much scientific knowledge, that it could not *possibly* have had any other origin. In this connection the following facts are of interest. In 1844, two years after Dr. Jackson had partially verified his discovery, Dr. Horace Wells, of Hartford, a dentist, after having successfully used nitrous oxide as an anæsthetic in a number of dental operations, unsuccessfully applied sulphuric ether in a single surgical operation. The following extract from a communication dated February 17, 1847, and published by him in *Galignani's Messenger*, at Paris, may, perhaps, account for the failure; it certainly proves the groundlessness of the claims he was then urging to the ether discovery, by showing his ignorance, even then, of one of its essential conditions,—the plentiful admixture of atmospheric air with the ether vapor inhaled: "The less atmospheric air is admitted into the lungs with any gas or vapor the better,—the more satisfactory will be the result of the operation."

His total silence, in his communication, respecting the purity of the ether to be inhaled implies a like ignorance of the other essential point in the ether discovery. Dr. E. R. Smiley successfully used, in the same year, an ethereal solution of opium, in a single surgical operation, to prevent pain; but, attributing the anæsthetic effect to opium, and being warned of the danger of producing insensibility by that substance, he made no further experiments with the solution.

After the introduction of etherization into surgical practice, Dr. Jackson and other physiologists experimented with many other substances to test their anæsthetic properties. Sulphuric ether, nitrous oxide, and chloroform are the only anæsthetics now in use. Nitrous oxide is used by some dentists. It produces insensibility to pain of a few seconds' duration, sufficient for the extraction of a tooth, but too short for most surgical operations. The only capital operation, so far as is known to the writer, alleged to have been rendered painless by it, is the amputation of a thigh by a surgeon of Hartford; but, though the inhalation was frequently renewed, the testimony of the patient is in print, that the operation was by no means painless.

Chloroform was discovered by Soubeiran in 1831. Flourens, an eminent French physiologist, experimented with it on animals, soon after the ether discovery was made public; and Mr. Waldie, of Edinburgh, a chemist, suggested the use of it in surgery to Dr. Simpson, who applied it with success. Being more convenient to the surgeon,

and more prompt in its effects than sulphuric ether, it has been very extensively used; but it is far from being a safe anæsthetic. Dr. George Hayward, the distinguished surgeon who performed the first capital operation upon an etherized patient, stated, in the Boston Medical and Surgical Journal, in 1850, that there was not a single well-authenticated case on record of death caused by pure sulphuric ether properly administered, and that there were more than twenty well-authenticated cases of death by chloroform. In 1861 a committee of nine prominent physicians and surgeons, appointed by the Boston Society for Medical Improvement, after collecting all possible information from all parts of the civilized world, unanimously reported "that sulphuric ether is safer than any other anæsthetic"; "that their careful search of journals and monographs furnishes not a single case of death from the proper inhalation of pure sulphuric ether"; and that the friends of chloroform admit that "over one hundred and fifty deaths have already occurred from its use." After quoting the words of Erichsen, a London surgeon, that "when a patient is fully under the influence of chloroform, he is on the verge of death," they add: "The epithet *fléau chloroformique* [chloroform scourge] is therefore no undeserved one; for, in any man's hands, chloroform may indeed become a scourge whose blows shall fall so suddenly and mysteriously, that, before the surgeon's knife is taken up, the patient's life may have passed away beyond resuscitation."

A CASTLE OF INDOLENCE.

"The tales
Which poets of an elder time have feigned
To glorify their Tempe, bred in me
Desire of visiting that Paradise."

JOHN FORD, *The Lover's Melancholy*, Act I. Sc. 1.

EVERY one who has attended two courses of lectures at the Lowell Institute or at the Sorbonne must have noticed those withered immortals that are always to be seen in the same seats, wearing the same coats, holding the same note-books; that nod stiffly to one another, and disappear with the lecturer. Some people are still trying to solve the problem of their origin, as a faithful few are still trying to square the circle, but it remains insoluble.

"The earth hath bubbled, as the water has,
And these are of them."

The students who frequent the Sorbonne ignorantly jeer at the myopic old gentlemen upon the front benches; and the young girls who brighten the Lowell Institute, now and then, cast but a passing glance of wonder at the venerable seekers after knowledge.

Not so with the mystery which envelops the apparitions of Class-day at Harvard. We would know all that is to be learned about the fairy beings who, with hats and gloves from Paris and scarfs from Rome, bless one day in every year, not only for the boys, but for the graduate of ten years ago. Are they created for Class-day as the old gentlemen of the Lowell Institute are created to make an audience? After night has fallen upon that day of days, where are they to be found? Toward which point of compass shall a pursuer direct his steps? By what route, in what conveyance, shall he go? Let me attempt to answer; let me, while my old hulk is taking in coal for another voyage, recall the two midsummer months during which it was laid up in ordinary, — two months undisturbed by the wrangling of newspapers, the clatter of street-cars, or the jingle of pianos.

One July evening, with other passengers, in an old-fashioned stage-coach I entered Tempe. The full-faced moon watched by the sea, that murmured in its happy dreams. Green pastures, intersected by walls over which leaned aged apple-trees, sloped from the hard sand of the beach toward a dark pine forest. Great naked promontories, to which the forest line led the eye, formed the boundaries of the beach to the right and to the left. The low voice of the tide united the stillness of the land with the silence of the water. Seaward, a bright light shone, went out, and shone again; landward, a small but steady gleam emerged from the open door at which I was soon set down.

The next morning showed me that no part of what I had seen in the evening was a dream; that Tempe was really bounded on the west by a pine wood, on the north and south by headlands of rock, and on the east by the ocean; that the island, the existence of which had been intimated by a revolving light, lay in the offing; and that the gnarled trunks against the wall bore common cider-apples. Croquet-hoops had been set where these apple-trees would throw their deepest shade in the afternoon, as well as in the thinner shadow of an elm. A quarter of a mile perhaps from my window, a slender stream crept out of a copse of willows toward the sea. At the line of high tide, an arch of rustic wood-work had been thrown from bank to bank, at each end of which crouched little brown bath-houses. On the edge of the forest, a picturesque mill, whose broken wheel the little brook had long forgotten to turn, waited for the pencils which were to put life into its old timbers again.

Descending from my room, I perceived that the Castle of Indolence where I was domiciled had neither moat nor sentry. A window upon the ground floor was open, and the hall door stood ajar. Water-lilies dozed on their broad leaves in a stagnant pool a few feet from me, and other plants — poppy and tansy and sage — nodded on the outskirts of the vegetable garden, where ostentatious squashes were about to sun themselves. The Castle itself, — Castle I call it, in courtesy to our American nabobs, who veneer pine palaces with proud names in remembrance of the time, false old maxim, that every Englishman's house is his castle; in remembrance, too, of the days when idleness was possible only for the lord of a manor, lying behind thick walls, with draw-bridge up and portcullis down, with a few whom he had just robbed in the dungeon underground, and a Jew's daughter whom he would fain rob trembling before him, — our Castle, I say, was composed of several wooden, whitewashed buildings, a story and a half in height, each furnished with a porch or piazza, on which stood a rocking-chair or two.

The court still slept, but the aborigines, who possessed the land long before Indolence built a castle there, were up and doing. For even in this home of the idle there are hewers of wood and drawers of water, as there must have been in Lotos and itself. The Loto-phagi may have contented themselves, like the Maccaroni-phagi of Naples and the Missionary-phagi of the Cannibal Islands, with a single article of diet; but it must have been somebody's business to gather the delicious flowers for gentlemen, who lay

"Propt on beds of amaranth and moly."

And it must have been somebody's business to make those beds, for even an amaranth mattress might have to be turned once in a while. On Olympus, Hebe and Ganymede pour the nectar; in Georgia, Pompey and Chloe sweat for the Hon. Mr. Plantation; in Boston, John arranges the cushions and

opens the door of Mrs. Kopperstox's carriage.

In Tempe we were served by the oldest family on the continent, — so ancient and so noble that its members, like Anchises and Victoria, bore no surnames. Their Christian or rather ante-Christian names, as Job, Reuben, Sarah, Miriam, Isaac, Joseph, David, Moses, or Abigail, betokened a Jewish origin; but the sole trace of Hebrew in their dialect was the frequent use of the double negative; their Sabbath fell on the first day of the week; they were never known to attend synagogue; and they talked less of Aaron or of Abraham than of James Buchanan and Andrew Jackson, for they were conservative in politics, and had portraits of these departed Presidents conspicuously hung in parlor and chamber. But, like very Jews, they inveighed against the late war because of its effect upon values; they could not see why slavery should be more objectionable on the Mississippi than on the Jordan; they found it easier to believe that Joshua stopped the sun till the battle was over, than that the electrician could talk across the ocean; and they frequently celebrated Feasts of Unleavened Bread. Like Jews, they dwelt in the Past; deriving their only notions of modern life from weekly journals, which are supposed, in the cities where they purport to be published, to have been long extinct. Like Jews, they are grave in speech, and so similar in physiognomy as to recall the family of Flemings, who had "but one face amongst them."

Births occasionally occur in the valley, but it is not certain that death ever visits it. There are disappearances, it is true. One summer, Lot was no more to be found; but the house where he used to live was still known as Lot's cottage, and letters addressed to his care were delivered as before. On the other hand, however, a marble slab in the field which he once tilled bore his name and the date of his disappearance. But does Lot lie there, or does the inscription pretend to be an epitaph? The question often occurred to

me, while watching brown old Miriam, whom Lot married sixty years ago. When her eyes turned to the east, was she looking, through her round-glassed silver spectacles, fastened with twine around her head, for a familiar sail? Was she communing long silent hours with him who (invisible to us aliens, but visible to her) still dwelt in these Elysian Fields with all the other disappeared ones? Or had Lot taken a new lease of life in the person of his grandson? Only on the hypothesis that what we call death was a change of dress for Lot's spirit, not a change of residence, were we able to account for the scarlet cloaks and gay bonnets which Abigail and Ruth wore to what Miriam called "buryin' parties." With what other subjects the mysterious meditations of Miriam had to do I never learned. I could not subscribe to the current belief that her thoughts never went beyond the pots and kettles in the midst of which rocked the chair whence she gave her orders for dinner. As well say that the Sphinx,

"Staring right on with calm eternal eyes,"

never puts to herself the riddle of the Universe.

Some of the peculiarities of this extraordinary race of beings are attributable to the influence of the scenery and climate of Tempe. A person born there would naturally cling to the home of his forefathers, to their idiom, their habits, their usages; would care for what they loved, be suspicious of novelties, and unwilling to admit the possibility of improvement or the desirableness of leaving a world which gives so much happiness at so slight an expenditure of vital force. The visitor is reminded of Washington Irving's description of Sleepy Hollow. "It is in these little retired Dutch valleys," says he, "found here and there in the great State of New York, that population, manners, and customs remain fixed; while the great torrent of migration and improvement, which is making such incessant changes in other parts of this restless country, sweeps by them un-

observed. They are like those little nooks of still water which border a rapid stream; where we may see the straw and bubble riding quietly at anchor, or slowly revolving in their mimic harbor, undisturbed by the rush of the passing current. Though many years have elapsed since I trod the drowsy shades of Sleepy Hollow, I question whether I should not still find the same trees and the same families vegetating in its sheltered bosom."

Elsewhere the performance of menial services might have lowered the dignity of these dames of high degree; but Aspasia or the Queen of Sheba should have deemed it an honor to serve the ladies of the Court of Indolence, whose beauty, as Class-days yet to come shall tell, a summer there enriched; for the waters of this pool of Bethesda benefit the angels, as well as those who go in after them.

Would I could entice that dream of fair women into the light of day! I catch glimpses of white muslin belted with a broad ribbon, blue or cherry, with floating ends; of movements that are grace; of smiles that are a patent of nobility; I hear musical nothings, like the bird's trill that makes the morning; I hear words too good-humored to be scandal and too sprightly to be merely gossip, — but, walking in my memorial hall, I vainly try to conjure portraits into the frames upon its walls; listening at the most communicative panel of my whispering-gallery, I hear an uncertain rustling as of forest leaves, intelligible to no one now that Pan and Thoreau are dead. I vainly interrogate the tin-types which an "artist," who drove his *atelier* into the courtyard of our castle, coaxed the sun to take. But his Solar Majesty, in his best mood a bungler at portrait-painting, had no mind to help this interloper. In the city he may while away an hour in a photographer's saloon, but in the country he has more agreeable resorts. In the city he does drudgery like other people; but at Castle Indolence he found the work of shining arduous enough. He would stop in mid-heaven to look

into Helen's eyes, or to lay a caressing finger upon the radiant head of Irene. Every morning he peeped into their windows, and sent his flies to wake them; and every evening he hung his richest clouds around the walkers on the beach. But he knew well enough that the belle of a New England out-of-doors cannot be imprisoned in a *carte-de-vísite*.

Goddesses are not happy without worshippers. The young men who came to Tempe were welcomed. Gloved heavenly bodies in white suffered themselves to waltz with ungloved terrestrial bodies in pepper-and-salt. Diana, unable to take Endymion to Heaven, came down to earth. Some wondered that Indolence permitted the German; but it was soon apparent that, however active the body might be, the soul slumbered. Such flirtations as occurred would not have aroused the lightest sleeper. Cupid's arrows were pointless, his eyes were fully open, and his wings had been clipped. Those who would have applied to Tempe the notions of a world in which marrying and giving in marriage play an important part were gradually cured of their delusion. They were quartered by themselves; were permitted to see the ladies only at stated hours; were drugged by the air and sea, encouraged to drug themselves, and cajoled into liking each other's talk. They soon ceased to dream of carrying hearts by a *coup de main*, and conducted the siege with Chinese patience.

The ladies could now safely accept their escort for excursions beyond the frontiers. Indolence knows well enough that his greatest foe is curiosity, and that prohibition incites curiosity. Locksmiths create the love which laughs at them. Had Rasselas been free to leave the Happy Valley, he might have chosen to stay there. Had the vicinage been as uninviting as that of Tempe, his excursions would have been few. Toward the northern end of the beach the air is cooler than in the heart of Eden; the sand sinks beneath the feet; and the moon retires early for the night,

carrying her silver with her. Clambering over the rocky promontory which shuts Tempe from the world, the hardy explorer comes upon the Sea House, a huge pine building, squarely standing up against the blast. Entering, he finds himself in the peopled solitude of a fashionable hotel. He sees the great hall, shut in by whitewashed walls, and supported by slender whitewashed pillars; an open safe behind the bustling clerk; before him a newly arrived guest writing his name in a big folio, and a stranger reading it over his shoulder; in the middle distance, three whirling couples with sedate faces, surrounded by grave men and women in arm-chairs; in the background, under the stairs, the band, in linen dusters and felt hats, who probably combine the *utile* of waiting at table with the *dulce* of blowing through brass, but who have the air of wandering minstrels. This is what "The Bosville Mail" called *The Great Hop at the Sea House*.

Beyond the promontory to the south the air is almost as soft as in Tempe itself, and the waves break almost as gently; but a cheap caravansary has been erected for the accommodation of man and beast. The landlord tried to tempt his guests into the hall on the second floor, which he called the *bow-dah*; but they left its bay-window in possession of giggling chambermaids and shouting boys, preferring to seat themselves in the parlors on the ground floor, which did *not* command a view of the sea, but were dark with crimson curtains, and old with the cracked voice of a piano.

These are no resorts for denizens of Tempe. Thankful that we are not as these men and women are, we hasten back to our own sea-scented beach. Two by two, each couple out of earshot of every other,—less because there are confidences to exchange than for the sentiment of a *l'été-à-l'été*,—we pace the shore. There is no sparkling dialogue; there are few even of those pretty phrases which float, like gold-fish, in the garden pond of society. Varieties of character disappear in the sleepy air.

Sleep itself is less delicious than the sensation of luxurious repose experienced there, as the *far niente* of Italy is inferior to the *kief* of Asia Minor, of which, says a recent Oriental traveller, "Il n'est que l'ombre. Il ne suffit pas de ne point agir, il faut être pénétré du sentiment de son inaction; c'est quelque chose d'élyséen, comme la sérénité des âmes bienheureuses; c'est le bonheur de se sentir ne rien faire, je dirais presque de se sentir ne pas être."

We had a morning *kief*, also; for among the soporific influences of this "pleasing land of drowsyhed," salt water was next to August air. Dressing-rooms were small; the walk into the water under a glaring sun was a long one; the company was mixed; hair got wet, in spite of the oil-silk cap, and feet were bruised, in spite of slippers. If, however, all the inhabitants of Tempe had bathed at eleven o'clock, as most did, the valley would have been wrapped in sleep for several hours of the day. But Israel had never "hearn tell o' sech a thing"; "t warn't hulsome"; he "would n't do it no how, the Boston folks might like it or lump it." Israel had to get dinner ready, and dinner he would have as early as half past twelve. Indolence yielded, and the ladies postponed their nap till afternoon. Emboldened by the success of the aborigines, certain persons disregarded the wishes of their host. One pretended that she had not the requisite strength for a cold sea-bath; one—he only of the eight clergymen who officiated at the Castle—wrote a sermon during bathing-hours; a school-girl kept a diary for three days, writing in it while her companions were taking their post-meridian nap; and Lillian, in some freak, entered into a special agreement, to the effect that Indolence, party of the first part, would excuse her from bathing, on condition that she, party of the second part, would regularly walk to and from the beach at the same hours with the bathers, and under the escort of Alfonsus. It was not expressed in the instrument, but it was tacitly un-

derstood, that the talk of Alfonsus would put Lillian to sleep; and so it proved.

Yet Lillian was the liveliest lady of the court. She was doubtless born in the country, was a chubby-cheeked child, with the complexion of the blue pearmain, with a loud laugh, a quick walk, and manners almost hoydenish. At eighteen she was still considered too demonstrative by those ladies whose decorous souls never take off their corsets. But if there was an occasional overflow of the banks of conventional propriety, if the surface was sometimes agitated, powerful currents were also to be found in Lillian's life and quiet depths. Lillian had purposes and principles. She was studying the men she chattered with. She could never be induced to enter the grounds of sentiment, where the footing is uncertain. She refused to dance round dances. She held out against Indolence longer than others, partly in consequence of her buoyant temperament, and partly because she was lodged in a remote wing of the Castle.

Who could still the cuckoo in this clock, if not Alfonsus? Alfonsus is called "a cultivated man." He has forced his intellect to bear crops of the same kind year after year, until the soil is nearly exhausted. The springs of his affections have dried up in the parched air of libraries. He has never put himself, as Burns said he used to do when he would write his best, "upon the regimen of a fine woman." He appears in evening dress, like a pinioned malefactor. Dancing he affects to despise because he has never mastered the German; an elegant toilet, because he cannot tie his cravat; and scenery, because he cannot see it, being short-sighted. He is much given to criticism, and silences the light-armed wits of younger men with his loud-voiced, if not well-shotted guns. The pleasures of the pipe and social glass are unknown to him. Prematurely old, he has a stoop to his shoulders; wrinkles about his eyes, like the tracks of beach-birds near the mouth of our

creek; and a beard trimmed but little oftener than those worn by the saints of the Dark Ages, who were made out of such blocks as he.

Lillian had never seen Alfonsus before, and did not know what to make of him. But she frisked about as usual; she rang her merriest laugh; she prattled with uncommon vivacity: she might as well have blown a penny whistle in his ear. But, in an unlucky moment, she alluded to her classes in history and metaphysics. The remark knocking away at a blow every shore, Alfonsus was launched. Lillian, who, though a good scholar enough, had been secretly rejoicing all summer that there would be no more classes till November, felt a fatal stress upon the cable by which she had attached her active little wherry of a mind to the big junk of Alfonsus. Before they had been long at sea, her eyes began to close. But she managed to keep them politely ajar until she could smile good morning upon Alfonsus at the portals of the Castle. After trying the experiment several days, and finding it impossible to be released from her agreement, she resumed sea-bathing with the rest of the world.

The ocean served the aborigines for a fish-pond, and the guests at the Castle for a bath-tub. Indolence forbade boating as risky, and excursions into the forest as tiresome. Worsted-work and embroidery were rarely attempted, and knitting was left to the children of Israel. A novel was sometimes read aloud, but she, most excited by the Prothalamion, was sure to be napping when the Epithalamium was reached. Nobody but Julia, the *bas les* of the circle, who made way with a hundred pages of Macaulay in the course of the summer, tried reading to herself. Games of every description were common, except chess, whist, and twenty questions. Amanda and Stephen met each other at backgammon every morning, but he looked less at the board than at a stray lock which would blow into the bright eyes of his antagonist. One moonless evening, several tables

of commerce were formed, which were enlivened by brisk Betsy Baker, whose famous theatricals ended the season. Another evening, the stormiest of the summer, the Princess Sunbeam Scheherazade — a Yankee graft upon an East Indian stock — told the old story of a haunted house, — of clanking chains upon the stairs; of a step growing louder and louder; of a bony hand at the bedside, and an imperious gesture; of following a skeleton to the cellar; of digging there next day down to a strong-box, which contained a few tarnished gold coins, and what was once a woman's miniature; of a second visit from the skeleton, a second midnight walk, a second digging; of the exhumation of a parcel of bones; of their removal to a consecrated place of sepulture; and of the peace that fell upon the mansion thereafter, disturbed only by a parting call from the grateful ghost. As the princess finished her tale, the astral lamp was brought in. It showed William and Mary upon the floor, at the princess's feet, where they had been playing at jack-stones when the day fell and the story began; Julia at the table, with one finger in Macaulay; Amanda and Stephen upon the sofa, a little nearer each other than when last seen; and Aurelia in tears.

The others laughed at Aurelia, who was half provoked with herself. But it was this capacity for emotion which constituted Aurelia's charm. Some admirers called her "the goddess," from the spark of immortal fire at her heart; but they had often to regret the pains she was at to conceal it. For, by virtue of being a woman, Aurelia was two women in one. Fret as she might at conventional rules, she obeyed them. Albeit that she was a dissenter, she interested the Vicar of Wakefield in her spiritual welfare. She convinced Miriam that she was a good cook; pleased Alfonsus by her deference to his judgment of poetry, and won Stephen from Amanda in the first engagement. She was queen of all she croqueted, both when she took a mallet, and when she attracted Martin to

the seat beneath the tree that shades the middle wicket.

Martin measured the world with the foot-rule of Le Sack. When that Papanti of Queen Anne's reign heard that Harley had been made prime minister, and Earl of Oxford, he was thunder-struck. "Why," said he, "I could never make anything out of him!" No belle at the Castle but was proud to be led out by Martin in the German, of which he was the *sine quo non*. And when Day came from Boston to play for us, it was Day and Martin who gave a brilliant polish to the evening.

In some quarters, Martin was deemed a reprehensible person. One mamma declared that she never would let her daughter dance with such a man; but she was convinced by Aurelia's observation that "no one person can remodel the universe." There is no royal road to matrimony, and the bypaths are unsafe. Society stakes out the highway for marriageable daughters,—society, which regards conduct or char-

acter much less than manners and those minor morals that affect manners, and which sets aside its own regulations in favor of a first-rate dancer. Landor declared, according to Emerson, that nothing had stood more in his way in life than the not being a good dancer. Martin exemplified the converse proposition, that to a good dancer all things are possible,—a proposition nowhere more free from exception than in America. The fashionable society of New York is composed of young people from seventeen to twenty-two years of age, who come together to eat, drink, and dance. In which of our cities is more honor paid to a good head or a sound heart than to the agile toe? What a thrill the announcement that Mr. Robert Paris, just arrived, was the best dancer of New York, sent through Tempe! How the whisper ran from veranda to veranda! And how great was the disappointment when it turned out that he was only one of the best, and that he didn't know "the Boston step"!

V I X.

WHEN the work on the Central Park had fairly commenced, in the spring of 1858, I found—or I fancied—that proper attention to my scattered duties made it necessary that I should have a saddle-horse.

How easily, by the way, the arguments that convince us of these pleasant necessities find their way to the understanding.

Yet, how to subsist a horse after buying one, and how to buy? The memory of a well-bred and keen-eyed gray, dating back to the earliest days of my boyhood, and forming the chief feature of my recollection of play-time for years; an idle propensity, not a whit dulled yet, to linger over Leech's long-necked hunters, and Herring's

field scenes; an almost superstitious faith in the different analyses of the bones of the racer and of the cart-horse; a firm belief in Frank Forrester's teachings of the value of "blood,"—all these conspired to narrow my range of selection, and, unfortunately, to confine it to a very expensive class of horses.

Unfortunately, again, the commissioners of the Park had extremely inconvenient ideas of economy and evidently did not consider, in fixing their schedule of salaries, how much more satisfactory our positions would have been with more generous emolument.

How a man with only a Park salary, and with a family to support, could set up a saddle-horse,—and not ride to the

dogs, — was a question that exercised not a little of my engineering talent for weeks; and many an odd corner of plans and estimates was figured over with calculations of the cost of forage and shoeing.

Stable-room was plenty and free in the condemned buildings of the former occupants, and a little "over time" of one of the men would suffice for the grooming.

I finally concluded that, by giving up cigars, and devoting my energies to the pipe in their stead, I could save enough to pay for my horse's keep; and so, the ways and means having, in this somewhat vague manner, been provided, the next step was to buy a horse. To tell of the days passed at auction sales in the hope (never there realized) of finding goodness and cheapness combined, — of the stationery wasted in answering advertisements based on every conceivable form of false pretence; to describe the numberless broken-kneed, broken-winded, and broken-down brutes that came under inspection, — would be tedious and cruel.

Good horses there were, of course, though very few good saddle-horses (America is not productive in this direction), — and the possible animals were held at impossible prices.

Those who rode over the new Park lands usually rode anything but good saddle-horses. Fast trotters, stout ponies, tolerable carriage-horses, capital cart-horses there were in plenty. But the clean-cut, thin-crested, bright-eyed, fine-eared, steel-limbed saddle-horse, the saddle-horse *par excellence*, — may I say the only saddle-horse? — rarely came under observation; and when, by exception, such a one did appear, he was usually so ridden that his light was sadly dimmed. It was hard to recognize an elastic step under such an unelastic seat.

Finally, in the days of my despair, a kind saddler, — kept to his daily awl by a too keen eye for sport, and still, I believe, a victim to his propensity for laying his money on the horse that ought to win but don't, — hearing of

my ambition (to him the most laudable of all ambitions), came to put me on the long-sought path.

He knew a mare, or he had known one, that would exactly suit me. She was in a bad way now, and a good deal run down, but he always thought she "had it in her," and that some gentleman ought to keep her for the saddle, — "which, in my mind, sir, she be the finest bit of 'orse-flesh that was hever imported, sir." That was enough. "Imported" decided my case, and I listened eagerly to the enthusiastic story, — a story to which this man's life was bound with threads of hard-earned silver, and not less by a real honest love for a fine animal. He had never been much given to saving, but he was a good workman, and the little he had saved had been blown away in the dust that clouded his favorite at the tail of the race.

Still, he attached himself to her person, and followed her in her disgrace. "She were n't quite quick enough for the turf, sir, but she be a good 'un for a gentleman's 'ack."

He had watched her for years, and scraped acquaintance with her different owners as fast as she had changed them, and finally, when she was far gone with pneumonia, he had accepted her as a gift, and, by careful nursing, had cured her. Then, for a time, he rode her himself, and his eye brightened as he told of her leaps and her stride. Of course he rode her to the races, and — one luckless day, — when he had lost everything, and his passion had got the better of his prudence, he staked the mare herself on a perfectly sure thing in two-mile-heats. Like most of the "sure things" of life, this venture went to the bad, and the mare was lost, — lost to a Bull's Head dealer in single driving horses. "I see her in his stable alfter that, sir; and, forbieten she were twelve year old, sir, and 'ad 'ad a 'ard life of it, she were the youngest and likeliest of the lot, — you'd swore she were a three-year-old, sir."

If that dealer had had a soul above trotting-wagons, my story would never

have been written ; but all was fish that came to his net, and this thorough-bred racer, this beautiful creature who had never worn harness in her life, must be shown to a purchaser who was seeking something to drive. She was always quick to decide, and her actions followed close on the heels of her thought. She did not complicate matters by waiting for the gentleman to get into the wagon, but then and there — on the instant — kicked it to kindlings. This ended the story. She had been shown at a high figure, and was subsequently sold for a song, — he could tell me no more. She had passed to the lower sphere of equine life and usefulness, — he *had* heard of a fish-wagon, but he knew nothing about it. What he did know was, that the dealer was a dreadful jockey, and that it would never do to ask him. Now, here was something to live for, — a sort of princess in disgrace, whom it would be an honor to rescue, and my horse-hunting acquired a new interest.

By easy stages, I cultivated the friendship of the youth who, in those days, did the morning's sweeping-out at the Bull's Head Hotel. He had grown up in the alluring shades of the horse-market, and his daily communion from childhood had been with that "noble animal." To him horses were the individuals of the world, — men their necessary attendants, and of only attendant importance. Of course he knew of this black she-devil ; and he thought that "a hoss that could trot like she could on the halter" must be crazy not to go in harness.

However, he thought she had got her deserts now, for he had seen her, only a few weeks before, "a-draggin' clams for a feller in the Tenth Avenor." Here was a clew at last, — clams and the Tenth Avenue. For several days the scent grew cold. The people of the Licensed Vender part of this street seemed to have little interest in their neighbors' horses ; but I found one man, an Irish grocer, who had been bred a stable-boy to the Marquis of Waterford, and who did know of a

"poor old screw of a black mare" that had a good head, and might be the one I was looking for ; but, if she was, he thought I might as well give it up, for she was all broken down, and would never be good for anything again.

Taking the address, I went to a stable-yard, in what was then the very edge of the town, and here I found a knowing young man, who devoted his time to peddling clams and potatoes between New York and Sing Sing. Clams up, and potatoes down, — twice every week, — distance thirty miles ; road hilly ; and that was the wagon he did it with, — a heavy wagon with a heavy arched top, and room for a heavy load, and only shafts for a single horse. In reply to my question, he said he changed horses pretty often, because the work broke them down ; but he had a mare now that had been at it for three months, and he thought she would last some time longer. "She's pretty thin, but you ought to see her trot with that wagon." With an air of idle curiosity, I asked to see her, — I had gone shabbily dressed, not to excite suspicion ; for men of the class I had to treat with are usually sharp horse-traders, — and this fellow, clam-peddler though he was, showed an enthusiastic alacrity in taking me to her stall. She had won even his dull heart, and he spoke of her gently, as he made the most of her good points, and glossed over her wretched condition.

Poor Vixen (that had been her name in her better days, and it was to be her name again), she had found it hard kicking against the pricks ! Clam-carts are stronger than trotting-wagons, and even her efforts had been vain. She had succumbed to dire necessity, and earned her ignoble oats with dogged fidelity. She had a little warm corner in her driver's affections, — as she always had in the affections of all who came to know her well, — but her lot was a very hard one. Worn to a skeleton, with sore galls wherever the harness had pressed her, her pasterns bruised by clumsy shoes, her silky coat burned brown by the sun, and her neck curved

upward, it would have needed more than my knowledge of anatomy to see anything good in her but for her wonderful head. This was the perfection of a horse's head,—small, bony, and of perfect shape, with keen, deer-like eyes, and thin, active ears; it told the whole story of her virtues, and showed no trace of her sufferings. Her royal blood shone out from her face, and kept it beautiful.

My mind was made up, and Vixen must be mine at any cost. Still, it was important to me to buy as cheaply as I could, and desirable, above all, not to be jockeyed in a horse-trade; so it required some diplomacy (an account of which would not be edifying here) to bring the transaction to its successful close. The pendulum which swung between offer and demand finally rested at seventy-five dollars.

She was brought to me at the Park on a bright moonlight evening in June, and we were called out to see her. I think she knew that her harness days were over, and she danced off to her new quarters as gay as a colt in training. That night my wakefulness would have done credit to a boy of sixteen; and I was up with the dawn, and bound for a ride; but when I examined poor Vix again in her stable, it seemed almost cruel to think of using her at all for a month. She was so thin, so worn, so bruised, that I determined to give her a long rest and good care,—only I must try her once, just to get a leg over her for five minutes, and then she should come back and be cared for until really well. It was a weak thing to do, and I confess it with all needful humiliation, but I mounted her at once; and, although I had been a rider all my days, this was the first time I had ever really ridden. For the first time in my life I felt as though I had four whalebone legs of my own, worked by steel muscles in accordance with my will, but without even a conscious effort of will.

That that anatomy of a horse should so easily, so playfully, handle my heavy weight was a mystery, and is a mystery still. She carried me in the same

high, long-reaching, elastic trot that we sometimes see a young horse strike when first turned into a field. A low fence was near by, and I turned her toward it. She cleared it with a bound that sent all my blood thrilling through my veins, and trotted on again as though nothing had occurred. The five minutes' turn was taken with so much ease, with such evident delight, that I made it a virtue to indulge her with a longer course and a longer stride. We went to the far corners of the Park, and tried all our paces; all were marvellous for the power so easily exerted and the evident power in reserve.

Yes, Frank Forester was right, blood horses are made of finer stuff than others. My intention of giving the poor old mare a month's rest was never carried out, because each return to her old recreation—it was never work—made it more evident that the simple change in her life was all she needed; and, although in constant use from the first, she soon put on the flesh and form of a sound horse. Her minor bruises were obliterated, and her more grievous ones grew into permanent scars,—blemishes, but only skin deep; for every fibre of every muscle, and every tendon and bone in her whole body, was as strong and supple as spring steel.

The Park afforded good leaping in those days. Some of the fences were still standing around the abandoned gardens, and new ditches and old brooks were plenty. Vixen gave me lessons in fencing which a few years later, in time of graver need, stood me in good stead. She weighed less than four times the weight that she carried; yet she cleared a four-foot fence with apparent ease, and once, in a moment of excitement, she carried me over a brook, with a clear leap of twenty-six feet, measured from the taking-off to the landing.

Her feats of endurance were equal to her feats of strength. I once rode her from Yorkville to Rye (twenty-one miles) in an hour and forty-five minutes, including a rest of twenty minutes at Pelham Bridge, and I frequently rode twenty-

five miles out in the morning and back in the afternoon. When put to her work, her steady road gallop (mostly on the grassy sides) was fifteen miles an hour.

Of course these were extreme cases; but she never showed fatigue from them, and she did good service nearly every day, winter and summer, from her twelfth to her fifteenth year, keeping always in good condition, though thin as a racer, and looking like a colt at the end of the time. Horsemen never guessed her age at more than half of what it actually was.

Beyond the average of even the most intelligent horses, she showed some almost human traits. Above all was she fond of children, and would quiet down from her wildest moods to allow a child to be carried on the pommel. When engaged in this serious duty, it was difficult to excite her, or to urge her out of a slow and measured pace, although usually ready for any extravagance. Not the least marked of her peculiarities was her inordinate vanity. On a country road, or among the workmen of the Park, she was as staid and business-like as a parson's cob; but let a carriage or a party of visitors come in sight, and she would give herself the prancing airs of a circus horse, seeming to watch as eagerly for some sign of approval, and to be made as happy by it, as though she only lived to be admired. Many a time have I heard the exclamation, "What a beautiful horse!" and Vix seemed to hear it too, and to appreciate it quite as keenly as I did. A trip down the Fifth Avenue in the afternoon was an immense excitement to her, and she was more fatigued by it than by a twenty-mile gallop. However slowly she travelled, it was always with the high springing action of a fast trot, or with that long-stepping, side-long action that the French call *à deux pistes*; few people allowed us to pass without admiring notice.

Her most satisfactory trait was her fondness for her master; she was as good company as a dog, — better, perhaps, because she seemed more really

a part of one's self; and she seemed always to respond to my changing moods. I have sometimes, when unable to sleep, got up in the night and saddled for a ride, usually ending in a long walk home, with the bridle over my arm, and the old mare's kind face close beside my own, in something akin to human sympathy; she had a way of sighing, when things were especially sad, that made her very comforting to have about. So we went on for three years, always together, and always very much to each other. We had our little unhappy episodes, when she was pettish and I was harsh, — sometimes her feminine freaks were the cause, sometimes my masculine blundering, — but we always made it up, and were soon good friends again, and, on the whole, we were both better for the friendship. I am sure that I was, and some of my more grateful recollections are connected with this dumb companion.

The spring of 1861 opened a new life for both of us, — a sad and a short one for poor Vix.

I never knew just how much influence she had in getting my commission, but, judging by the conduct of the other field officers of the regiment, she was evidently regarded as the better half of the new acquisition. The pomp and circumstance of glorious war suited her temper exactly, and it was ludicrous to see her satisfaction in first wearing her gorgeous red-bordered shabrack; for a long time she carried her head on one side to see it. She conceived a new affection for me from the moment when she saw me bedecked with the dazzling bloom that preceded the serious fruitage of the early New York volunteer organizations.

At last the thrilling day came. Broadway was alive from end to end with flags and white cambric and sad faces. Another thousand were going to the war. With Swiss bugle-march and chanted Marseillaise, we made our solemn way through the grave and anxious throng. To us it was naturally a day of sore trial; but with brilliant, happy Vixen it was far different; she

was leaving no friends behind, was going to meet no unknown peril. She was showing her royal, stylish beauty to an admiring crowd, and she acted as though she took to her own especial behoof every cheer that rang from Union Square to Cortlandt Street. It was the glorious day of her life, and, as we dismounted at the Jersey ferry, she was trembling still with the delightful excitement.

At Washington we were encamped east of the Capitol, and for a month were busy in getting settled in the new harness. Mr. Lincoln used to drive out sometimes to our evening drill, and he always had a pleasant word—as he always had for every one, and as every one had for her—for my charming thorough-bred, who had made herself perfectly at home with the troops, and enjoyed every display of the marvellous raiment of the regiment.

On the 4th of July we crossed the Potomac and went below Alexandria, where we lay in idle preparation for the coming disaster. On the 16th we marched, in Blenker's brigade of Miles's division, and we passed the night in a hay-field, with a confusion of horses' feed and riders' bed, that brought Vix and me very closely together. On the 18th we reached the valley this side of Centreville, while the skirmish of Blackburn's Ford was going on,—a skirmish now, but a battle then. For three nights and two days we lay in the bushes, waiting for rations and orders. On Sunday morning McDowell's army moved out;—we all know the rest. Miles's thirteen thousand fresh troops lay within sight and sound of the lost battle-field,—he drunk and unable, even if not unwilling, to take them to the rescue,—and all we did was, late in the evening, to turn back a few troopers of the Black Horse Cavalry, the moral effect of whose unseen terrors was driving our herds, panting, back to the Potomac. Late in the night we turned our backs on our idle field, and brought up the rear of the sad retreat. Our regiment was the last to move out, and Vix and I were

with the rear-guard. Wet, cold, tired, hungry, unpursued, we crept slowly through the scattered *débris* of the broken-up camp equipage, and dismally crossed the Long Bridge in a pitiless rain, as Monday's evening was closing in. O, the dreadful days that followed, when a dozen resolute men might have taken Washington, and have driven the army across the Chesapeake, when everything was filled with gloom and rain and grave uncertainty!

Again the old mare came to my aid. My regiment was not a pleasant one to be with, for its excellent material did not redeem its very bad commander, and I longed for service with the cavalry. Frémont was going to St. Louis, and his chief of staff was looking for cavalry officers. He had long known Vixen, and was kind enough to tell me that he wanted *her* for the new organization, and (as I was her necessary appendage) he procured my transfer, and we set out for the West. It was not flattering to me to be taken on these grounds; but it was flattering to Vixen, and that was quite as pleasant.

Arrived at St. Louis, we set about the organization of the enthusiastic thousands who rushed to serve under Frémont. Whatever there was of ostentatious display, Vixen and I took part in, but this was not much. Once we turned out in great state to receive Prince Plon-Plon, but that was in the night, and he didn't come after all. Once again there was a review of all the troops, and that *was* magnificent. This was all. There was no coach and four, nor anything else, but downright hard work from early morning till late bed-time, from Sunday morning till Saturday night. For six weeks, while my regiment of German horsemen was fitting up and drilling at the Abbey Race-track, I rode a cart-horse, and kept the mare in training for the hard work ahead.

At last, we were off, going up the Missouri, sticking in its mud, poling over its shoals, and being bored generally. At Jefferson City Vixen made her last appearance in ladies' society,

as by the twilight fires of the General's camp she went through her graceful paces before Mrs. Frémont and her daughter. I pass over the eventful pursuit of Price's army, because the subject of my story played only a passive part in it. At Springfield I tried her nerve by jumping her over the dead horses on brave Zagonyi's bloody field; and, although distastefully, she did my bidding without flinching, when she found it must be done. The camp-life at Springfield was full of excitement and earnestness; Price, with his army, was near at hand (or we believed that he was, which was the same thing). Our work in the cavalry was very active, and Vix had hard service on insufficient food,—she seemed to be sustained by sheer nervous strength.

At last the order to advance was given, and we were to move out at day-break; then came a countermanding order; and then, late in the evening, Frémont's farewell. He had been relieved. There was genuine and universal grief. Good or bad, competent or incompetent,—this is not the place to argue that,—he was the life and the soul of his army, and it was cruelly wronged in his removal. Spiritless and full of disappointment, we again turned back from our aim;—then would have been Price's opportunity.

It was the loveliest Indian-summer weather, and the wonderful opal atmosphere of the Ozark Mountains was redolent with the freshness of a second spring. As had always been my habit in dreamy or unhappy moods, I rode my poor tired mare for companionship's sake,—I ought not to have done it,—I would give much not to have done it, for I never rode her again. The march was long, and the noonday sun was oppressive. She, who had never faltered before grew nervous and shaky now, and once, after fording the Pomme-de-Terre in deep water, she behaved wildly; but when I talked to her, called her a good girl, and combed her silken mane with my fingers, she came back to her old way, and went on nicely. Still she perspired unnaturally, and I

felt uneasy about her when I dismounted and gave her rein to Rudolf, my orderly.

Late in the night, when the moon was in mid-heaven, he came to my tent, and told me that something was the matter with Vixen. My adjutant and I rushed out, and there we beheld her in the agony of a brain fever. She was the most painfully magnificent animal I ever saw. Crouched on the ground, with her fore legs stretched out and wide apart, she was swaying to and fro, with hard and stertorous breath,—every vein swollen and throbbing in the moonlight. De Grandèle, our quiet veterinary surgeon, had been called while it was yet time to apply the lancet. As the hot stream spurted from her neck she grew easier; her eye recovered its gentleness, and she laid her head against my breast with the old sigh, and seemed to know and to return all my love for her. I sat with her until the first gray of dawn, when she had grown quite calm, and then I left her with De Grandèle and Rudolf while I went to my duties. We must march at five o'clock, and poor Vixen could not be moved. The thought of leaving her was very bitter, but I feared it must be done, and I asked De Grandèle how he could best end her sufferings,—or was there still some hope? He shook his head mournfully, like a kind-hearted doctor as he was, and said that he feared not; but still, as I was so fond of her, if I would leave him six men, he would do his best to bring her on, and, if he could not, he would not leave her alive. I have had few harder duties than to march that morning. Four days after De Grandèle sent a message to me at our station near Rolla, that he was coming on nicely, and hoped to be in at nightfall. "Vixen seems to be better and stronger." At nightfall they came, the poor old creature stepping slowly and timidly over the rough road, all the old fire and force gone out of her, and with only a feeble whinny as she saw me walking to meet her. We built for her the best quarters we could under the mountain-side, and spread

her a soft bed of leaves. There was now hope that she would recover sufficiently to be sent to St. Louis to be nursed.

That night, an infernal brute of a troop horse that had already killed Ludlow's charger, led by some fiendish spirit, broke into Vixen's enclosure, and with one kick laid open her hock joint.

In vain they told me that she was incurable. I could not let her die now, when she was just restored to me; and I forced from the Grandèle the confession that she *might* be slung up and so bound that the wound would heal, although the joint must be stiff. She could never carry me again, but she could be my pet; and I would send her home, and make her happy for many a long year yet. We moved camp two miles, to the edge of the town, and she followed, painfully and slowly, the injured limb dragging behind her; I could not give her up. She was picketed near my tent, and for some days grew no worse.

Finally, one lovely Sunday morning, I found her sitting on her haunches like a dog, patient and gentle, and wondering at her pain. She remained in this position all day, refusing food. I stroked her velvet crest, and coaxed her with sugar. She rubbed her nose against my arm, and was evidently

thankful for my caresses, but she showed no disposition to rise. The adjutant led me into my tent as he would have led me from the bedside of a dying friend. I turned to look back at poor Vixen, and she gave me a little neigh of farewell.

They told me then, and they told it very tenderly, that there was no possibility that she could get well in camp, and that they wanted me to give her over to them. The adjutant sat by me, and talked of the old days when I had had her at home, and when he had known her well. We brought back all of her pleasant ways, and agreed that her trouble ought to be ended.

As we talked, a single shot was fired, and all was over. The setting sun was shining through the bare November branches, and lay warm in my open tent-front. The band, which had been brought out for the only funeral ceremony, breathed softly Kreutzer's touching "Die Capelle," and the sun went down on one of the very sad days of my life.

The next morning I carved deeply in the bark of a great oak-tree, at the side of the Pacific Railroad, beneath which they had buried my lovely mare, a simple VIX; and some day I shall go to scrape the moss from the inscription.

THRIFT.

MY ships are blown about the world,
From Heart's Content to iceless Ind;
The tides play out, the winds come down,
And perils follow tide and wind.

When Fancy tricks me into dreams,
I see my love in royal rooms,—
More than a queen when all are queens,
And kings beside her seem like grooms.

Meanwhile she spins her wheel indoors,
Beginning when the days begin;
"We shall not want,"—her very words,—
"Though never ship of thine come in."

A WEEK ON CAPRI.

LOOKING seaward from Naples, the island of Capri lies across the throat of the bay like a vast natural breakwater, grand in all its proportions, and marvellously picturesque in outline. The fancy is at once excited, and seeks to find some definite figure therein. Long ago, an English traveller compared it to a couchant lion; Jean Paul, on the strength of some picture he had seen, pronounced it to be a sphinx; while Gregorovius, most imaginative of all, finds that it is "an antique sarcophagus, with bass-reliefs of snaky-haired Eumenides, and the figure of Tiberius lying upon it."

Capri is not strictly a by-way of travel, inasmuch as most of the tourists who come to Naples take the little bay-steamer, visit the Blue Grotto, touch an hour at the *marina*, or landing-place, and return the same evening *via* Sorrento. But this is like reading a title-page, instead of the volume behind it. The few who climb the rock, and set themselves quietly down to study the life and scenery of the island, find an entire poem, to which no element of beauty or interest is wanting, opened for their perusal. Like Venice, Capri is a permanent island in the traveller's experience,—detached from the mainland of Italian character and associations. It is not a grand dramatic epic, to which light waves keep time, tinkling on the marble steps; but a bright, breezy pastoral of the sea, with a hollow, rumbling undertone of the Past, like that of the billows in its caverns. Venice has her generations, her ages of heroic forms: here one sole figure, supremely fierce and abominable, usurps the historic background. Not only that: its shadow is projected over the life of the island, now and for all time to come. Here, where Nature has placed terror and beauty side by side, the tragedy of one man is inextricably blended with the idyllic annals of a

simple, innocent people. To feel this, one must live a little while on Capri.

It was nearly the end of January, when Antonio, our boatman, announced that we had the "one day out of a dozen," for crossing the ten miles of sea between Sorrento and the island. I had my doubts, placing my own weather-instinct against the boatman's need of making a good fare in a dull season; but we embarked, nevertheless. The ripple of a sirocco could even then be seen far out on the bay, and a cloudy wall of rain seemed to be rising from the sea. "Non c'è paura," said the sailors; "we have a god-mother at the marina of Capri, and we are going to burn a lamp for her to-night. She will give us good weather." They pulled gayly, and we soon passed the headland of Sorrento, beyond which the mouth of the Bay of Naples opened broadly to view. Across the water, Ischia was already dim with rain; and right in front towered Capri, huge, threatening, and to the eye inaccessible but for the faint glimmer of houses at the landing-place.

Here we met the heavy swell rolling in from the sea. The men bent to their oars, with cries of "Hal-li! maccheroni à Capri!" The spray of the coming rain struck us, but it was light and warm. Antonio set the sail, and we steered directly across the strait, the sky becoming darker and wilder every minute. The bold Cape of Minerva, with its Odyssean memories, and the Leap of Tiberius, on Capri, were the dim landmarks by which we set our course. It was nearly two hours before we came to windward of the latter, and I said to Antonio: "It is one day out of a dozen for cold and wet." He was silent, and made an attempt to look melancholy. However, the rocks already overhung us; in front was a great curving sweep of gardens, mounting higher and ever higher in the twilight;

and the only boat we had seen on the deserted bay drew in towards us, and made for the roadstead.

The row of fishermen's houses on the beach beckoned welcome after the dreary voyage. At first I saw no human being, but presently some women and children appeared, hurrying to the strand. A few more lifts on the dying swell, and our keel struck the shore. The sailors jumped into the water; one of the women planted a tall bench against the bow, and over this bridge we were landed. There was already a crowd surrounding us with clamors for gifts and service. The woman with the bench was the noisiest: "It is mine!" she continually cried, — "I brought it!" I gave her a copper coin, expecting, after my Neapolitan experiences, to hear wilder cries for more; but she only uttered, "Eh? due bajocchi!" in an indescribable tone, shouldered her bench, and walked away. Antonio picked out two maidens, piled our baggage upon their heads, and we set off for the town of Capri. The clamorous crowd dissolved at once: there was neither insult nor pursuit. It was a good-humored demonstration of welcome, — nothing more.

It was but a single step from the strand — the only little fragment of beach on ten miles of inaccessible shore — to the steep and stony pathway leading up the height. It still rained, and the night was rapidly falling. High garden walls further darkened the way, which was barely wide enough to allow two persons to pass, and the bed of which, collecting the rain from the steeps on either side, was like that of a mountain torrent. Before us marched the bare-legged porteresses, with astonishing lightness and swiftness, while we plodded after, through the rattling waters, often slipping on the wet stones, and compelled to pause at every corner to regain our breath. The bright houses on the ridge overhead shone as if by their own light, crowning the dusky gardens, and beckoning us upwards.

After nearly half an hour of such

climbing, we emerged from between the walls. A vast, hollow view opened dimly down to the sea for a moment; then we passed under an arch, and found ourselves in the little square of the town, which is planted on the crest of the island, at its lowest point. There are not forty feet of level ground: the pavement falls to both shores. A few paces down the southern slope brought us to a large white mansion, beside which the crown of a magnificent palm-tree rustled in the wind. This was the hostelry of Don Michele Pagano, known to all artists who have visited Capri for the last twenty years. A stately entrance, an ample staircase, and lofty, vaulted chambers, gave the house a palatial air, as we came into it out of the stormy night. The two maidens, who had carried forty pounds apiece on their heads, were not in the least flushed by their labor. The fee I gave seemed to me very small, but they were so well pleased that Antonio's voice, demanding, "Why don't you thank the Signore?" made them start out of a dream, — perhaps of pork and macaroni. At once, like children saying their lessons, they dipped a deep courtesy, side by side, saying, "Grazie, Signore!" I then first saw how pretty they were, how bright their eyes, how dazzling their teeth, and how their smiles flashed as they said "Good night!" Meanwhile, Don Michele's daughter had kindled a fire on the hearth, there was a promise of immediate dinner, and we began to like Capri from that moment.

My first walk satisfied me that no one can make acquaintance with the island, from a boat. Its sea-walls of rock are so enormous, that they hide almost its entire habitable portion from view. In order to make any description of its scenery clear to the reader, the prominent topographical features must be first sketched. Capri lies due south of Naples, its longer diameter running east and west, so that it presents its full broadside to the capital. Its outline, on the ground plan, is that of a short, broad-topped boot, the toe pointing towards the Sorrentine head-

land. The breadth, across the top, or western end, is two miles; and the length of the island is about four miles. The town of Capri lies just at the top of the instep, where the ankle is narrowest, occupying also the crest between the northern and southern shores. Immediately to the west of it rises a tremendous mountain-wall, only to be scaled at one point. All the island beyond this wall is elevated considerably above the eastern half, the division being also municipal and social. The eastern part, however, possesses the only landing-places on both shores, whence it is the most animated and populous, claiming at least two thirds of the entire number of five thousand souls on the island. The most elevated points are the Salto (leap) di Tiberio, the extreme eastern cape, which rises nearly a thousand feet above the sea; and Monte Solaro, a part of the dividing wall which I have just mentioned, about double the height of the Salto. In addition to the landing-place on the northern shore, there is a little cove just opposite, below the town, where boats can land in still weather. Elsewhere, the rocks descend to the water in a sheer wall, from one to eight hundred feet in height. Although so near Naples, the winds from the mountains of the Peninsula are somewhat softened in crossing the bay, and the winter temperature is about ten degrees higher in consequence.

When we crossed the little square of the town to the entrance-gate, on the morning after our arrival, there was a furious *tramontana* blowing. The whole circuit of the Bay of Naples was visible, drawn in hard, sharp outlines, and the blue basin of water was freckled with thousands of shifting white-caps. The resemblance of the bay to a vast volcanic crater struck my fancy: the shores and islands seem to be the ruins of its rim. Such a wind, in Naples, would have been intolerable: here it was only strong at exposed points, and its keen edge was gone. We turned eastward, along a narrow, dirty street, to get into the country. In a hundred

yards the town ceased, and the heavy walls gave place to enormous hedges of cactus. A boy, walking the same way, asked: "Are you going to Tiberio" (Tiberius)? The ruins of the Villa Jovis, the principal palace of the Emperor, were already to be seen, on the summit of the eastern headland of the island. Along a roughly paved lane, under the shade of carob and olive trees, we finally came to a large country-house in a most picturesque state of ruin. A crumbling archway, overhung by a fringe of aloes, which had thrust their roots between the stones, attracted my attention, and I began to sketch it. Not many minutes elapsed before five or six boys came out, and watched me from the arch. They would have been good accessories, but, whenever I looked at one, he got out of the way. Presently they brought an aloe, and set it upon the rocks; but, seeing that I paid no attention to it, one of them remarked with a grimace, "No butiglia,"—meaning that he expected no gratuity from me. They were lively, good-natured imps, and so it was a pleasure to disappoint them agreeably.

We went also down the southern slope of the island, and came at random into the Val Tragara, — a peaceful solitude, where twenty-five centuries of labor have turned the hostile rocks into tiers of ever-yielding gardens. One range of these is supported upon arches of masonry that formerly upheld the highway which Tiberius constructed between his palaces. I afterwards found other traces of the road, leading in easy zigzags to the site of the fourth palace on San Michele. Descending deeper in the Val Tragara we missed the main path, and stumbled down the channels of the rain between clumps of myrtle and banks whereon the red anemone had just begun to open its blossoms. The olive-trees, sheltered from the wind, were silent, and their gray shadows covered the suggestive mystery of the spot. For here Tiberius is supposed to have hidden those rites of the insane Venus to which Suetonius and Tacitus so darkly allude.

"Non ragioniam di lor, ma guarda e passa."

A single almond-tree, in flower, made its own sunshine in the silvery gloom; and the secluded beauties of the place tempted us on, until the path dropped into a ravine, which fell towards the sea. Following the line of the ancient arches there is another path — the only level walk on the island — leading to a terrace above the three pointed rocks off the southern coast, called the Faraglioni. In the afternoon, when all the gardens and vineyards from the edge of the white cliffs to the town along the ridge lie in light, and the huge red and gray walls beyond, literally piled against the sky, are in hazy shadow, the views from this path are poems written in landscape forms. One does not need to remember that here once was Rome; that beyond the sea lie Sicily and Carthage; that Augustus consecrated the barren rock below to one of his favorites, and jested with Thrasyllus at one of his last feasts. The delight of the eye fills you too completely; and Capri, as you gaze, is released from its associations, classic and diabolic. If Nature was here profaned by Man, she has long ago washed away the profanation. Her pure air and healthy breezes tolerate no moral diseases. Such were brought hither; but they took no root, and have left no trace, except in the half-fabulous "Timberio" of the people.

It is time to visit the Villa Jovis, the Emperor's chief residence. The *tramontana* still blew, when we set out; but, as I said, it had lost its sharp edge in coming over the bay, and was deliciously bracing. As the gulf opened below us, after passing Monte San Michele, we paused to look at the dazzling panorama. Naples was fair in sight; and the smoke of Vesuvius, following the new lava, seemed nearly to have reached Torre del Greco. While we were studying the volcano through a glass, a tall man in Scotch cap and flannel shirt came up, stopped, and addressed us in Italian.

"You see that white house yonder on the cliff?" said he; "a Signore In-

glese lives there. It's a nice place, a beautiful situation. There's the place for the cows, and there are the columbaria, and all sorts of things. It's what they call a *quinta* in Portugal."

"Is the Englishman married?" I asked.

"I don't know," he replied; "I believe there's a certain woman in the house."

I handed him the glass, which he held to his eye for five minutes, without saying a word. Suddenly he broke out in English: "Yes, as you say, the powdery appearance — the — ah, the sudden change! Boreal weather, you know; but the indications seem to me, having watched and kept the thing in view, quite, — ah, — *quite* of your opinion!"

I was speechless, as may easily be imagined; and, before I could guess what to reply, he handed me the glass, took off his cap, said: "Here's hoping, — ah, wishing, that we may meet again, — *perhaps!*" and went off with tremendous strides.

"Who is that, Augusto?" I asked of the small Caprese boy who carried our books and umbrellas.

"Un Signo' Inglese."

"Is anything the matter with him?"

"È un po' pazzo" (a little cracked).

"Where does he live?"

"Yonder!" said Augusto, pointing to the very house, and place for the cows, and the columbaria, to which the gentleman himself had called my attention. It was his own house! The "certain woman," I afterwards learned, was his legal wife, a girl of Capri. As for himself, he bears a name noted in literature, and is the near relative of three authors.

Two pleasant girls kept us company a little farther, and then we went on alone, by a steep, slippery path, paved with stone, between the poor little fields of fig and olive. The patches of wheat were scarcely bigger than cottage flowerbeds, and in many places a laborious terrace supported only ground enough to produce a half-peck of grain. Lupines and horse-beans are the commonest crop at this season. Along our path

bloomed "the daisy-star that never sets," with anemone and golden broom. The Villa Jovis was full in view, and not distant; but the way first led us to the edge of the cliffs on the southeastern side of the island. From a rough pulpit of masonry we looked down on the wrinkled sea near a thousand feet below. The white-caps were but the tiniest sprinkles of silver on its deep-blue ground.

As we mounted towards the eastern headland, the tremendous walls of the western half of Capri rose bold and bright against the sky; but the arcs of the sea horizon, on either side, were so widely extended that they nearly clasped behind Monte Solaro. It was a wonderful, an indescribable view; how can I give it in words? Here I met an old man, in a long surtout, who stopped and conversed a minute in French. He was a soldier of Napoleon, now the keeper of a little restaurant at the Salto di Tiberio, and had just been made happy by the cross and a pension. The restaurant was opened by a peasant, and we passed through it to the Salto. A protecting rampart of masonry enables you to walk to the very brink. The rock falls a thousand feet, and so precipitously that the victims flung hence must have dropped into the waves. We looked directly across the strait to the Cape of Minerva, and towards Salerno as well as Naples. The snow-crowned Monte Sant' Angelo, rising in the centre, gave the peninsula a broad pyramidal form, buttressed by the headlands on either side. The Isles of the Sirens were full in view; and, beyond them, the whole curve of the Salernic gulf, to the far Calabrian cape of Licosa. The distance was bathed in a flood of airy gold, and the gradations in the color of the sea, from pale amethyst to the darkest sapphire below us, gave astonishing breadth and depth to the immense perspective. But the wind, tearing round the point in furious gusts, seemed trying to snatch us over the rampart, and the horror of the height became insupportable.

Much of the plan of the Villa Jovis

may still be traced. As we approached the ruins, which commence a few paces beyond the Salto, a woman made her appearance, and assumed the office of guide. "Here lived Timberio," said she; "he was a great man, a beautiful man, but O, he was a devil! Down there are seven chambers, which you can only see by torch-light; and here are the *piscine*, one for salt water and one for fresh; and now I'll show you the mosaic pavement,—all made by Timberio. O, the devil that he was!" Timberio is the favorite demon of the people of Capri. I suspect they would not give him up for any consideration. A wine of the island is called the "Tears of Tiberius" (when did he ever shed any, I wonder?), just as the wine of Vesuvius is called the Tears of Christ. When I pointed to the distant volcano, whose plume of silver smoke was the sign of the active eruption, and said to the woman, "Timberio is at work yonder!" she nodded her head, and answered: "Ah, the devil! to be sure he is."

We picked our way through the ruins, tracing three stories of the palace, which must have been four, if not five, stories high on the land side. Some drums of marble columns are scattered about, bits of stucco remain at the bases of the walls; there is a corridor paved with mosaic, descending, curiously enough, in an inclined plane, and the ground-plan of a small theatre; but the rubbish left does not even hint of the former splendor. It is not one of those pathetic ruins which seem to appeal to men for preservation; it rather tries to hide itself from view, welcoming the broom, the myrtle, and the caper-shrub to root-hold in its masses of brick and mortar.

On the topmost platform of ruin is the little chapel of Santa Maria del Soccorso, together with the hermitage of a good-natured friar, who brings you a chair, offers you bits of Tiberian marble, and expects a modest alms. Here I found the wild Englishman, sitting on a stone bench beside the chapel. He pointed over the parapet to the aw-

ful precipice, and asked me: "Did you ever go over there? I did once,—to get some jonquils. You know the rock-jonquils are the finest." Then he took my glass, looked through it at the distant shores, and began to laugh. "This reminds me," said he, "of a man who was blown up with his house several hundred feet into the air. He was immensely frightened, when, all at once, he saw his neighbor's house beside him—blown up too. And the neighbor called out: 'How long do you think it will take us to get down again?' Cool,—was n't it?" Thereupon he went to the ladies of the party, whom he advised to go to the *marina*, and see the people catch shrimps. "It's a beautiful sight," he said. "The girls are so fresh and rosy,—but, then, so are the shrimps!"

It is no lost time, if you sit down upon a block of marble in the Villa Jovis, and dream a long, bewildering day-dream. Here it is almost as much a riot for the imagination to restore what once was, as to create what might be. The temples of Minerva and Apollo, across the strait, were both visible from this point. Looking over Capri, you place the second palace of Tiberius on the summit of Monte Tuoro, which rises against the sea on your right; the third on the southern side of the island, a little further; the fourth on Monte San Michele; the fifth and sixth beyond the town of Capri, near the base of the mountain wall. Roads connecting these piles of splendor cross the valleys on high arches, and climb the peaks in laborious curves. Beyond the bay, the headland of Misenum and the shores of Baia are one long glitter of marble. Villas and temples crown the heights of Puteoli, and stretch in an unbroken line to Neapolis. Here the vision grows dim, but you know what magnificence fills the whole sweep of the shore,—Portici and Pompeii and Stabia, growing visible again as the palaces shine above the rocks of Surrentum!

After the wonder that such things were, the next greatest wonder is that

they have so utterly vanished. What is preserved is so fresh and solid that Time seems to have done the least towards their destruction. The masonry of Capri can scarcely have been carried away, while such quarries—still unexhausted—were supplied by the main-land; and the tradition is probably correct, that the palaces of Tiberius were razed to the ground immediately after his fall. The charms of the island were first discovered by Augustus. Its people were still Greek, in his day; and it belonged to the Greek Neapolis, to which he gave the larger and richer Ischia in exchange for it. The ruins of the Villa Jovis are supposed to represent, also, the site of his palace; and Tiberius, who learned diplomacy from the cunning Emperor, and crime from the Empress, his own mother, first came hither with him. A period of twenty or thirty years saw the splendors of Capri rise and fall. After Tiberius, the island ceased to have a history.

Every walk on these heights, whence you look out far over bays, seas, and shores, is unlike anything else in the world. It is surprising what varieties of scenery are embraced in this little realm. In the afternoon we saw another phase of it on the southern shore, at a point called the Marina Piccola. After passing below the town and the terraced fields, we came upon a wild slope, grown with broom and mastic and arbutus, among which cows were feeding. Here the island shelves down rapidly between two near precipices. The wind was not felt; the air was still and warm; and the vast, glittering sea basked in the sun. At the bottom we found three fishers' houses stuck among the rocks, more like rough natural accretions than the work of human hand; a dozen boats hauled up on the stones in a cove about forty feet in diameter; and one solitary man. Silence and savage solitude mark the spot. Eastward, the Faraglioni rise in gray-red, inaccessible cones; the ramparts of the Castello make sharp, crenelated zigzags on the sky, a thousand feet above one's head; and only a few

olive-groves, where Monte Tuoro falls into the Val Tragara, speak of cultivation. One might fancy himself to be upon some lone Pacific island. The fisher told us that in tempests the waves are hurled entirely over the houses, and the boats in the cove are then dashed to pieces. But in May, the quails, weary with their flight from Africa, land on the slope above, and are caught in nets by hundreds and thousands.

We had not yet exhausted the lower, or eastern, half of the island. Another morning was devoted to the Arco Naturale, on the southern coast, between Monte Tuoro and the Salto. Scrambling along a stony lane, between the laborious terraces of the Capri farmers, we soon reached the base of the former peak, where, completely hidden from view, lay a rich circular basin of level soil, not more than a hundred yards in diameter. Only two or three houses were visible; some boys, hoeing in a field at a distance, cried out, "Signo', un baioc'!" with needless iteration, as if the words were a greeting. Presently we came upon a white farm-house, out of which issued an old woman and four wild, frowzy girls, — all of whom attached themselves to us, and would not be shaken off.

We were already on the verge of the coast. Over the jagged walls of rock we saw the plain of Pæstum beyond the sea, which opened deeper and bluer beneath us with every step. The rich garden-basin and the amphitheatre of terraced fields on Monte Tuoro were suddenly shut from view. A perpendicular cliff of white rock arose on the right; and below some rough shelves wrought into fields stood the Natural Arch, like the front of a shattered Gothic cathedral. Its background was the sea, which shone through the open arch. High up on the left, over the pointed crags, stood a single rock shaped like a Rhine-wine beaker, holding its rounded cup to the sky. There is scarcely a wilder view on Capri.

Following the rough path by which the people reach their little fields, we clambered down the rocks, along the

brink of steeps which threatened danger whenever the gusts of wind came around the point. The frowzy girls were at hand, and eager to help. When we declined, they claimed money for having given us their company, and we found it prudent to settle the bill at once. The slope was so steep that every brink of rock, from above, seemed to be the last between us and the sea. Our two boy-attendants went down somewhere, out of sight; and their song came up through the roar of the wind like some wild strain of the Sirens whose isles we saw in the distance. The rock is grandly arched, with a main portal seventy or eighty feet high, and two open windows at the sides.

Half-way down the cliff on the right is the grotto of Mitromania, — a name which the people, of course, have changed into "Matrimonio," as if the latter word had an application to Tiberius! There were some two hundred steps to descend, to a little platform of earth, under the overhanging cliffs. Here the path dropped suddenly into a yawning crevice, the floor of which was traversed with cracks, as if ready to plunge into the sea which glimmered up through them. Passing under the gloomy arch, we came upon a chamber of reticulated Roman masonry, built in a side cavity of the rock, which forms part of the main grotto or temple of Mithras. The latter is about one hundred feet deep and fifty wide, and opens directly towards the sunrise.

Antiquarians derive the name of the grotto from *Magnum Mithræ Antrum*. There seems to be no doubt as to its character: one can still perceive the exact spot where the statue of the god was placed, to catch the first beams of his own luminary, coming from Persia to be welcomed and worshipped on the steeps of Capri. It is difficult to say what changes time and earthquakes may not have wrought; but it seems probable that the ancient temple extended to the front of the cliffs, and terminated in a platform hanging over the sea. A Greek inscription found in this grotto associates it both with the

superstition and the cruelty of Tiberius. I have not seen the original, which is in the Museum at Naples, but here repeat it from the translation of Gregorovius : —

"Ye who inhabit the Stygian land, beneficent demons,
Me, the unfortunate, take ye also now to your Hades, —
Me, whom not the will of the gods, but the power of the Ruler,
Suddenly smote with death, which, guiltless, I never suspected.
Crowned with so many a gift, enjoying the favor of Caesar,
Now he destroyeth my hopes and the hopes of my parents.
Not fifteen have I reached, not twenty the years I have numbered,
Ah ! and no more I behold the light of the beautiful heavens.
Hypatos am I by name : to thee I appeal, O my brother, —
Parents, also, I pray you, unfortunate, mourn me no longer !"

A human sacrifice is here clearly indicated. This mysterious cavern, with its diabolical associations, the giddy horror of the Salto, and the traces of more than one concealed way of escape, denoting the fear which is always allied with cruelty, leave an impression which the efforts of those historiasters who endeavor to whitewash Tiberius cannot weaken with all their arguments. Napoleon was one of his admirers, but his opinion on such matters is of no great weight. When Dr. Adolf Stahr, however, devotes a volume to the work of proving Tiberius to have been a good and much-abused man, we turn to the pages of Suetonius and the Spintrian medals, and are not convinced. The comment of the old woman at the Villa Jovis will always express the general judgment of mankind, — "O, che diavolo era Timberio !"

If you stand at the gate of the town, and look eastward towards the great dividing walls, you can detect, on the corner nearest the sea, the zigzag line of the only path which leads up to Anacapri and the western part of the island. One morning when the boy Manfred, as he brought our coffee, told us that the *tramontana* had ceased blowing, we sent for horses, to make the ascent. We had been awakened by volleys of

musketry ; the church-bells were chiming, and there were signs of a festa, — but Felice, the owner of the horses, explained the matter. Two young men, mariners of Capri, had recently suffered shipwreck on the coast of Calabria. Their vessel was lost, and they only saved their lives because they happened, at the critical moment, to call on the Madonna del Carmine. She heard and helped them : they reached home in safety, and on this day they burned a lamp before her shrine, had a mass said in their names, and invited their families and friends to share in the thanksgiving. I heard the bells with delight, for they expressed the poetry of superstition based on truth.

We set out, in

"The halcyon morn
To hear February born."

Indeed, such a day makes one forget *tramontana*, sirocco, and all the other weather-evils of the Italian winter. Words cannot describe the luxury of the air, the perfect stillness and beauty of the day, and the far, illuminated shores of the bay as they opened before us. We saw that the season had turned, in the crocuses and violets which blossomed beside the path, — the former a lovely pale-purple flower, with fire-tinted stamens. With Felice came two little girls, Luigia and Serafina, — the former of whom urged on a horse, while the other carried on her head the basket of provisions. Our small factotum, Augusto, took charge of the bottles of wine, and Felice himself bore the shawls and books. Beyond the town, the path wound between clumps of myrtle, arbutus, and the delicate white erica, already in bud. Under us lay the amphitheatre of vineyards and orange-groves ; and the town of Capri, behind, stretching from San Michele to the foot of the Castello, seemed a fortified city of the Middle Ages. Over the glassy sea rose Vesuvius, apparently peaceful, yet with a demon at work under that silvery cloud ; Monte St. Angelo, snowy and bleak ; and the rich slopes of Sorrento and Massa.

One of the *giumente* (as Felice called

his horses) turned on seeing the rocky staircase, and tried to escape. But it was a sign of protest, not of hope. They were small, unshod, very peaceful creatures, doomed to a sorry fate, but they never had known anything better. Their horse-ideal was derived from the hundred yards of *un*stony path below Capri, and the few fresh turnips and carrots which they get on holidays. It was, perhaps, a waste of sympathy to pity them; yet one inclines to pity beasts more readily than men.

At the foot of the staircase we dismounted, and prepared to climb the giddy steep. There are five hundred and sixty steps, and they will average more than a foot in height. It is a fatiguing but not dangerous ascent, the overhanging side being protected by a parapet, while the frequent landings afford secure resting-places. On the white precipices grew the blue "flower of spring" (*fiore della primavera*), and the air was sweet with odors of unknown buds. Up and still up, we turned at each angle to enjoy the wonderful aerial view, which, on such a morning, made me feel half-fledged, with sprouting wings which ere long might avail to bear me across the hollow gulf. We met a fellow with a splendid Roman head, whereon he was carrying down to the *marina* the huge oaken knee of some future vessel. Surprised at the size of the timber, I asked Felice whether it really grew upon the island, and he said there were large oaks about and beyond Anacapri.

Half-way up, the chapel of Sant' Antonio stands on a little spur, projecting from the awful precipices. Looking down, you see the ruins of the Palazzo a' Mare of Tiberius, the bright turquoise patches where the water is shallow, and its purple tint in shadow. White sails were stretching across from the headland of Sorrento, making for the Blue Grotto. There were two more very long and steep flights of steps, and then we saw the gate on the summit, arched against the sky. Hanging from the rocks, but inaccessible, were starry bunches of daffodils. It had seemed to me, on looking at the rocky walls from

Capri, that an easier point of ascent might have been chosen, and I believe it is settled that Tiberius visited his four western palaces by a different path; but I now saw that the islanders (not possessing despotic power) have really chosen the most accessible point. The table-land beyond does not, as I had imagined, commence at the summit of the cliffs, but far below them, and this staircase strikes the easiest level.

There are few equal surprises on Capri. Not many more steps, and we found ourselves on a rich garden-plain, bounded on the left by stony mountains, but elsewhere stretching away to sky and sea, without a hint of the tremendous cliffs below. Indeed, but for the luminous, trembling haze around the base of the sky, one would not surmise the nearness of the sea, but rather think himself to be in some inland region. The different properties are walled, but there is no need of terraces. Shining white houses, with domed roofs, stand in the peaceful fields. The fruit-trees grow rank, huge oaks and elms with ivied trunks rise above them, and the landscape breathes a sweet, idyllic air. I noticed many cherry-trees of great size. The oaks, though deciduous, still wore the green leaves of last summer, which will only be pushed from the twigs when this year's buds open. High over this pleasant land, on a bare rock, are the towers of a mediæval castle, now named after Barbarossa, — the corsair, not the Emperor.

Presently we came to Anacapri, cleanest, most picturesque and delightful of Italian villages. How those white houses, with their airy *loggias*, their pillared *pergolas*, and their trim gardens, wooed us to stay, and taste the delight of rest, among a simple, beautiful, ignorant, and honest people! The streets were as narrow and shady as those of any Oriental city, and the houses mostly presented a blank side to them; but there were many arches, each opening on a sunny picture of slim, dark-haired beauties spinning silk, or grandams regulating the frolics of children. The latter, seeing us, begged for *bajocchi*;

and even the girls did the same, but laughingly, with a cheerful mimicry of mendicancy. The piazza of the village is about as large as the dining-room of a hotel. A bright little church occupies one side: and, as there was said to be a view from the roof, we sent for the key, which was brought by three girls. I made out the conjectured location of the ninth, tenth, eleventh, and twelfth palaces of Tiberius, whereof only a few stones remain, and then found that the best view was that of the three girls. They had the low brow, straight nose, short upper lip, and rounded chin which belongs to the Caprese type of beauty, and is rather Hellenic than Roman. Their complexion was dark, sunburnt rather than olive, and there was a rich flush of blood on their cheeks; the eyes long and large, and the teeth white as the kernels of fresh filberts. Their bare feet and hands, spoiled by much tramping and hard work, were out of keeping with their graceful, statuesque beauty. A more cheerful picture of Poverty (for they are all miserably poor), it would be difficult to find.

It was but a mile farther to the head-land of *Damocuta*. Felice, however, advised us rather to visit the tower of *Lima*, above the *Punta della Carena*, the northwestern extremity of the island, and his advice proved to be good in the end. We descended a stony steep into a little valley, shaded by superb olive-groves, under which the crops of lupines were already beginning to blossom. The dell fell deeper as we advanced; the grass was starred with red anemones, and there were odors of concealed violets. A mile farther, we came upon a monastery, with a square, crenelated tower, beyond which the fields gave place to a narrow strip of stony down. All at once the shore yawned beneath us, disclosing the extremity of the island, with three deserted batteries on as many points of rock, a new light-house, and the little cove where the troops of *Murat* landed, when they surprised the English and recaptured Capri, in 1808. Westward, there was a wide sweep of sunny sea; northward, *Ischia*, *Procida*

with its bright town, — *Baia* and *Pozzuoli*. Here, at the foot of an old *martello* tower, we made our noon halt, relieving *Serafina* of the weight of her basket, and *Augusto* of his bottles.

The children and young girls, going out to their work in the fields, begged rather pertinaciously. "We are very poor," they cried; "and you are so grand and beautiful you can surely give us something." On the return, we met a group of lively maidens coming up from Capri, who said, when I told them there were no more *bajocchi* in my pockets: "Well, then, give us a franc, and we will divide it among us!" Nevertheless, begging is not the nuisance on Capri that it is on the main-land. It is always good-humored, and refusal is never followed by maledictions. The poor are positively and certainly poor, and they seem to think it no shame to take what they can get over and above their hard earnings. When one sees how very industrious and contented they are, it is rather a pleasure to add a few coppers to the little store laid aside for their holidays.

With every day, every hour, of our residence, we more fully realized the grandeur and variety of the landscapes of Capri. The week which I thought sufficient to enable us to see the island thoroughly drew towards its close; and although we had gone from end to end of the rocky shores, climbed all the principal peaks, and descended into every dell and ravine, our enjoyment was only whetted, not exhausted. The same scenes grow with every repetition. There is not a path or crooked lane among the old houses, which does not keep a surprise in reserve. The little town, with only here and there a stone to show for the Past, with no architectural interest whatever, is nevertheless a labyrinth of picturesque effects. In the houses, all the upper chambers are vaulted, and the roofs domed above them as in the Orient; while on one or more sides there is a *loggia* or arched veranda, overhung with cornice of grape-vines, or gay with vases of blooming plants. Thick walls, narrow windows,

external staircases, palm-trees in the gardens, and raised platforms of masonry placed so as to catch the breezes of summer nights, increase the resemblance to the Orient. Living there, Syria seems to be nearer than Naples.

In the Val Tragara, near the sea, there is a large deserted monastery, the Certosa, dating from the fourteenth century. Here, as elsewhere, the monks have either picked out the choicest spot for their abode or have made it beautiful by their labor. The Certosa is still stately and imposing in its ruin. In the church the plaster is peeling off, leaving patches of gay fresco on the walls and ceiling. The sacristy and an adjoining chapel are riddled with cannon-balls; and two recumbent marble statues of the founders, resting on their sarcophagi, look at each other from opposite sides, and seem to wonder what the desolation means. The noble court-yard, surrounded with arched corridors, is dug up for a garden; there is straw and litter in the crumbling cells; and the prior's apartment, with its wonderful sea and coast views, is without an occupant. The garden only has not forgotten its former luxury. Its vines and fig-trees equal those of Crete and Syria; and its cactuses have become veritable trees, twenty feet in height. The monks succeeded in getting hold of the best land on the island; yet I have no doubt that the very people they impoverished wish them back again.

The Caprese are very devout and superstitious. They have two devils ("Timberio" being one), and a variety of saints. The beautiful little church in the town, externally so much like a mosque, is filled with votive offerings, painted or modelled in wax, each of which has its own story of miraculous interposition and escape. On one side of the nave sits in state the Madonna del Carmine, — a life-sized doll, with fair complexion, blue eyes, and a profusion of long curling tresses of real blond hair. In her lap she holds a dwarfish man, with hair of nearly equal length.

A dozen wax-candles were burning before her, in anticipation of her coming *festa*, which took place before we left Capri. She is the patron-saint of the coral-fishers, none of whom neglected to perform their share of the celebration.

The day was ushered in with volleys of musketry, and the sounds, or rather cries, of the worst brass band I ever heard, which went from house to house, blowing, and collecting coppers. After the forenoon mass, the procession was arranged in the church, and then set out to make the tour of the town. First came the members of a confraternity, mostly grizzly old men, in white gowns, with black capes, lined with red; then followed a number of small boys, behind whom marched the coral-fishers, forty or fifty in number, — brown, weather-beaten faces, burned by the summers of the African coast. They were dressed with unusual care, and their throats seemed ill at ease inside of collar and cravat. Every one in the procession carried a taper, which he shielded from the wind with the hollow left hand, while his right managed also to collect the melted wax. Next appeared the Madonna, on her litter of state, followed by six men, who bore her silken canopy. In her train were the priests, and about a hundred women and girls brought up the rear.

Among the latter there were some remarkably lovely faces. The mixture of yellow, blue, and scarlet colors which they delight to wear contrasted brilliantly with the glossy blackness of their hair and the sunny richness of their complexion. The island costume, however, is beginning to disappear. Only a few girls wore the *mucadore*, or folded handkerchief, on the head, while several were grand in wide silk skirts and crinolines. The people are not envious, but many a longing glance followed these progressive maidens.

In so small a domain as Capri, all that happens is known to everybody. A private romance is not possible; and so, on this occasion, the crowd on the little piazza were moved by a

curiosity which had no relation to the Madonna del Carmine. The story, as I received it, is this: Nearly a year ago, the aunt of a beautiful girl who was betrothed to one of the young coral-fishers was visited by an Englishman then staying at the Hotel Tiberio, who declared to her his violent love for the niece, and solicited her good offices to have the previous engagement broken off. Soon after this the Englishman left; the aunt informed the girl's father of the matter, the betrothal with the coral-fisher was suspended, and the father spent most of his time in frequenting the hotels to ascertain whether a rich young Englishman had arrived. A few days before our visit to Capri, the girl received presents from her unseen and unknown wooer, with a message requesting her not to appear in the procession of the Madonna del Carmine. The Englishman stated that he was at the Hotel Tiberio, and only waited the arrival of certain papers in order to claim her as his bride. Thereupon the father came to the hotel, but failed to discover the mysterious stranger. Two artists, and several ladies who were there, offered to assist him; but the mystery still remained unsolved. Other letters and presents came to the girl; but no young, rich Englishman could be found on the island. The artists and ladies took up the matter (determined, I am very glad to say, to drive away the Englishman, if there were one, and marry the girl to the coral-fisher), but I have not yet heard of any *dénouement*. The young fisher appeared in the procession, but the girl did not; consequently, everybody knew that the mysterious letters and presents had made her faithless. For my part, I hope the coral-fisher — a bright, stalwart, handsome young fellow — will find a truer sweetheart.

After making the complete tour of the town, which occupied about half an hour, the procession returned to the church. The coral-fishers were grave and devout; one could not question their sincerity. I was beginning to find the scene touching, and to let my sym-

pathy go forth with the people, when the sight of them dropping on their knees before the great, staring doll of a Madonna, as she bobbed along on the shoulders of her bearers, turned all my softness into granite. The small boys, carrying the tapers before her, were employed in trying to set fire to each other's shocks of uncombed hair. Two of them succeeded, and the unconscious victims marched at least a dozen steps with blazing heads, and would probably have been burned to the scalp had not a humane by-stander extinguished the unfragrant torches. Then everybody laughed; the victims slapped those who had set fire to them; and a ridiculous comedy was enacted in the very presence of the Madonna, who, for a moment, was the only dignified personage. The girls in the rear struck up a hymn without the least regard to unison, and joked and laughed together in the midst of it. The procession dissolved at the church door, and not a moment too soon, for it had already lost its significance.

I have purposely left the Blue Grotto to the last, as for me it was subordinate in interest to almost all else that I saw. Still, it was part of the inevitable programme. One calm day we had spent in the trip to Anacapri, and another, at this season, was not to be immediately expected. Nevertheless, when we arose on the second morning afterwards, the palm-leaves hung silent, the olives twinkled without motion, and the southern sea glimmered with the veiled light of a calm. Vesuvius had but a single peaceful plume of smoke, the snows of the Apulian Mountains gleamed rosily *behind* his cone, and the fair headland of Sorrento shone in those soft, elusive, aerial grays, which must be the despair of a painter. It was a day for the Blue Grotto, and so we descended to the *marina*.

On the strand, girls with disordered hair and beautiful teeth offered shells and coral. We found mariners readily, and, after a little hesitation, pushed off in a large boat, leaving a little one to follow. The *tramontana* had left a

faint swell behind it, but four oars carried us at a lively speed along the shore. We passed the ruins of the baths of Tiberius (the *Palazzo a' Mare*), and then slid into the purple shadows of the cliffs, which rose in a sheer wall five hundred feet above the water. Two men sat on a rock, fishing with poles; and the boats farther off the shore were sinking their nets, the ends of which were buoyed up with gourds. Pulling along in the shadows, in less than half an hour we saw the tower of Damecuta shining aloft, above a slope of olives which descended steeply to the sea. Here, under a rough, round bastion of masonry, was the entrance to the Blue Grotto.

We were now transshipped to the little shell of a boat which had followed us. The swell rolled rather heavily into the mouth of the cave, and the adventure seemed a little perilous, had the boatmen been less experienced. We lay flat in the bottom; the oars were taken in, and we had just reached the entrance, when a high wave, rolling up, threatened to dash us against the iron portals. "Look out!" cried the old man. The young sailor held the boat back with his hands, while the wave rolled under us into the darkness beyond; then, seizing the moment, we shot in after it, and were safe under the expanding roof. At first, all was tolerably dark: I only saw that the water near the entrance was intensely and luminously blue. Gradually, as the eye grew accustomed to the obscurity, the irregular vault of the roof became visible, tinted by a faint reflection from the water. The effect increased, the longer we remained; but the rock nowhere repeated the dazzling sapphire of the sea. It was rather a blue-gray, very beautiful, but far from presenting the effect given in the pictures sold at Naples. The silvery, starry radiance of foam or bubbles on the shining blue ground was the loveliest phenomenon of the grotto. To dip one's hand in the sea, and scatter the water, was to create sprays of wonderful, phosphorescent blossoms, jewels of the Sirens, flash-

ing and vanishing garlands of the Undines.

A chamber, and the commencement of a gallery leading somewhere, — probably to the twelfth palace of Tiberius, on the headland of Damecuta, — were to be distinguished near the rear of the cavern. But rather than explore further mysteries, we watched our chance and shot out, after a full-throated wave, in the flood of white daylight. Keeping on our course around the island, we passed the point of Damecuta, — making a chord to the arc of the shore, — to the first battery, beyond which the Anacapri territory opened fairly to view. From the northern to the northwestern cape the coast sinks, like the side of an amphitheatre, in a succession of curving terraces, gray with the abundant olive. Two deep, winding ravines, like the *wadys* of Arabia, have been worn by the rainfall of thousands of years, until they have split the shore-wall down to the sea. Looking up them, we could guess the green banks where the violets and anemones grew, and the clumps of myrtle that perfumed the sea-breeze.

Broad and grand as was this view, it was far surpassed by the coast scenery to come. No sooner had we passed the pharos, and turned eastward along the southern shore of the island, than every sign of life and laborious industry ceased. The central mountain-wall, suddenly broken off as it reached the sea, presented a face of precipice a thousand feet high, not in a smooth escarpment, as on the northern side, but cut into pyramids and pinnacles of ever-changing form. Our necks ached with gazing at the far summits, piercing the keen blue deeps of air. In one place the vast gable of the mountain was hollowed into arches and grottos, from the eaves of which depended fringes of stalactite: it resembled a Titanic cathedral in ruins. Above the orange and dove-colored facets of the cliff, the jagged topmost crest wore an ashen tint which no longer suggested the texture of rock. It seemed rather a soft, mealy substance, which one might

crumble between the fingers. The critics of the realistic school would damn the painter who should represent this effect truly.

Under these amazing crags, over a smooth, sunny sea, we sped along towards a point where the boatman said we should find the Green Grotto. It lies inside a short, projecting cape of the perpendicular shore, and our approach to it was denoted by a streak of emerald fire flashing along the shaded water at the base of the rocks. A few more strokes of the oars carried us under an arch twenty feet high, which opened into a rocky cove beyond. The water being shallow, the white bottom shone like silver; and the pure green hue of the waves, filled and flooded with the splendor of the sun, was thrown upon the interior facings of the rocks, making the cavern gleam like transparent glass. The dance of the waves, the reflex of the "netted sunbeams," threw ripples of shifting gold all over this green ground; and the walls and roof of the cavern, so magically illuminated, seemed to fluctuate in unison with the tide. It was a marvellous surprise, making truth of Undine and the Sirens, Proteus and the foam-born Aphrodite. The brightness of the day increased the illusion, and made the incredible beauty of the cavern all the more startling, because devoid of gloom and mystery. It was an idyl of the sea, born of the god-lore of Greece. To the light, lisping whisper of the waves, — the sound nearest to that of a kiss, — there was added a deep, dim, subdued undertone of the swell caught in lower arches beyond; and the commencement of that fine post-

humous sonnet of Keats chimed thenceforward in my ears: —

"It keeps eternal whisperings around
Desolate shores, and with its rising swell
Gluts twice ten thousand caverns, till the spell
Of Hecate gives them *their old shadowy sound*."

After this, although the same enormous piles of rock overhung us, there were no new surprises. The sublimity and the beauty of this southern coast had reached their climax; and we turned from it to lean over the gunwale of the boat, and watch the purple growth of sponges through the heaving crystal, as we drew into the cove of the *piccola marina*. There Augusto was waiting our arrival, the old fisher was ready with a bench, and we took the upper side of Capri.

My pen lingers on the subject, yet it is time to leave. When the day of our departure came, I wished for a *tramontana*, that we might be detained until the morrow; but no, it was a mild sirocco, setting directly towards Sorrento, and Antonio had come over, although, this time, without any prediction of a fine day. At the last fatal and prosaic moment, when the joys that are over must be paid for, we found Don Michele and Manfred as honest as they had been kind and attentive. Would we not come back some time? asked the Don. Certainly we will.

When the sail was set, and our foamy track pointed to the dear isle we were leaving, I, at least, was conscious of a slight heart-ache. So I turned once more and cried out, "*Addio, Capri!*" but the stern Tiberian rocks did not respond, "*Ritornate!*" and so Capri passed into memory.

A JUNE IDYL.

FRANK-HEARTED hostess of the field and wood,
 Gypsy, whose roof is every spreading tree,
 June is the pearl of our New England year.
 Still a surprisal, though expected long,
 Her coming startles. Long she lies in wait,
 Makes many a feint, peeps forth, draws coyly back,
 Then, from some southern ambush in the sky,
 With one great gush of blossom storms the world.
 A week ago the sparrow was divine;
 The bluebird, shifting his light load of song
 From post to post along the cheerless fence,
 Was as a rhymers ere the poet came;
 But now, O rapture! sunshine winged and voiced,
 Pipe blown through by the warm wild breath of the West
 Shepherding his soft droves of fleecy cloud,
 Gladness of woods, skies, waters, all in one,
 The bobolink has come, and, like the soul
 Of the sweet season vocal in a bird,
 Gurgles in ecstasy we know not what
Save June! Dear June! Now God be praised for June!

May is a pious fraud of the almanac,
 A ghastly parody of real Spring
 Shaped out of snow and breathed with eastern wind;
 Or if, o'er-confident, she trust the date,
 And, with her handful of anemones,
 Herself as shivery, steal into the sun,
 The Season need but turn his hourglass round
 And Winter suddenly, like crazy Lear,
 Reels back, and brings the dead May in his arms,
 Her budding breasts and wan dislusted front
 With frosty streaks and drifts of his white beard
 All overblown. Then, warmly walled with books,
 While my wood-fire supplies the sun's defect,
 Whispering old forest-sagas in its dreams,
 I take my May down from the happy shelf
 Where perch the world's rare song-birds in a row,
 Waiting my choice to open with full breast,
 And beg an alms of spring-time, ne'er denied
 Indoors by vernal Chaucer, whose fresh woods
 Throb thick with merle and mavis all the year.

But June is full of invitations sweet,
 Forth from the chimney's yawn and thrice-read tomes
 To leisurely delights and sauntering thoughts
 That brook no ceiling narrower than the blue.
 The cherry, drest for bridal, at my pane

Brushes, then listens, *Will he come?* The bee,
 All dusty as a miller, takes his toll
 Of powdery gold, and grumbles. What a day
 To sun me and do nothing! Nay, I think
 Merely to bask and ripen is sometimes
 The student's wiser business; the brain
 That forages all climes to line its cells,
 Ranging both worlds on lightest wings of wish,
 Will not distil the juices it has sucked
 To the sweet substance of pellucid thought,
 Except for him who hath the secret learned
 To mix his blood with sunshine, and to take
 The winds into his pulses. Hush! 'Tis he!
 My oriole, my glance of summer fire,
 Is come at last, and, ever on the watch,
 Twitches the pack-thread I had lightly wound
 About the bough to help his housekeeping,—
 Twitches and scouts by turns, blessing his luck,
 Yet fearing me who laid it in his way,
 Nor, more than wiser we in our affairs,
 Divines the providence that hides and helps.
Heave, ho! Heave, ho! he whistles, as the twine
 Slackens its hold; *once more, now!* and a flash
 Lightens across the sunlight to the elm
 Where his mate dangles at her cup of felt.
 Nor all his booty is the thread; he trails
 My loosened thought with it along the air,
 And I must follow, would I ever find
 The inward rhyme to all this wealth of life.

I care not how men trace their ancestry,
 To ape or Adam; let them please their whim;
 But I in June am midway to believe
 A tree among my far progenitors,
 Such sympathy is mine with all the race,
 Such mutual recognition vaguely sweet
 There is between us. Surely there are times
 When they consent to own me of their kin
 And condescend to me, and call me cousin,
 Murmuring faint lullabies of eldest time,
 Forgotten, and yet dumbly felt with thrills
 Moving the lips, though fruitless of the words.
 And I have many a lifelong leafy friend,
 Never estranged nor careful of my soul,
 That knows I hate the axe, and welcomes me
 Within his tent as if I were a bird,
 Or other free companion of the earth,
 Yet undegenerate to the shifts of men.

Among them one, an ancient willow, spreads
 Eight balanced limbs, springing at once all round
 His deep-ridged trunk with upward slant diverse,

In outline like enormous beaker, fit
 For hand of Jotun, where 'mid snow and mist
 He holds unwieldy revel. This tree, spared,
 I know not by what grace, — for in the blood
 Of our New World subduers lingers yet
 Hereditary feud with trees, they being
 (They and the red-man most) our fathers' foes, —
 Is one of six, a willow Pleiades,
 The seventh fallen, that lean along the brink
 Where the steep upland dips into the marsh,
 Their roots, like molten metal cooled in flowing,
 Stiffened in coils and runnels down the bank.
 The friend of all the winds, wide-armed he towers
 And glints his steely aglets in the sun,
 Or whitens fitfully with sudden bloom
 Of leaves breeze-lifted, much as when a shoal
 Of devious minnows wheel from where a pike
 Lurks balanced 'neath the lily-pads, and whirl
 A rood of silver bellies to the day.

Alas! no acorn from the British oak
 'Neath which slim fairies tripping wrought those rings
 Of greenest emerald, wherewith fireside life
 Did with the invisible spirit of Nature wed,
 Was ever planted here! No darnel fancy
 Might choke one useful blade in Puritan fields;
 With horn and hoof the good old Devil came,
 The witch's broomstick was not contraband,
 But all that superstition had of fair was doomed.
 And if there be who nurse unholy faiths,
 Fearing their god as if he were a wolf
 That snuffed round every home and was not seen,
 There should be some to watch and keep alive
 All beautiful beliefs. And such was that, —
 By solitary shepherd first surmised
 Under Thessalian oaks, loved by some maid
 Of royal stirp, that silent came and vanished,
 As near her nest the hermit thrush, nor dared
 Confess a mortal name, — that faith which gave
 A Hamadryad to each tree; and I
 Will hold it true that in this willow dwells
 The open-handed spirit, frank and blithe,
 Of ancient Hospitality, long since,
 With ceremonious thrift, bowed out of doors.

In June 't is good to lie beneath a tree
 While the blithe season comforts every sense,
 Steeps all the brain in rest, and heals the heart,
 Brimming it o'er with sweetness unawares,
 Fragrant and silent as that rosy snow
 Wherewith the pitying apple-tree fills up
 And tenderly lines some last-year robin's nest.

Under this willow often have I stretched,
Feeling the warm earth like a thing alive,
And gathering virtue in at every pore
Till it possessed me wholly, and thought ceased,
Or was transfused in something to which thought
Is coarse and dull of sense. Myself was lost,
Gone from me like an ache, and what remained
Become a part of the universal joy.
My soul went forth, and, mingling with the tree,
Danced in the leaves ; or, floating in the cloud,
Saw its white double in the stream below ;
Or else, sublimed to purer ecstasy,
Dilated in the broad blue over all.
I was the wind that dappled the lush grass,
The tide that crept with coolness to its roots,
The thin-winged swallow skating on the air ;
The life that gladdened everything was mine.
Was I then truly all that I beheld ?
Or is this stream of being but a glass
Where the mind sees its visionary self,
As, when the kingfisher flits o'er his bay,
Across the river's hollow heaven below
His picture flits, — another, yet the same ?
But suddenly the sound of human voice
Or footfall, like the drop a chemist pours,
Doth in opacous cloud precipitate
The consciousness that seemed but now dissolved
Into an essence rarer than its own,
And I am narrowed to myself once more.

For here not long is solitude secure,
Nor Fantasy left vacant to her spell.
Here, sometimes, in this paradise of shade,
Rippled with western winds, the dusty Tramp,
Seeing the treeless causey burn beyond,
Halts to unroll his bundle of strange food
And munch an unearned meal. I cannot help
Liking this creature, lavish Summer's bedesman,
Who from the almshouse steals when nights grow warm,
Himself his large estate and only charge,
To be the guest of haystack or of hedge,
Nobly superior to the household gear
That forfeits us our privilege of nature.
I bait him with my match-box and my pouch,
Nor grudge the uncostly sympathy of smoke,
His equal now, divinely unemployed.
Some smack of Robin Hood is in the man,
Some secret league with wild wood-wandering things ;
He is our ragged Duke, our barefoot Earl,
By right of birth exonerate from toil,
Who levies rent from us his tenants all,
And serves the State by merely being. Here

The Scissors-grinder, pausing, doffs his hat,
 And lets the kind breeze, with its delicate fan,
 Winnow the heat from out his dank gray hair, —
 A grimy Ulysses, a much-wandered man,
 Whose feet are known to all the populous ways,
 And many men and manners he hath seen,
 Not without fruit of solitary thought.
 He, like the general of lonely men, —
 Unused to try the temper of their mind
 In fence with others, — positive and shy,
 Yet knows to put an edge upon his speech,
 Pithily Saxon in unwilling talk.
 Him I entrap with my long-suffering knife,
 And, while its poor blade hums away in sparks,
 Sharpen my wit upon his gritty mind,
 In motion set obsequious to his wheel,
 And in its quality not much unlike.

Nor wants my tree more punctual visitors.
 The children, they who are the only rich,
 Creating for the moment, and possessing
 Whate'er they choose to feign, — for still with them
 Kind Fancy plays the fairy godmother,
 Strewing their lives with cheap material
 For winged horses and Aladdin's lamps,
 Pure elfin-gold, by manhood's touch profane
 To dead leaves disenchanted all, — have here
 Between the branches of the tree fixed seats,
 Making an o'erturned box their table. Oft
 The shrill-voiced girls sit here between school hours,
 And play at *What's my thought like?* while the boys,
 With whom the age chivalric ever bides,
 Pricked on by knightly spur of female eyes,
 Climb high to swing and shout on perilous boughs,
 Or, from the willow's armory equipped
 With musket dumb, green flag, and edgeless sword,
 Make good the rampart of their tree-redoubt,
 'Gainst eager British storming from below,
 And keep alive the tale of Bunker's Hill.
 Here, too, the men that patch our village ways,
 Vexing McAdam's ghost with pounded slate,
 Their nooning take; much clamorous talk they spend
 On horses and their ills; and, as John Bull
 Tells of Lord This or That, who was his friend,
 So these make boast of intimacies long
 With famous teams, and add large estimates,
 By competition swelled from mouth to mouth,
 Of how much they could draw, till one, ill pleased
 To have his legend overbid, retorts:
 "You take and stretch truckhorses in a string
 From here to Long Wharf end, one thing I know,
 Not heavy neither, they could never draw, —

Ensign's long bow!" Then laughter loud and long.
So they in their leaf-shadowed microcosm
Image the larger world; for wheresoe'er
Ten men are gathered, the observant eye
Will find mankind in little, as the stars
Glide up and set, and all the Heavens revolve
In the small welkin of a drop of dew.

I love to enter pleasure by a postern,
Not the broad popular gate that gulfs the mob;
To find my theatres in roadside nooks,
Where men are actors, and suspect it not;
Where Nature all unconscious works her will,
And every passion moves with human gait,
Unhampered by the buskin or the train.
Hating the crowd, where we gregarious men
Lead lonely lives, I love society,
Nor seldom find the best with simple souls
Unswerved by culture from their native bent,
The ground we meet on being primal man,
And nearer the deep bases of our lives.

But O, half heavenly, earthly half, my soul,
Canst thou from those late ecstasies descend,
Thy lips still wet with the miraculous wine
That transubstantiates all thy baser stuff
To such divinity that soul and sense,
Once more commingled in their source, are lost, —
Canst thou descend to quench a vulgar thirst
With the mere dregs and rinsings of the world?
Well, if my nature find her pleasure so,
I am content, nor need to blush; I take
My little gift of being clean from God,
Not haggling for a better, holding it
Good as was ever any in the world,
My days as good and full of miracle.
I pluck my nutriment from any bush,
Finding out poison as the first men did
By tasting and then suffering, if I must.
Sometimes my bush burns, and sometimes it is
A leafless wilding shivering by the wall;
But I have known when winter barberries
Pricked the effeminate palate with surprise
Of savor whose mere harshness seemed divine.

O, benediction of the higher mood
And human-kindness of the lower! for both
I will be grateful while I live, nor question
The wisdom that hath made us what we are,
With such large range as from the alehouse bench
Can reach the stars and be with both at home.
They tell us we have fallen on prosy days,

Condemned to glean the leavings of earth's feast
Where gods and heroes took delight of old ;
But though our lives, moving in one dull round
Of repetition infinite, become
Stale as a newspaper once read, and though
History herself, seen in her workshop, seem
To have lost the art that dyed those glorious panes,
Rich with memorial shapes of saint and sage,
That pave with splendor the Past's dusky aisles, —
Panes that enchant the light of common day
With colors costly as the blood of kings,
Until it edge our thought with hues ideal, —
Yet while the world is left, while nature lasts,
And man the best of nature, there shall be
Somewhere contentment for these human hearts,
Some freshness, some unused material
For wonder and for song. I lose myself
In other ways where solemn guide-posts say,
This way to Knowledge, This way to Repose,
But here, here only, I am ne'er betrayed,
For every by-path leads me to my love.

So mused I once within my willow-tent
One brave June morning, when the bluff northwest,
Thrusting aside a dank and snuffing day
That made us bitter at our neighbors' sins,
Brimmed the great cup of heaven with sparkling cheer
And roared a lusty stave ; the sliding Charles,
Blue toward the west, and bluer and more blue,
Living and lustrous as a woman's eyes
Look once and look no more, with southward curve
Ran crinkling sunniness, like Helen's hair
Glimpsed in Elysium, insubstantial gold ;
From blossom-clouded orchards, far away
The bobolink tinkled ; the deep meadows flowed
With multitudinous pulse of light and shade
Against the bases of the southern hills,
While here and there a drowsy island rick
Slept and its shadow slept ; the wooden bridge
Thundered, and then was silent ; on the roofs
The sun-warped shingles rippled with the heat ;
Summer on field and hill, in heart and brain,
All life washed clean in this high tide of June.

REVIEWS AND LITERARY NOTICES.

Norwood: or Village Life in New England.

By HENRY WARD BEECHER. New York: Charles Scribner & Co.

WE do not know how capable of dramatization "*Norwood*" may have proven, but we have felt, in reading the novel, that the author had a faculty which might be turned to pleasant account in writing for the stage. To be sure, this notion was less suggested by dramatic management of situations, or by sustained dialogue, than by a certain felicity in expressing the flavor and color of New England life in the talk of some such people as Hiram Beers, Mr. Turfmould, Polly Marble, and two or three other pure and simple Yankees. The range is narrow, and the grade is not that of the highest comedy; but here is representation, not mere study, of character, and so far drama. We should be sorry to yield this point; for it is one of the few to be made in favor of the present novel as a work of fiction. The story is of flimsy texture, and it is quite impossible to describe the ruthlessness with which the author preaches, both in his own person and in that of his characters, spinning out long monologues and colloquies upon morals, religion, and the whole conduct of life. In spite, moreover, of an instinctive beauty and strength of diction, the style is at times slovenly and tasteless to a degree which leaves the reader little to imagine in the way of downright baldness, or of trivial ornament. Yet all this is not to the exclusion of thought and feeling, which give delight in their play amongst the quaint ins and outs of Yankee nature, and over the varied picturesquequeness of village neighbors and neighborhoods. It would be a loss not to have read that description of a Sunday in Norwood, or the night-fishing, or the nutting-party, or the going to Commencement at Amherst; and one could ill afford not to know the charm of the Quaker farm-life in Pennsylvania, as it appears here after the fatigues of one of the most wearisome and exhausting stories. The homilies and discourses and essays are intolerable for where they are rather than for what they are. The book shows hurried workmanship, and the faults of style occur oftener where the author

has not had time to say less, than where he has not had leisure to say more; and, in spite of them, he contrives always to give us his conception.

Barton Cathcart, the son of a well-to-do farmer, near Norwood, loves from childhood Rose Wentworth, the daughter of the village physician; but, for insufficient reasons, believes that he cannot win her, and so does not tell his love till he goes to the war, in 1861. Then he tells it by letter, and naturally this letter never reaches Rose, who, when her brother is killed at Bull Run, resolves to go to the seat of war as a nurse. She becomes proficient in her vocation,—even to the amputation of a soldier's leg when the operating surgeon happens to be shot down. In due course, by a pleasing, though not quite surprising, turn of fortune, General Cathcart is wounded in the battle of Gettysburg, and Rose (at the old farm-house of Friend Hetherington) nurses her hero back to life, through that terrible fever pretty sure to rage somewhere in fiction, and, returning to Norwood when the war is over, marries him. On the other hand, Alice Cathcart finds her lover, a young Virginian visitor at Norwood in other days, among the rebel dead at the same battle, and she, after the war is done, goes to Lynchburg, and teaches the black children. In the conduct of a plot like this, it is evident that far greater difficulty falls to the reader than to the author.

It is easy to understand how persons so uninteresting as Rose and Barton may be virtuous and happy, but that they are young and handsome seems doubtful; and we should not believe it but that we have Mr. Beecher's word for it. All the genteel and grammatical people in Norwood are somewhat insipid; and even such a character as Agate Bissell—the old maid disappointed in early love, and crystallized in a nature hard and angular without, but within full of light and purity and strength—takes hold rather upon the memory than the imagination. Of respectable folks thrown in to make talk, and repose the author's invention, Mr. Chandler, the still, money-getting citizen, with his secret bibliomania, and his shyly accumulated library, is well sketched, and so is his wife; while

Mr. Tom Heywood is nobody, and Mr. Frank Esel rather worse. He, we are told, is an artist; and it appears that he has a fantastic love for an improbable mother, with whom he conducts a school-girl's correspondence; the fascinating brilliancy of conversation attributed to him affects the reader as little as it did Miss Wentworth, who, with an adventurous generosity, — perhaps too rare among young ladies, — rejects him anticipatively, telling him that they can never be more than third cousins before he has proposed a closer tie. Judge Bacon, the selfish, cold-hearted, smooth-mannered sceptic and cynic, is less tangible in the author's description, or his own expression, than in Hiram Beers's racy talk:—

“‘There comes Judge Bacon, white and ugly,’ said the critical Hiram. ‘I wonder what he comes to meetin’ for. Lord knows he needs it, sly, slippery old sinner! Face ’s as white as a lily; his heart ’s as black as a chimney flue afore it’s cleaned. He’ll get his flue burned out if he don’t repent, that’s certain. He don’t believe the Bible. They say he don’t believe in God. *Wal, I guess it’s pretty even between ’em. Shouldn’t wonder if God didn’t believe in him neither.*’ . . . ‘He talks to you,’ said Hiram, ‘just as Black Sam lathers you; a kind of smooth rubbing goes on, and you feel soft and satisfied with yourself, and sort o’ lean to him, when he takes you by the nose and shaves, and shaves, and shaves, and it’s so smooth that you don’t feel the razor. But I tell you, when you git away your skin smarts. You’ve been shaved.’”

Tommy Taft, the swearing and wooden-legged old sailor, we suspect to be a copy from life, which is probably the case also with his pendant, Pete Sawmill, the vagabond half-wit, whom no well-regulated village is without. Neither is strongly portrayed, nor sufficiently idealized to be interesting, and we have far too much of both. Indeed, as the excellence of the whole book is in subordinate particulars, so Mr. Beecher seems most felicitous with characters casually introduced, and less consciously handled. For example, here is one, presented apropos of Barton Cathcart's departure for college, in which the whole neighborhood takes an interest:—

“Old Cyrus Mills was driving past, on his way to town, and seeing Barton in the front door, pulled up. His horse was always in favor of stopping.

“‘Mornin’! So you’re goin’ to college?’

“‘Yes, sir.’

“The old man was about sixty years old, with small bones and no flesh on them, and for looks, like a weather-stained rye-straw crooked into a sickle or half a hoop.

“‘My boy said so. Cost a sight o’ money, won’t it? S’pose you mean to preach, don’t you? Most of ’em do, over to Amherst. My boy’s talkin’ ’bout eddication too. Shouldn’t wonder if Nicholas fetched it one of these days.’

“‘Nicholas is a smart fellow,’ said Barton. ‘He ought to make a good scholar.’

“‘Middlin’. But not so good, I expect, as his brother would a bin,—him that’s gone. I’ve never felt exactly right, that I wouldn’t let him go to college. He wanted to go awfully, and worried about it a good deal. Mebbe if I’d let him go he wouldn’t a strained himself and got into a decline.’ A juicier man would evidently have shed a tear, but old Cyrus Mills had not a drop of moisture in his body to spare, and so instead he winked nervously half a dozen times and then shut his eyes tight.”

The whole chapter, in which Mr. Turfmould, the sexton, relates his business rivalries with Tompkins the rival undertaker, is very good,—full of characteristic pathos, unforced and charming humor, to which quotation will do but scant justice. Mr. Turfmould is telling here how he triumphed over professional feeling when his own wife and child both lay dead in his house:—

“‘I said, ‘Git thee behind me, Satan. Tompkins *shall* have this funeral’; and so he did. I’ll say this for him, that I believe he tried to do about right. But nature is strong, you know, and I *did* think he took on a leetle more than he need to. Mebbe, if it had been me, I should have done so too. It makes a difference, you know, whose house a funeral’s in. And when we was all in the carriages, and the two coffins was in the hearse,—he wanted two hearses, but that would not be in good taste. I did n’t like so much show, and besides, *I knew the mother ought to keep her child close to her*:—and when the procession was ready, he came walkin’ up to see, for the last time, if all was right, it wa’n’t in human nature to keep in his satisfaction with the occasion! And when he mounted and sat down with the driver on the leadin’ carriage, I do believe there was n’t so proud a man in this town.’”

Mr. Turfmould carried this spirit of conciliation so far that he went to consult with

Tompkins in preparing the funeral of the minister's wife.

"'Tompkins,' says I, 'this is a peculiar occasion.'

"'Yes,' says he, 'it is. It's enough to make one's reputation.'

"'Now I want,' says I, 'to have just such a funeral as would suit her, so that if she could come back, she'd say, "I thank you, Mr. Turfmould; you have done exactly to my mind." You know that if there was a woman in this town who hated dirt, she's that woman, and I think we're bound to respect her taste when she's gone just as much as if she's livin'.'

"'Well, that's easy enough,' said Tompkins. 'We can slick up everything with extra care, and have a double inspection of all the materials—'

"'Well, that of course; but I was thinkin' about the grave. You know you can't dig a grave and have no dirt. Deceive ourselves as we will, you know we've all got to come to it,—dust we are and to dust we return; but then, you know, we can break the matter gently like, keep a large tarpaulin lyin' over the dirt, and then I mean to cover the outside box with *turf*, which keeps the gravel and stuff from rattlin' in when the coffin is down.'

"'That's a good idea,' sez he, 'and I think all your arrangements are good. They are new, and ought to be fashionable.'

"'I don't care for fashion,' says I. 'I think it will be comfortin' to the minister and respectful to her memory. I've seen things managed quite the contrary. You know when Bidwell's wife died, they put him in the coach with his sister-in-law, and they had always quarrelled, and they did n't mend matters that journey. Old Bidwell told me of it. Says he, 'If I ever have another funeral, you shall have it, Turfmould. Jones is no sort of a manager. He just spoilt my wife's whole funeral. I never took a bit of comfort in it from beginning to end.'

"'But Dr. Buell had no reason to say that,' says Tompkins. 'I am sure we did everything that we could. I think Kyle beat himself with those flowers. I never saw such splendid funeral flowers. I did n't know what flowers was made for till I saw wreaths, and crosses, and dishes. Flowers is certainly very useful, and, if well managed, considerable profit may come from them.'

But the marked success of the book, the

exceptionally well-handled person among the prominent characters, is Hiram Beers, in whom divine grace has compromised with the sinful love of fast horses, and who commonly finds so much to engage him in the teams of the worshippers outside of the church on Sundays, that he is apt to be a delinquent at the services within. The sketch of Judge Bacon already given is from some pleasant discourse of his, in which he characterizes the chief members of the congregation as they arrive, and with that grotesque excess which qualifies the native growth of humor, brings the people before us:—

"'Here come the Bages, and the Weekses, and a whole raft from Hardscrabble,' said Hiram, as five or six one-horse wagons drove up. At a glance one could see that these were farmers who lived to work. They were spare in figure, brown in complexion,—everything worn off but bone and muscle,—like ships with iron masts and wire rigging. They drove little nubbins of horses, tough and rough, that had never felt a blanket in winter or known a leisure day in summer.

"'Them fellers,' said Hiram, 'is just like stones. I don't believe there's any blood or innards in 'em more'n in a crow-bar. They work early, and work all day, and in the night, and keep workin', and never seem to get tired except Sunday, when they've nothin' to do. You know when Fat Porter was buried, they could n't git him into the hearse, and had to carry him with poles, and Weeks was one of the bearers, and they had a pretty heavy time of it, nigh about three hours, what with liftin' and fixin' him at the house, and fetchin' him to the church door, and then carryin' him to the graveyard, and Weeks said he had n't enjoyed a Sunday so much he could n't tell when.

"'Hiram,' sez he, 'I should like Sunday as well as week days if I could work on it; but I git awful tired doin' nothin'.'

"'It was nearly twelve o'clock, when Dr. Wentworth, returning from his round of visits, found Hiram sitting on the fence, his labors over, and waiting for Dr. Buell to finish.

"'Not in church, Hiram? I'm afraid you've not been a good boy.'

"'Don't know. Somebody must take care of the outside as well as inside of church. Dr. Buell rubs down the folks, and I rub the horses; he sees that their tacklin' is all

right in there, and I do the same out here. Folks and animals are pretty much of a muchness, and they 'll bear a sight of takin' care of?

"'Whose nag is that one, Hiram, — the roan?'"

"'That 's Deacon Marble's.'"

"'Why, he seems to sweat, standing still.'"

"'Hiram's eye twinkled.

"'You need n't say nothin', Doctor, — but I thought it a pity so many horses should n't be doin' anything! Of course, they don't know anything about Sunday, — it ain't like workin' a creatur' that reads the Bible, — so I just slipped over to Skiddy's widder, — she ain't been out doors this two months, and I knew she ought to have the air, — and I gave her about a mile! She was afraid 't would be breakin' Sunday. — "Not a bit," says I; "did n't the Lord go out Sundays, and set folks off with their beds on their backs; and did n't He pull oxen and sheep out of ditches, and do all that sort of thing?" If she 'd knew that I took the Deacon's team, she 'd been worse afraid. But I knew the Deacon would like it; and if Polly did n't, so much the better. I like to spite those folks that 's too particular! — There, Doctor, there 's the last hymn.'

"It rose upon the air, softened by distance and the enclosure of the building, — rose and fell in regular movement. Even Hiram's tongue ceased. The vireo, in the tops of the elm, hushed its shrill snatches. Again the hymn rose, and this time fuller and louder, as if the whole congregation had caught the spirit. Men's and women's voices, and little children's, were in it. Hiram said, without any of his usual pertness: —

"'Doctor, there 's somethin' in folks singin' when you are outside the church that makes you feel as though you ought to be inside. Mebbe a fellow will be left outside, up there, when they 're singin', — if he don't look out.'"

This Christian philosopher has his proper vein of sentiment, which appears with due quaintness, when Dr. Wentworth, in passing a long bridge on the way to Commencement at Amherst, asks Hiram if "people always mind the law and keep to a walk" on it.

"'That depends. When the boys are on a spree, and have had a little suthin', I allus

raises a trot about here: they thinks the bridge too long. But when a feller 's along with his gal, he allus thinks the bridge too short; and he 's particular about keepin' the law. Only last week I was about here, and I heerd a sort of smack behind me, and the horses thought I was chirrupin' for 'em to go on, and started off. But I cooled 'em down and began to whistle like, so that you could n't hear any little sound. The fact is, Doctor, young folks will be young folks, and I never was one of them as wanted to larf at 'em. Let 'em have their time. I think it rather beautiful like to see young folks take to each other. The Lord knows they 'll have trouble enough afore they get through livin' with each other, and it would be a shame to spile the beginnin', when it 's all sweet and pretty like.

"'No,' said Hiram, virtuously straightening up; 'when Zeke Lash driv over one day, and interrupted some little cooin' and billin' that he had no business with, and I heard him tellin' of it in the stable, — You 're a darned fool, sez I, and if it had been any of my folks, I 'd made you taste the horsewhip, every inch of it, from the tip of the lash to the but end. I 'd as soon throw stones at the birds whirlin' and kissin' in the air. When they are old, and we 're used to 'em I don't object to throw a stone or two at a robin. But any feller that would do it when they fust come, he 's a mean cuss!'"

It is an excellent passage that follows this, describing Hiram's discomfiture when passed on the road by Zeke Lash, and it is fine truth to Yankee nature that makes him warily praise his rival till he has retrieved himself by securing the advance again. In this sort of nature Mr. Beecher is as little likely to err as in that of the woods and fields and the creatures which inhabit them, and which he loves so well. The higher New England character he merely fails to make interesting, — which, however, is a great failure with a novelist. Still, we are glad of his book, and we know its value. The very burden of reminiscence, which contributes, with other things, to retard and dull it as a story, gives it an authentic charm as a study; and one need by no means shut his eyes to its faults in order to enjoy its cordial and friendly humor, its pathos and sympathy, its generous and manly sentiment.